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FREEDOM LOVE AND TRUTH

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

BY THE VERY REV.
WILLIAM RALPH INGE, K.C.V.O.
FORMERLY DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S

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221 EAST 20TH STREET, CHICAGO
88 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
215 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO

First published, 1936

Printed in Great Britain

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For permission to include copyright material I am indebted to the following :—

John Bellows, Gloucester, for the passage from *Quaker Strongholds*, by Caroline Stephen ; Mr. R. B. Bourdillon for " The night has a thousand eyes," by F. W. Bourdillon; the representatives of Dr. Bosanquet, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., and The Macmillan Company, New York, for the extracts from *What Religion is* ; the Executors of T. E. Brown, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., and The Macmillan Company, New York, for " Pain," from *The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown* ; Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., for the poem by Aubrey de Vere ; Mr. E. M. Butler for " Lift up your hearts," by H. M. Butler ; The Cambridge University Press for the passage from *Science and the Modern World*, by Professor A. N. Whitehead ; The Clarendon Press, Oxford, for the extract from *The Philosophy of a Biologist*, by J. S. Haldane ; Messrs. James Clarke & Co., Ltd., of 9 Essex Street, London, W.C.2, for the extract from *Authority and the Light Within*, by Edward Grubb ; Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd., and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, for the poem " Meditation under Stars," by George Meredith ; Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Inc., New York, for the passage from *Mystical Elements of*

Religion as Studied in St. Catherine of Genoa and Her Friends, by Baron F. von Hügel ; Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., for the passage from *Studies in Theology*, by the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed ; the Rt. Hon. Lord Desborough for the poem " Into Battle," by Captain the Hon. Julian Grenfell, D.S.O. ; Messrs. P. J. & A. E. Dobell for material from Traherne's *Centuries of Meditations* ; Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., for the extract from Edward Grubb's *The Personality of God* ; Professor Adolph Harnack and Messrs. Williams & Norgate, Ltd., for the extract from *What is Christianity ?* Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., for the poem by Archbishop Alexander ; Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, Messrs. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York, and the Macmillan Company, Toronto, for " The Children's Song," from *Puck of Pook's Hill*, by Rudyard Kipling ; Dr. Walter Lippmann, Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., and the Macmillan Company, New York, for material from *A Preface to Morals* ; Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, for extracts from *The Gospel in the Gospels*, by W. P. Du Bose and *Varieties of Religious Experience*, by William James ; Dr. Greville MacDonald for the extract from *Cloud of Witness*, by George MacDonald ; The Macmillan Company, New York, for the passage from *Jesus Christ and the Christian Character*, by Professor F. G. Peabody ; Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for poems by J. C. Shairp ; Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., for material from *Revelations of Divine Love*, edited by Miss Grace Warrack, and for my translations of passages by Suso and Ruysbroek, as they appeared in *Light, Life and Love* ; Mr. Wilfrid Meynell and Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., for the poem by Alice Meynell ; Mrs. F. W. H. Myers and Messrs.

Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for verses from "Sunrise," by F. W. H. Myers; The Oxford University Press for "Father Eternal, Ruler of Creation," from *Enlarged Songs of Praise*; The Oxford University Press and The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, U.S.A., for poems by J. G. Whittier; Messrs. Parker & Son, Ltd., for the quotations from Bright's *Ancient Collects*; the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's and Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York, for the extract from *The Gospel and the Modern Mind*; Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., for the extract from *The Mystery of Pain*, by James Hinton; Lady Spring Rice and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., for "I vow to thee, my country," from *Poems*, by Sir Cecil Arthur Spring Rice; the representatives of Dr. H. B. Swete and Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for the passage from *The Last Discourse and Prayer of Our Lord*; the representatives of Alfred Lord Tennyson and Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for the poem "Crossing the Bar"; and Dr. Wilder Tileston for the prayers from *Prayers Ancient and Modern*.

INTRODUCTION

THE Christian life is hard to live, as we all know. But are we clear in our minds, and are we agreed, as to what the Christian life means? What are the distinctive features of the Christian life, as compared with other schemes of moral conduct and religious practice; and if we wish to be good Christians, what models should we set before ourselves?

'The imitation of Christ' is the answer which first springs to our lips. We are to follow 'the blessed steps of His most holy life.' But this cannot mean that we should be travelling preachers of righteousness; that is not the vocation to which most of us are called. Nor can we who are citizens of a western country in the twentieth century conform our habits to those of Syrian peasants living under the Roman Empire nearly two thousand years ago. The 'mind of Christ' must mean something much more personal and intimate than this.

Biographies of Christ are a comparatively new form of devotional literature. Most of them have appeared within the memory of many who are still alive. Although some of them have had an enormous sale—a fact of great interest at a time when, as many think, the influence of religion is declining—none of these Lives are satisfactory. The materials for a biography of the modern kind do not exist. The Gospels do not

fulfil these conditions. Although their historical value is, in my opinion, far greater than many modern critics are inclined to grant, they are the creation of the faith and love of the Church, and were written to serve the ends of teaching, of public worship, and of apologetics. We find in the Gospels the picture of a perfect divine life lived under earthly conditions; but the compilers were not exempt from human limitations, and a personality which we believe to have been unique must have been beyond the full comprehension of His loyal but simple followers.

It must further be admitted that those in modern times who have written about the character and teaching of our Lord have had their own ideals of the perfect human life, and have unconsciously painted their portraits of our supreme Exemplar in colours taken from these ideals. We have had the Prince of peace depicted as a conqueror, in terms borrowed from the art of war. We have seen Him who walked among His countrymen as a lay prophet decked in the robes of a high priest. We have even seen Him who refused to arbitrate in a dispute about property, and who never showed any interest in economic questions, portrayed as a socialist agitator. These and other distortions, natural and pardonable as some of them are, are obstacles to the real understanding of the Gospels.

The choice of merely human models is hardly less difficult. At various times the ideal Christian has been an emaciated ascetic like the hermits of the Thebaid, or like such medieval and early modern mystics as Henry Suso and St. John of the Cross; a gentle contemplative like Thomas à Kempis, whose immortal 'Imitation of Christ' was primarily intended for the

cloister; a *malleus haereticorum* like St. Athanasius; a valiant soldier of the Cross, ready to die for his faith and almost equally ready to kill for his faith, like St. Louis of France and the disciples of Ignatius of Loyola; a rigid Puritan moralist, strict even to harshness in his life, and not slothful in business; and now perhaps a devoted apostle of some good cause, like Howard the philanthropist, Livingstone the missionary, or Florence Nightingale. Is there any recognisable and definite principle which has inspired such very different types of human character? Or must we be driven to the conclusion that Christianity is the collective name for all the moral and spiritual movements which have appeared during nineteen centuries among peoples of European origin? Is Christianity, broadly speaking, the religion of that part of the human race in which the two great streams of Hebrew faith and Graeco-Roman culture joined their fertilising waters? Is there anything which distinguishes what is genuinely Christian in our civilisation from the independent humanistic movements which in many minds have been and are a substitute for the faith of the Church? In this form, the last question can hardly be answered, because Christianity has entered so deeply into European civilisation that no movement of thought is really independent of it. Even anti-clericals are not necessarily anti-Christian; and many who reject Christianity owe far more to it than they know. If, however, Christianity as an organised force were to disappear, it would not be long before changes in our social habits began to show themselves.

The doubts which perplex the conscience of the modern man relate chiefly to the social ethics of our

religion. The question is constantly debated whether Christianity is essentially a world-renouncing or a world-accepting creed. It is obvious that we cannot give a definite answer without a clear notion of what we mean by 'the world,' a word which is used in many different senses. But the question whether Christianity is primarily social or individual is really important, and it does affect the conduct of our lives. Asceticism has entered far too deeply into the texture of the Christian life to be dismissed as a mistake; and yet few among the most earnest disciples of Christ in our day wish to go beyond such self-discipline as may help them to overcome temptations and to run the race that is set before them like athletes in good training. To withdraw from life in the world for the purpose of greater proficiency in holiness would now be generally regarded as forsaking our duties to our neighbour. However, in the Church of Rome there are still many who think themselves called to the monastic life, which need not be an idle or useless one. Some very beautiful extracts in this book are based on that 'contempt for the world' which drove many saints into the cloister; and as we almost all feel that 'the world is too much with us' in our hours of work and play, we are glad at times to escape into the atmosphere of serenity and detachment which gives so great a charm to Thomas à Kempis and other contemplative saints.

And yet in all early books of devotion we miss and feel the want of the call to social service which is so prominent in modern preaching. There is very little of this modern note in these extracts, most of which date from before the nineteenth century. I think,

therefore, that it will be well to consider briefly what some writers regard as a serious defect in Christian teaching before our own time.

The Gospel is essentially a message of spiritual redemption, not of social reform; its appeal is always to the individual, and to the inner life of the individual. We are to clean first the inside of the cup, and to drive evil spirits out of the sanctuary of the soul. From within, out of the heart of man, comes all that can exalt and all that can defile him. This inwardness has always been rightly regarded as distinctive of Christianity; it is the direct opposite of the doctrine which became popular with Rousseau and his followers, and which is now a dogma of revolutionary socialism, that man is naturally good, but is the victim of bad institutions. The clash between these two methods is fiercely emphasised in the literature of revolution.

And yet when St. Augustine says that he desires to know God and his own soul—these two and nothing else—we are far from satisfied. Nor can we quite agree with Professor Whitehead, that a man's religion is what he does with his own solitariness. The statement is no doubt intended as a protest against the opposite extreme, the theory that religion is essentially a social phenomenon. In backward societies, we had been told, religion belongs to the tribe; in Christian societies it has its centre in the Church. These contradictory views about the essence of religion raise the perennial issue between institutionalism and mysticism. *Mysticism is the heart of religion; but it generally* needs the shelter of an institution. In personal devotion the mystical side naturally predominates; and though some of the prayers included in this volume are

taken from the old liturgies, used in public worship, in most of the extracts the soul of the writer is communing with God in solitude. This emphasis on the personal side of religion will, I think, be found in any book intended for private reading and devotion. It does not necessarily indicate a want of institutional loyalty. There is a temperamental difference which divides religious people, concerning the relative importance of tradition and of individual inspiration, a difference which is closely connected with that between institutionalism and mysticism. Is the Church the custodian of a deposit, ' the faith once committed to the saints,' or should we lay stress on the belief, first clearly expressed in the Fourth Gospel, that ' the Spirit of Jesus ' (a phrase once used in the Acts) has had many things to say to the Church since His visible presence was withdrawn, things which the first disciples were ' unable to bear '? May we not believe that the Holy Spirit, who continues the Incarnation under another form, is still teaching the hearts of His faithful people, bringing out of His treasure things new as well as old? Is it to no purpose that the scroll of history is slowly unrolled, far beyond the limit of time which the Church of the early centuries ever expected? I have not scrupled to include among these extracts a few which express an ardent faith in a progressive revelation, extracts in which modern advances in secular knowledge are welcomed as further revelations of God's methods in dealing with His creation. Three or four short passages from ' agnostics ' of the last century have been deliberately admitted in a preliminary chapter, to show that they were not so ' far from the kingdom of God ' as their orthodox opponents supposed.

It can hardly be denied that excessive reverence for the past, and reluctance to give up any tradition of the elders, have sometimes hampered the growth of the Church and crippled its usefulness. The fresh springs of expanding revelation have a tendency to dry up, leaving a congealed or petrified deposit of tradition which cannot be reconciled with new discoveries. Religion as a factor in civilisation can never be very far in advance of the commonly accepted standards of conduct and the commonly received beliefs about history and science. Each period of history has its own characteristic features, which are reflected in its religion. By historical accidents, some of these periods have been allowed to fix their attitudes of mind too firmly upon future generations. Ideas appropriate to comparatively backward cultures have become stereotyped; the aegis of authority has been thrown over them; devotion has twined itself round them like ivy round a tree. This is the explanation of the conflicts between religion and science of which we have heard so much, ever since the age of science began to revolutionise our beliefs about the world we live in. A courageous policy is here the right one for the Church; but we must remember that the conclusions of science are admittedly only tentative, and that we should not try roughly to disentangle what is essential in religion from the supports round which it has long been accustomed to throw its tendrils. We cannot remind ourselves too often that the natural language of devotion is poetry and symbol, not science, and that the function of religious dogmas is to form a bridge between the seen and the unseen, between the temporal and the eternal, between flesh and spirit,

between the world of particular facts and the world of universal values. All men need a bridge, except those who do not wish to cross. There may be some who are able to live always in the invisible world; there are many who are content to live among the things that are seen; but most of us have to live in both, and we need the bridge which the Church provides.

The relation of Christianity to the group of beliefs, opinions, and aspirations which may be summed up as humanism is one of the closely related problems which I am considering. In a recent memoir of a brilliant and deeply religious man of letters [1] the question is raised by him whether the religion of Christ can be said to give us the *breadth* as well as the depth and height of life. Does the Christian life cover all our legitimate interests in this world, or does it, by turning its back upon some of the harmless occupations and sincere aspirations of secular society, tend to make its adherents narrow in their outlook and prejudiced in their judgments? We shall find, I think, that the issue between Christianity and scientific humanism is fundamentally the question of standards of value; and my contention in this Introduction is that in spite of all the chameleon-like changes which Christianity has undergone, there is a quite definite and recognisable standard of values which belongs to our religion, and was proclaimed with unmistakable plainness by its Founder. There is much in modern humanism which a Christian may gladly accept as an enrichment of our social life. But we can hardly fail to perceive, in its most representative propagandists, a vacillation in its estimates of

[1] *Letters and Diaries of John C. Bailey* (1935).

good and evil. Some of their arguments are found, when carefully weighed, to presuppose pure materialism or naturalism; others assume that pleasure is the only good and pain the only evil; there is in short no coherent philosophy behind modern humanism. In its popular form it is a mixture of crude utilitarianism with some aesthetic and idealistic elements which are hardly consistent with it. This does not prevent us from confessing that some forms of Christianity have been lamentably deficient in appreciation of the best secular culture. It is, however, fair to remember that narrowness is the nemesis of all specialism. We can hardly do anything well without renouncing a number of other things which would make our life richer and more complete. The saint is a specialist who has sold all that he has to buy the field in which he hopes to find the pearl of great price. The sacrifice is real, though far less for him who is striving to enter the presence of God than for him who makes as great sacrifices in the service of the world.

The relation of the Church to human progress is for many Churchmen in our generation the predominant problem. It is so constantly in our minds that we cannot dismiss it from our prayers and meditations; nor should we think it right to dismiss it, for it presents itself as a challenge both to the Church and to individual Christians. It will probably be admitted that the social and political obligations of the Church have been very little recognised in its religious teaching from its foundation in the first century to our own day, and therefore there may well be considerable doubt how far some of these obligations, so little realised in earlier times, should form a part of the Christian life

to-day. If we are constrained to admit that the teaching of the Church, including even the New Testament, has been somewhat defective on this side, the explanation is undoubtedly to be found in the historical circumstances which have determined the relation of the Church to the world in the past, and we must consider whether what I have called the Christian standard of values makes any demands upon us under the new conditions of popular government, which could not be recognised under the very different conditions of the Roman Empire, the Dark Ages, and the time of the gradual formation of modern nationalities. Such a question can be answered only by a historical sketch, which must not exceed the limits of an introduction to an anthology. We must begin with the Gospel itself.

The beginning of Christianity was a purely religious movement in northern Palestine. It was in no sense a social uprising, nor were its first preachers and disciples in any sense 'proletarians.' The Galileans were a people of mixed origin, equally far removed from the worldly scepticism of the Sadducean hierarchy, and from the bigoted ecclesiasticism of the Scribes and Pharisees. They had been brought into superficial contact with Greek culture—the Lake of Galilee was dotted with villas and residential towns like the Lake of Geneva in our day. Two of the Twelve Apostles, Philip and Andrew, had Greek names. But the tradesmen, fishermen, and farmers of Galilee were pious Jews, who kept very much apart. No traces of Hellenism can be found in our Lord's teaching. The first leader of the revival, John the Baptist, was a preacher of repentance, whose life and manner of teaching recalled the old prophets, especially Elijah.

His message, caught up by Jesus in His first public utterance, was 'the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' The kingdom of heaven, or of God, was essentially a society in which God should govern as well as reign, a community filled with holiness, righteousness, and peace. Like all visions created by faith and hope, it took different forms, and probably the majority of those who dwelt upon it pictured a national deliverance as well as a spiritual regeneration. These political hopes were no part of our Lord's teaching, nor did John the Baptist encourage them; but our Lord does not seem to have actively disclaimed them, if we accept as historical the post-resurrection question of the disciples, 'Lord, wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?' As for the economic movements which were changing the face of the Graeco-Roman world, they hardly affected such peasant communities as those in which the Gospel was first preached.

'What new thing did Jesus bring?' asked the Marcionites, as Jewish scholars have asked since. Irenaeus answers: 'He brought everything new by bringing Himself.' 'In Christ there was given to us an exemplar of life,' says Cyprian; and though the 'imitation of Christ' was not so often appealed to in the early period as by the medieval mystics, the picture of Him in the Synoptic Gospels is unquestionably a portrait of a living man. By St. Paul the Incarnation was valued mainly as a revelation of the method of man's salvation, and the 'whole process of Christ,' as our old divines put it, was a drama of the death unto sin and the new life unto righteousness. But the Church never forgot that in its historical

Founder it had a great advantage over the rival mystery-cults. We know much less than we should wish about the earthly life of Jesus; but we know enough to use His character and His teaching to interpret each other.

He inspired awe and reverence as well as affection; He spoke with the authority of a leader of men. He claimed to override all the traditions of the elders, and to extend, deepen, and spiritualise the Law of Moses. At the root of His teaching lay what has been called a transvaluation of all values in the light of our divine sonship, our human brotherhood, and our heavenly citizenship. His estimate of relative goods leads Him to attach very small importance to all the unnecessaries of life. The avaricious man is 'thou fool'; what profit is there in gaining the whole world and losing one's own soul? In dealing with sin, He always attacks the disease, not its symptoms, and the seat of the disease is always the heart of man. He sweeps away all man-made barriers by ignoring them; we are all equally God's children.

Love, not justice, is the fulfilling of the law. In all things we are to seek the highest good of our neighbour, as if it were our own. Christian love is the practical acknowledgment of a fact—that we are all God's children and members one of another. In Christ, as St. Paul says, there is neither male nor female, Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free. None are excluded from the brotherhood but those who exclude themselves.

Christian love involves real sympathy; it rejoices with those that rejoice, and weeps with those that weep. It thus renounces the last infirmity of the

philosophic mind—the desire to be invulnerable. Christian ethics owe something to Stoicism; but the hard unfeeling philanthropy of the Stoic is far from the Christian temper. By grasping the nettle of suffering firmly, instead of trying to escape it, Christianity has drawn the sting of pain better than any other creed. Near the heart of our religion is the lesson and the offence of the Cross, that through pain comes gain, through defeat victory.

In accordance with the inwardness of the Gospel we find that Christ is tolerant of the merely disreputable sins, as soon as they are repented of. He reserves His sternest censure and disapproval for hypocrisy, which means any double-dealing, any deliberate concealment of our inner motives; for hard-heartedness and want of love; and for calculating worldliness. He does not seem to have dwelt much on sin except in connexion with repentance; His outlook, though very stern in its demands, was not gloomy or self-tormenting. Medieval piety was harsher than He would have had it; in particular, it often turned humility into the very different feeling of self-abhorrence.

We cannot miss, among the features of His character which are brought out in the Gospels, His love of the beauties of nature; His habit of 'going up into a mountain' to pray—this reminds us strongly of Wordsworth; His genial and sometimes humorous observation of the common life of country-folk; His tolerance of social types which were generally disliked or despised; and His affection for young children. A number of His wise and pithy sayings have passed into proverbs, and are often quoted by those who forget their origin.

He was not a legislator. We can find in the Gospels no detailed directions as to how a Christian State should be governed. He gives us only principles, which we must apply to circumstances which never came within the purview of His first disciples. For instance, there was no capitalism in Palestine. Most of the population were poor, but not very poor, when we consider how easily wants are satisfied in a rustic society and in a warm country. Christ never complained that wealth was badly distributed, but that it was over-valued. He spoke of it with gentle detachment, touched with irony, and only lamented that the cares of possession made it very difficult to attend to spiritual things. The rich as a class were not 'waiting for the kingdom of God.' Even in St. Luke's Gospel, from which the Christian socialist draws all his texts, there is the very significant story of our Lord's refusal to arbitrate in a dispute about property.

We may leave this section of our subject by quoting the words of an agnostic, John Stuart Mill: 'Not even now would it be easy even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete than to endeavour so to live that Jesus Christ would approve his life.'

St. Paul is now studied more intelligently and much better understood than when arid books on systematic theology were called 'Paulinism.' He was not a systematic theologian, but a travelling missionary like George Fox or John Wesley, though a far greater man than either of them. His life's work was to bring Christianity into the Graeco-Roman world. The Gospel could not have spread in Aramaic; St. Paul thought and spoke in Greek. And yet it is as a writer

rather than as a missionary that he is epoch-making, and we see clearly from his epistles that the heart of his religion was a personal communion with the Spirit of Christ, so intimately felt that he could say 'I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' He is the first and greatest of the Christian mystics.

The time was ripe for the preaching of the Gospel in the Roman Empire. The popular religions were moribund; several causes might be mentioned, but the chief was that a new and powerful religious movement could not find any satisfaction in them. The Church was able to use this spiritual revival, and to satisfy it by its own teaching.

It was mainly among the lower middle class of the towns that the earliest Christian communities were formed. It is usually in these social strata that active religious societies come into existence. There is often a parallel diffusion of the new faiths in thoughtful and cultivated circles, and after a time the two movements blend together. In Christianity this process of fusion began in the second century.

The Fourth Gospel is, of course, later than the genuine epistles of St. Paul. Some would say much later, but the new fragment favours a date not long after A.D. 100. This book is of immeasurable importance in the history of the Church. It spiritualises and universalises the narrative of Christ's ministry, treating it throughout as the sacrament of the deepest divine truths, and showing a clear intention to substitute an evolutionary for a catastrophic view of the work of the Holy Spirit in the world. The theology of this Gospel may be regarded as the logical completion of St. Paul's later thought on the Person of Christ.

It was inevitable that before Constantine the Church stood entirely apart from the secular government. It had no connexion whatever with politics. It unified and concentrated in itself a number of religious movements within the society of the empire, all characterised by a strong desire for fellowship with God, for intensifying the spiritual life, for deliverance from a sinful world, and for assurance of everlasting happiness hereafter. The apocalyptic hopes which still lingered on were only part of this alienation of religion from secular interests. There was in truth little that the Church could do in the reconstruction of a dying civilisation. Slavery was slowly disappearing, since the decay of the towns led to a kind of agrarian feudalism based on 'natural economy'; but the Church led no movement for its abolition. One result of the new type of religion was to level social distinctions within the range of its influence. But the Epistle of St. James shows that the squire's pew and the poor man's bench were very early to be seen in what he calls the Christian synagogue. The Church, as I have said, made most of its first converts among the lower middle class, including the educated slaves and freedmen; in the reign of Domitian we first hear of Christians among the Roman aristocracy. As a social institution, the Church was ready to help its own members, not only by charity, but by providing work and giving some measure of protection. On one side it resembled a great benefit society with very liberal management. 'The brotherhood' more and more monopolised the attention of Christians, a narrower conception of the law of love than we find in the Gospels. The modern idea that a secular civilisation has any value in itself,

apart from religion, can hardly be found in the early Church. The State, which had done nothing to earn the loyalty of Christians, was simply ignored.

It was realised that the primary obligation of love to all men might seem to favour a voluntary communism, and attempts to realise this ideal may be found, not only in the local experiment mentioned in the Acts, but later in the monastic system, and in sporadic sectarian movements like Anabaptism. But the Church, influenced here by the Stoical jurists, while admitting that the Law of Nature in its original form knows nothing of private property, taught that in man's fallen state a relative Law of Nature must be acknowledged, which accepts and justifies the necessary conditions of civilised society. So strongly was this insisted upon that to this day no Catholic can be a communist. The redress of social injustice was mainly left to the law of love, the obligations of which were always urged by the Church.

Christianity is a revolutionary idealism which estranges revolutionaries by its idealism, and conservatives by its drastic revaluation of earthly goods. Its function in social struggles is to take the sting out of such conflicts by setting its own standards before both sides. It can never champion either pure conservatism or revolution. But it leans decidedly towards simple conditions of life, and is most at home in uncomplicated societies, in which personal relationships are more important than what Carlyle called the cash nexus. For a long time the conservative and the radical elements in Christianity were able to persist side by side; but with the growth of independent nationalities on one side and of capitalism on the other, new

problems forced themselves upon the notice of the Church. The citizens of a free modern community have obvious duties towards the State, which they cannot ignore on the ground that they are members of a sacred society. In a Christian country there can be no entire separation between Church and State.

In the Middle Ages the increasing organisation of the Church, with its hierarchy and sacramental system, turned it into a theocratic State over against the secular government. Without denying that this development was a historical necessity, we may think that Catholicism on its political side has departed very far from the purely religious community which found its centre in the teachings of Christ and the cult of His Person. The Church was perhaps at its purest in the second century, when lukewarm adherents were kept out by the fear of persecution. Dobschütz has a very pleasant account of the social life of Christians at this period.

Passing on to the time of the Reformation, it has been pointed out by Troeltsch, Weber, and others that Calvinism accepted the modern social order in a way that no Church had done before. Calvin recommended what has been called an intra-worldly asceticism, to take the place of the disciplinary rules of the Catholic Church which were no longer to be enforced. Henceforward, the typically godly life was to be the practice of productive industry, conducted in a scrupulously honest manner, and directed to the satisfaction of legitimate wants. The Christian was to live very simply, abstaining from such pleasures as might be the occasions of sin, and strenuously following his 'calling' as the state of life in which God had placed him.

So Puritanism came into existence, a form of Christianity which has had the undesigned consequence of making the fortune of all the countries which adopted it. It favours Liberalism in politics, without advocating equality; it is strongly opposed to that deification of the State which has had such disastrous consequences in our own day; it is pacifist and anti-imperialist, unless it can persuade itself that the kingdom of God can be advanced by the use of force, for the Puritan nation tends to regard itself as the chosen people of God; it is humane, and generous in philanthropic causes.

This ideal began to break up from within when it partially lost its connexion with asceticism, scrupulous honesty, and religious idealism. Worldly success, as might be expected, corrupted it. It must also be remembered that the triumphs of energetic production, combined with rigidly limited consumption, belonged to an age of expansion, and that their merits are very disputable under the changed conditions of post-war society. But those who inveigh against Puritanism as the creator of the modern business man must not forget that in its palmy days it left nothing undone to prevent dishonesty and exploitation, and that it left many fine examples like Ruskin's description of his father, ' an entirely honest merchant.' In one branch of Christian morals it achieved a very notable success. The unsullied purity of the middle-class home in Protestant countries is its work. Nowhere else, probably, has the sanctity of Christian marriage been so much reverenced and so faithfully observed; nowhere else has the virtue of unmarried girls been so far above suspicion.

The decay of this ideal, the chief achievement of the Reformed Churches during the four centuries of their separate existence, may have very serious consequences for our own civilisation. It interposed powerful inhibitions to pleasure-seeking, vice, and the laziness which before the Reformation foreigners noted as part of the English character. We must, I think, do our best to prevent the good from being lost with the bad. Puritanism is the creed of strong as well as of hard characters and nations. The injunction, 'be not conformed to this world,' is all the more obligatory on those who are not bound in the iron fetters of a rigid institutional Church. Even irrational taboos are not entirely contemptible, though I do not wish to see them revived.

The fundamental principle which underlies Christian social reform is most clearly laid down by Christ Himself. All reformation must proceed from within, by a change of heart in the individual. Political action may be beneficial or noxious; it is not the method of religion. The Christian as a citizen must use his vote and influence according to his best judgment; it is not right to withdraw from these duties. But as a Christian his concern is with motives and ideals, and he must not presume to call the political nostrums of himself and his friends Christian politics and economics.

But there is one point which must be strongly emphasised. Though we find in the Gospels the temper in which we should approach social questions, our whole outlook on the future has been altered by the abandonment of expectations of the return of Christ in glory at an early date, and by the confident belief, in which we are encouraged by modern science,

that the human race, which is still in its childhood, will probably still be in existence many thousands of years hence. However slow and precarious progress may be, there is ample time for it in the immeasurable vista of human life which we are now invited to contemplate. This new outlook gives a far greater value to the future, and calls us to a purely disinterested ambition to prepare for whatever possibilities of advance there may be for our descendants, remote as well as proximate. We must frankly and even gladly admit that here we have a new moral motive which was not and could not be present to the first disciples, nor to the Church before modern times. To refuse to acknowledge any moral duties which are not stamped by the mint of tradition is a grievous mistake. It is here that the Church must be willing to learn from science and from humanism.

Next to problems of social ethics we must consider a little further our proper attitude towards self-discipline. Some of the greatest devotional books prescribe a renunciation of all the pleasures of life. This distresses us; we think it overstrained; we do not even wish to emulate this kind of saintliness. And yet we must treat with respect a way of life which has had so long and so honourable a history. Since the beginning of Christianity there has never been an age in which the function of self-denial in the religious life has been so little understood as it is to-day. Modern writers are fond of reminding us that the Son of Man 'came eating and drinking,' and was even absurdly accused of being a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber. Clearly He was no ascetic on principle, though He lived a very hard life, and sometimes had

not where to lay His head. St. Paul tells us that he himself practised severe self-discipline, and the tendency grew to make this buffeting of the body more and more harsh. But until our own day self-denial in some definite form has always been recognised as a necessary part of the religious life. *Ascesis* simply means training, and the Christian must be in training all his life.

Our Lord emphasised real detachment from worldly cares and pleasures; He did not, it seems, prescribe definite disciplinary rules. It is significant that there are four places in the New Testament—two of them in the Gospels—in which 'fasting' seems to have been unscrupulously interpolated in later manuscripts. In the Sermon on the Mount it is only said that fasting, when practised, should be in secret. St. Paul, though personally an ascetic, is most moderate and reasonable in his advice to his Churches. 'He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks.' In the observance of dietary rules, as of holy days, he leaves the decision entirely to the conscience of the individual.

In his requirement of chastity outside marriage St. Paul is uncompromising; he bases the rule on the obligation not to defile the body, which is the temple of God. This is indeed the Christian way of dealing with these temptations. He does not approve of merely nominal marriages; but as a personal opinion, in view of the expected 'end of the age' at the second coming of Christ, he thinks celibacy the better choice. There was already a prejudice against marriage, as we learn from the First Epistle to Timothy; and a verse

in the Apocalypse (xiv. 4) shows that a cult of virginity had already established itself in the Church. There was a parallel movement in contemporary pagan philosophy.

The time came when virginity was regarded as the specifically Christian virtue; Ambrose claims it as 'our exclusive possession.' It was hardly this; for certain priestesses had long been bound, under penalty of death, to a life of continence; and in many parts of the world ritual pollution is incurred by the commerce of the sexes. Horror of marriage was a strange aberration, the causes of which we cannot discuss here. We need only say that though we do not think celibacy a higher state than marriage, Christians should recognise that some people are called to serve God in this condition, and that their testimony to the possibility of lifelong chastity is very valuable. We are now exposed to very dangerous theories about the physical and mental effects of repression. These must be candidly considered from the medical side, and there is more truth in them than was recognised in the last century; but if there are no parts of our nature which need stern treatment—we remember the very strong expressions in the New Testament about spiritual surgery—then all the great moralists from Plato downwards have been in error. The good life is a life of unified purposes, not of gratified instincts, and the passions must be taught to come to heel.

The motives for asceticism are so various that we cannot consider it as a simple phenomenon. There is the desire to escape from a corrupt society, the state of which at some periods has made life 'in the world' almost intolerable to gentle spirits. There is

the wish to be independent and invulnerable, which was the essence of Cynicism, and of all attempts to balance our accounts not by increasing our numerator but by diminishing our denominator. There is the desire to enjoy the mystical vision, which, as was discovered empirically, may sometimes be induced by bodily macerations. There is the impulse to punish the body which has dragged us down and entrapped us into sin. There is the wish to harden the will against the temptations of the senses. Besides these, most religions have arbitrarily forbidden some things, not because they are wrong, but because they are agreeable, or merely as a test of obedience. This is the source of the milder ascetic practices, such as the dietary rules of the Catholics, or the prohibition of theatre-going, card-playing, alcohol, or tobacco by some Protestant sects. All these prohibitions have been discarded by the vast majority in our own day. The last vestige of Protestant asceticism was the cold bath in winter, which has not survived the general use of bathroom taps.

We may follow St. Paul in leaving the details of self-denial to the private conscience. But the rule remains: 'Thou therefore take thy share of hardship, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' William James, who does not write as a Christian, advises us to do something, no matter what, every day for no other reason than that we do not want to do it.

'If thou wilt be perfect, sell thy goods.' What should be our attitude towards the great concession which the Latin Church has made to human weakness, the acceptance of an 'honours course' for those who wish to be perfect, and of a 'pass degree' for the

unambitious or spiritually ungifted? There is very much to be said on both sides. The Reformed Churches, and still more the voluntary sects, revolted against this concession, and insisted that there is only one standard for all Christians, the Sermon on the Mount. That some are called to higher degrees of holiness than others cannot be disputed; but we must not fall into the mistake of assuming that those who are most assiduous in the practices of religion are nearer to the kingdom of God than those who are actuated by a high sense of duty, but are dull and cold in devotion. All that we know of the Twelve Apostles chosen by our Lord goes to show that they were true and loyal men, but not by nature spiritually minded. Some of their recorded questions and comments are very crude. Only, before we acquiesce in being ungifted on the spiritual side, we must make sure that we have given the Holy Spirit, or rather ourselves, a fair chance. We do not give ourselves a fair chance if we devote only a perfunctory five minutes a day to communing with God and ascending in heart and mind to where Christ dwells.

Many of the extracts in this book are taken from writers who are commonly classed as mystics. This is inevitable, since mysticism is just the practice of the presence of God. It is religion in its most concentrated form, that elevation of the soul to God which is Basil's definition of prayer. Prayer is the mystical act, if we include in prayer, as we should, not only petition but intercession, meditation, and that 'waiting upon God' which the Quakers and many others recommend. For this reason, mysticism is singularly uniform in all times and places. The communion of the soul with

God has found much the same expression whether the mystic is a Neoplatonic philosopher like Plotinus, a Mohammedan Sufi, a Catholic monk, or a Quaker. This is not to deny that Christian mysticism is immensely enriched by its devotion to the Person of Christ, or to suggest that it is neutral among the creeds. But it does seem to be true that mysticism, which is the living heart of religion, springs from a deeper level than the differences which divide the Churches, and the cultural changes which divide the ages of history. In practice we find that this is so. Time disappears in the life of devotion. We can use the prayers of the Early Church, and find in them a beauty which few modern compositions can rival. But we should be equally sorry to miss the prayers of some great men of our own Church, such as Jeremy Taylor and Lancelot Andrewes, names to which we may add the sturdy and unmystical moralist of the eighteenth century, Samuel Johnson. Christendom is already united in the chambers where good men pray, or rather it has never been divided in this region. We can ponder over the 'Confessions' of Augustine, the greatest of all 'intimate journals,' and forget that we are not living in Africa at the beginning of the fifth century. Such books are for all time and for every place.

I have drawn rather sparingly from medieval mystics of the school of Suso, Tauler, and Ruysbroek. I value these writings myself, but they are not to everyone's taste. English readers will prefer the exquisite meditations of Julian of Norwich, a precious gem of medieval literature. The medieval school of mysticism in England produced two other devotional books of

great interest, Hylton's 'Scale of Perfection,' and the anonymous 'Cloud of Unknowing.' I have not been able to include extracts from them in this book. Nor have I taken anything from Böhme or the prose works of Blake. The best of Böhme lives for us in the later writings of William Law, which I cannot recommend too earnestly. His standard of piety is very severe, perhaps in the 'Serious Call' too severe; when he became a mystic he became, as Dr. Bigg says, a better, a more lovable, and even a wiser man. But in all his books there is the same unflinching honesty, unswerving conviction, and manly strength which distinguish him among theologians of all ages. 'He left,' says Gibbon the historian, who would not pay excessive compliments to any Christian, 'the reputation of a worthy and pious man, who believed all that he professed and practised all that he enjoined.' John Wesley records his own impression. 'Meeting now with Mr. Law's "Christian Perfection" and "Serious Call," although I was much offended at many parts of both, yet they convinced me more than ever of the exceeding height and breadth and depth of the love of God. The light flowed in so mightily upon my soul that everything appeared in a new light. I was convinced more than ever of the impossibility of being half a Christian.' Dr. Johnson thought the 'Serious Call' 'the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language.' 'When at Oxford, I took it up expecting to find it a dull book, and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an over-match for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion after I became capable of religious inquiry.'

When mysticism is something more than an emotional

state, it inevitably discovers its kinship with Platonism. The reader will find, running through a good deal of this anthology, what the Cambridge divines of the seventeenth century called 'the old loving nurse' of Christian theology—the Platonic philosophy. The natural alliance of the two was discerned as soon as the Gospel passed over into Europe. It would take too long to enumerate the parallels between the thought of St. Paul and that of Plato, but a very few examples may be given. 'The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal,' is Platonism in a nutshell. 1 Cor. xiii. 12 reminds us of Plato's famous parable of the Cave. The Platonic words 'fellowship,' 'participation,' and 'presence' are all in St. Paul. 'The earthly house of our tabernacle in which we groan' is a phrase much nearer to Orphism than to Jewish thought.

The chain is continued through the Fourth Gospel, Clement and Origen, the Cappadocian Fathers, Augustine, the Pseudo-Dionysius, to John Scotus Erigena, of whom William of Malmesbury says that 'he deviated from the path of the Latins and kept his eyes fixed intently on the Greeks; for which reason he was counted a heretic.' This Irishman, who lived at the court of Charles the Bold, is an isolated figure in a barbarous age; but I think it would be true to say that English theology has always been more in sympathy with Greek than with Latin Christianity. Genuine religious revivals in this country have brought out this natural affinity. Aubrey Moore made the claim for the Anglo-Catholic movement. Our thought, he says, is becoming more Greek. If I remember right, he notices that the Incarnation rather than the Atonement

is now the central doctrine in Anglican theology. From a rather different standpoint Bishop Westcott in his ' Religious Thought in the West ' urges us to study the Greek Fathers. Of Origen he says that he is the greatest representative of a type of thought which has not yet done its work in the West. ' By his combination of a noble morality with a deep mysticism he indicates, if he does not bring, the true remedy for the evils of that Africanism which has been dominant in Europe since the time of Augustine.' This implied censure of Augustine does not touch the matchless ' Confessions,' from which I have borrowed so largely in this book. But in the opinion of Westcott the great African Father is responsible for ' a coarse representation of future rewards and punishments ' as an argument to win men for the Church; for making sin the centre of his whole dogmatic theory, and for the harsh contrast of the two rival ' Cities,' the City of God and the City of the devil. I entirely agree with Westcott that the ' De Civitate Dei ' does not represent Augustine under his noblest aspect. It discloses ' a general want of sympathy with the progress and destiny of mankind.' Partly in consequence of his immense influence, we in the West have not yet made good the positions which Origen marked out as belonging to the domain of Christian philosophy.

Alexander Allen, an American writer, defends the same thesis with vigour in his ' Continuity of Christian Thought '; and the Russian *émigré*, Berdyaeff, in his ' Freedom of the Spirit,' has lately brought out in a very interesting manner the main differences between Western and Eastern theology. Like Westcott, he finds in Western theology a tendency to dualism;

Westcott thinks that Augustine never quite overcame the attraction of Manicheism. The sharp severance between the natural and the supernatural is foreign to the teaching of the Eastern Orthodox Church. The office of the Holy Spirit is made more prominent in the East, and the claim that through Him we are made ' partakers of the divine nature '—a favourite theme of the Greek Fathers—lies at the heart of Eastern teaching about redemption and sanctification.

This type of Christianity has inspired not only many of our greatest teachers in prose, but a noble line of Christian poets, many extracts from whom will be found in this book. Of the prose writers, it would be difficult to praise too highly the little group of Cambridge Platonists. The university sermons of John Smith, who was cut off at an early age, are perhaps the finest examples of this difficult kind of discourse that can be found. They are overloaded with citations; but as exhortations to a spiritual religion which has no fear of free mental enlightenment they are splendid. The ' aphorisms ' of Benjamin Whichcote, Provost of King's, were very popular in the eighteenth century, and may be found in many old libraries. They are full of pungent wit and common sense, as well as of a robust faith. Some of the sermons from which they are collected are of great value.

In the nineteenth century there were many lay prophets, essentially Christian though not on ecclesiastical lines, who belong to the Platonic school. Such were Coleridge, Ruskin, and Emerson. Among theologians I have already mentioned Westcott. One of the most valuable of their contributions to Christian philosophy is the recognition of the great part which

symbolism, allegory, the sacramental principle, plays and must play in religious belief. Poetry, as Aristotle is not afraid to say, is 'more philosophical and of higher worth than history,' since it gives us universal truth instead of isolated facts.

Religious poetry is more important in our literature than in any other. For our best poetry is serious and moral—often definitely religious. We can hardly claim Shakespeare as a religious teacher, though the attempt has often been made by hero-worshippers. But Milton —if we can forgive him for some queer theology and science in 'Paradise Lost'—is a very noble religious poet. Two passages of his in this volume—'Blest pair of Sirens' and 'Hail, holy light'—seem to me to reach the high-water mark not only of English but of any poetry; and the Nativity Ode contains the most lovely word-music ever brought out of our language. Palgrave thinks that 'our religious verse tends to fall into that didactic vein which seems characteristic of the English genius; it is meditative, introspective, personal, yet seldom in the modern more subtly analytical manner.' I am not sure that I agree; and in any case 'subtly analytical' verse would hardly be suitable to an anthology of this kind. Dissections of human nature are perhaps best conducted in prose.

Spenser's religious poetry is quite definitely Platonic. The best of it is almost as beautiful as Milton. George Herbert and Henry Vaughan represent Anglicanism at its best, its broad learning, 'its faith at once rational, deeply founded, and fervent,' as Palgrave says. These two poets, with the recently discovered Thomas Traherne, were of Welsh descent. The quaintness and charm of their writing have made them favourites

with all lovers of religious poetry; the fascination of George Herbert is due to his character as well as to his poems; and in Vaughan there is the added attraction of a religious feeling for nature. Richard Crashaw, who joined the Roman Church, was born in 1613, and died in 1649. His poetry is very unequal, but his lines on Saint Teresa, though overstrained, are singularly beautiful. An earlier Roman Catholic, Robert Southwell, is also represented in this book. He was executed, after a cruel imprisonment, for alleged complicity in plots against Queen Elizabeth.

The hymns of Bishop Ken (1637–1711) are loved by all churchmen; and William Cowper (1731–1800) wrote a few which are deservedly popular. The Tractarian revival produced two real poets in Newman and Keble. The enormous popularity of Keble's 'Christian Year' throughout the reign of Queen Victoria has not been maintained; but it may be hoped that he will never be forgotten. He is the poet of quietness and confidence, two good qualities of the Church of England in other days. Newman, a more powerful mind, is represented here by his beautiful poem on the death of his sister. I have ventured also to include one poem by another divine of the Oxford school, my grandfather, Archdeacon Edward Churton. It is a translation of a Christmas carol by Gongora, and I think deserves its place.

Poems by several other moderns have been included. I think more highly of the poetry of the three Americans, Emerson, Lowell, and Whittier, than most critics in our day seem to do, even in America. An extract from Frederic Myers' 'St. Paul' could not be omitted; a beautiful little poem by Alice Meynell strikes an

unfamiliar note; two patriotic poems by Julian Grenfell and Sir Cecil Spring-Rice are now well known and deservedly admired.

Much of this poetry was written by lay folk, and is, in a broad sense, mystical. Troeltsch, in the last chapters of his great 'Soziallehre,' has some admirable reflections on this type of Christianity, which he describes as the secret religion of the educated classes. 'In general, the modern educated classes understand nothing but mysticism.' The great strength of this type is that it has nothing to fear from what Lippmann calls the acids of modernity. It is safe above high-water mark; the attacks of science and historical criticism upon other forms of belief leave it untouched. 'The spiritualisation of doctrines into symbols of eternal truths and ever-recurring present processes is entirely in accord with this kind of spirituality.' 'The religious-philosophical element of Neoplatonism, which Christian mysticism had assimilated, has become ever more evident and independent.' The mystical religious philosophy of the present day has a strong sympathy with the idea of divine immanence, and sometimes approaches too nearly to pantheism. This approach is discernible in Wordsworth, who is, of course, represented in this book, and more obviously in Shelley and George Meredith. For Christians of this type the religious community has very little significance; public worship does not attract them; and the historical element in the creeds, having become symbolic of eternal truths, has a very different value from that which traditional orthodoxy attaches to it. Mysticism creates no community, since it possesses neither the sense of solidarity nor the faith in authority

which this requires, ' nor [as Troeltsch adds] the no less necessary fanaticism and desire for uniformity.' It lives in and on communities which have been brought into existence by ruder energies. ' It is opposed to the ecclesiastical spirit by its tolerance, its subjectivism and symbolism, its emphasis upon the ethical and religious inwardness of temper, its lack of stable norms and authorities.' This position of mysticism within the Church, sheltered by it but inwardly detached from it, was as clear in the Middle Ages as it is to-day. It is perhaps as a reaction from it that there has been a strong tendency to return to authority and ecclesiasticism. Troeltsch also notices that mysticism takes very little interest in secular schemes of social reform, in this again resembling the earliest types of Christian teaching. In spite of these criticisms, which certainly need to be emphasised, and to be borne in mind by those who, like myself, approach Christianity from this side, ' the religion of the Spirit ' must supply the fresh springs without which no organisation can preserve the faith of Europe from aridity and decay. I am also strongly convinced that what the Catholics call the *philosophia perennis*, which is really Christianised Platonism, based on the belief that all earthly life and all natural events are sacramental, the moving shadows of eternity, is still the one philosophy which can call itself Christian, and which can satisfy the mind and heart of an educated believer.

It remains to say something about my choice of other extracts. The inclusion of Sir Thomas Malory's story of the repentance and death of Launcelot and Guinevere may be unexpected, but surely it needs no apology.

It is one of the most exquisite things in our literature, beyond the range even of Tennyson. That the only expiation of a breach of the seventh commandment is to forsake the sin, is a lesson too often denied in our time. That such repentance is fully accepted by God no one who understands 'the mind of Christ' can doubt.

Jeremy Taylor is one of the glories of the Church of England. Quite apart from the devotional value of his writings, which is very great, for he was a man of saintly character, and his store of learning, which makes him the admiration of scholars, he is one of the masters of the English language. Critics have spoken of 'the mingled simplicity and gorgeousness' of his style. Magnificence and pathos are both at his command; he is rhetorical, but like a great dramatist. I hope the 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying' are in most Anglican libraries.

Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow (1611–1684), is another great writer of the seventeenth century. He was a famous preacher, and a noble advocate of tolerance; his exhortations came so obviously from his heart that his sermons and writings made a profound impression upon his contemporaries. To Coleridge, his writings suggested 'a belief of inspiration, of something more than human'; Burnet says that 'there was a majesty and beauty in his style that left so deep an impression that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago.'

Of John Bunyan (1628–1688) it is not necessary to say much; he needs no introduction. It is strange that we owe the most popular religious book in the English language to the unjust imprisonment which

Bunyan suffered in 1675, when Charles II, probably under pressure, withdrew his declaration of indulgence issued without the consent of Parliament in 1672. No other book has so bound together English-speaking Christians, young and old, and of all denominations. 'This is the great merit of the book,' said Johnson, 'that the most cultivated man cannot find anything to praise more highly, and the child knows nothing more amusing.' It is said that there are over a hundred versions of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' in all the chief languages of the world.

The eighteenth century is represented in this book chiefly by William Law, of whom I have already spoken. He stands rather alone; for as a High Churchman and Nonjuror he did not feel much sympathy with the Cambridge Platonists, though there is much similarity in the character of their piety and in the vigour of their 'intellectuals,' as the Cambridge men phrased it.

There is, however, another writer of this period of whom something must be said. The long excerpts from Hele's Select Offices of Devotion will surprise many, for I fear this book is almost forgotten. It has long been a favourite of mine. That he uses the language of Scripture, or of the Prayer Book, is an advantage in prayer and meditation, especially when the familiar words are used, as they are by him, with perfect appropriateness and felicity. Richard Hele (1679–1756) passed fifty years of his long life as master of the grammar school in the Cathedral Close of Salisbury, of which Cathedral he became a Prebendary in 1729. His 'Select Offices of Private Devotion' was published in 1717. The book was not reprinted for more than a hundred years; but

the 1842 edition had a very large sale. I must leave it to my readers to say whether they agree with my high estimate of its value for devotional use.

James Hinton's ' Mystery of Pain ' has been a consolation to many sufferers, and though I do not like everything that he has written, I did not wish to leave him out.

The American scholar and divine, William Porcher Du Bose, Professor of Exegesis in the University of the South, was the author of a series of books on the theology of the New Testament which deserved an even warmer recognition than they received. The rather long extracts from his writings show the admiration which I feel for them, and for their author, whom I met during my first visit to America. I hope these selections may direct some readers to the books themselves.

Baron Friedrich von Hügel was perhaps the foremost theologian of his generation in England. His numerous writings on mysticism and on the philosophy of religion are marked by great learning, perfect candour and fairness, and deep philosophical thought, as well as by earnest piety. His curious style is not really difficult, and to some readers is rather attractive. No Roman Catholic writer has had so much influence upon the thought of scholars in the Church of England.

Edward Grubb, who died a few years ago, was a member of the Society of Friends. I wished to include some specimens of Quaker theology; for this little sect, numerically so insignificant, has had an influence far wider than the limits of a society which has never sought to proselytise.

The arrangement of subjects is rather loose; some

passages under ' The Fruits of the Spirit ' might have been placed in the following chapter. The reader must dip into the book, and mark the extracts which ' speak to his condition.' I have tried to make this anthology representative of Christian piety, not only of my own predilections. But I have deliberately drawn by preference from our Anglican writers. Ours is the most comprehensive Church in Christendom. It has had an independent life of four hundred years, during which our island won and held a position among the foremost nations of the world. It is, in the best sense of the word, a National Church, and if our country has still a great future before it, so has the Church of England. No other body could take its peculiar place among the branches of the Church of Christ, the scattered members of which, when they kneel in prayer, may in heart and will keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

I
RELIGION

THE NECESSITY OF RELIGION

Testimonies of Scientists and Philosophers

There is nothing more real than what comes in religion. To compare facts such as these with what is given to us in outward existence would be to trifle with the subject. The man who demands a reality more solid than that of the religious consciousness seeks he does not know what.

F. H. Bradley.

The whole diversity of natural things can have arisen from nothing but the ideas and the will of one necessarily existing Being, who is always and everywhere God supreme, infinite, omnipotent, omniscient, absolutely perfect.

Isaac Newton.

The grand sequence of events the mind refuses to accept as the result of blind chance. The understanding revolts from such a conclusion.

Charles Darwin.

I cannot say, with regard to the origin of life, that Science neither affirms nor denies creative power. Science positively asserts creative power. Creative and directive power Science compels us to accept as an article of belief. We are absolutely forced by Science

to admit and to believe with absolute confidence in directive power—in an influence other than physical, dynamical, electrical forces. There is nothing between absolute scientific belief in Creative Power and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

KELVIN.

Our cosmology knows only one sole God, and this Almighty God rules the whole of Nature without exception. We contemplate this operation in all phenomena of every description. To it the whole inorganic material world is subject, and so also is the whole world of organisation. If a body *in vacuo* falls fifteen feet in the first second . . . these phenomena are the immediate operations of God, equally with the blossoms of plants, the movements of animals, and the thoughts of mankind. We all exist by God's grace—the stone as well as the water, the radiolarion as well as the pine-tree, the gorilla as much as the Emperor of China. . . . This cosmology which contemplates God's Spirit and power in all natural phenomena is alone worthy of His all-comprehensive greatness; only when we refer all forces and all phenomena of movement, all forms and properties of matter, to God as the author of all things, do we attain to that human intuition of God, and veneration of God, which really befits His immeasurable greatness. For in Him we live and move and have our being.

ERNST HAECKEL.

It is customary, wrote R. L. Nettleship, to contrast the humility required by the Gospel with the supposed

arrogance and self-sufficiency of the philosophical spirit. Yet if we take men so different and so representative in their differences as Plato, Bacon, and Spinoza, we find them all agreeing, not in a glorification of the human mind, but in the imperative demand that it should shake off its chains and turn to receive the light, that it should surrender its idols and become as a little child, that it should look at things under the form of eternity, not through the vague confusion of its own imagination.

The substantive agreement between the language of religion and that of wisdom is a remarkable thing. I suppose it points to the total simplicity of supreme experiences, and the impossibility of entering into them except by a total sincerity and candour. Humility no doubt is demanded; but humility taken by itself may be an obsession and distraction, just like vanity, *amour-propre*, curiosity, the charm of contrivance and ingenuity. What is aimed at is rather not to be preoccupied with yourself at all; not to be preoccupied with your own weakness and littleness, any more than with your own goodness or cleverness. The feeling and admission of defect is, I imagine, presupposed; but it should not surely be reflectively predominant so as to direct attention to itself and impair the simple spirit of trust and surrender. Now this is at the same time the spirit of complete appreciation, which alone can seize the whole fact in its due shape and proportion. This is what in any matter of common life we get, as we say, only from those who 'really care.' Love speaks with better knowledge and knowledge with dearer love.

The artist, too, we are told, covets the innocence of

the eye; the gaze for which the whole impression is single, unbroken, and unrationalised.

To illustrate a little further. It is one of the less noted advantages in the succession of fresh lives which death and birth maintain, that the worn and patched and piece-meal experience of the aged scholar or statesman, perhaps even of the saint, is not perpetuated for ever with the full traces of the mode in which it was painfully acquired. In being swept away along with its possessor, it makes room for the fresh and total contemplative activity of new minds, no longer seamed and wrinkled by the hardships and accidents which attended acquisition. . . .

In the gaze of the rising generation all this is wiped away. It comes, or should come, delighted and unwearied, to seize directly and vigorously on its actual merits and in its total contours the treasure that is offered to it, and so to accept the experience in its full and real proportions.

Something of this kind is what the religious temper demands. Here even the veteran expert in life must stand to his own mature experience somewhat as the younger generation stands to its predecessor's. He finds himself necessarily negligent of its entanglements, its history, its controversy, and trying to take it at its centre simply as it is and for its own sake. To be one with the supreme good in the faith which is also will—that is religion; and to be thus wholly and unquestioningly is the religious temper. Then all the riches of the spirit may add themselves to the mood, on condition that nothing in them stands out to impair or violate it. For they all, as we saw, belong to it of right; only their intricacies and distractions make it

easy for us to lose our way among them. To be as a little child means to keep hold, so to speak, of the direct handclasp; to remain in touch with the centre; not to go wandering after this clever notion and that.

If one could maintain this simplicity, supreme *bona fides*, sincerity of mood and temper, and care about one's religion mainly and especially with reference to those features in it which are truly and strictly religious, I believe the gain would be great. And gradually and naturally, I suppose, there would come about a certain discrimination between what is necessary in religion and what is more or less superfluous, and, if emphatically insisted on, tends even to become harmful. But I must firmly believe that to a sound and sincere religious temper much that may be in itself superfluous can fill into its place and be in no way dangerous. I do not think controversy is useful, but mischievous. Yet a sense of sanity and proportion, if it could be promoted by concentrating attention on the simple essence of religion, would, I believe, be of great religious value.

BERNARD BOSANQUET (1848–1923).

Gentlemen, it is religion, the love of God and neighbour, which gives life a meaning; knowledge cannot do it. Let me, if you please, speak of my own experience, as one who for thirty years has taken an earnest interest in these things. Pure knowledge is a glorious thing, and woe to the man who holds it light or blunts his sense for it. But to the question, whence, whither, and to what purpose, it gives an answer as little to-day as it did two or three thousand years ago.

It does indeed instruct us in facts; it detects inconsistencies; it links phenomena; it corrects the deceptions of sense and idea. But where and how the curve of the world and the curve of our own life begin—that curve of which it shows us only a section—and whither this curve leads, knowledge does not tell us. But if with a steady will we affirm the forces and the standards which on the summits of our inner life shine out as our highest good, nay as our real self; if we are earnest and courageous enough to accept them as the great reality and direct our lives by them; and if we then look at the course of mankind's history, follow its upward development, and search in strenuous and patient service for the communion of minds in it, we shall not faint in weariness and despair, but become certain of God, of the God whom Jesus Christ called His Father, and who is also our Father.

HARNACK.

If the religious instincts of the human race point to no reality as their object, they are out of analogy with all other instinctive endowments. Elsewhere in the animal kingdom we never meet with such a thing as an instinct pointing aimlessly; and therefore the fact of man being as it is said a religious animal, *i.e.* presenting a class of feelings of a peculiar nature directed to particular ends, and most akin to, if not identical with, true instinct, is so far in my opinion a legitimate argument in favour of the reality of some object towards which the religious side of this animal's nature is directed. . . . Hence we have here what seems to me a valid inference, so far as it goes, to the effect

that if the general order of nature is due to mind, the character of that mind is such as it is conceived to be by the most highly developed form of religion.

G. J. ROMANES.

Personality extends over the whole of experience. It extends both outward and inward in space relations, and both backward and forward in time relations. It is thus in its own universe that personality is present, and not in a foreign physical universe. The world of personality is no mere attenuated soul apart from body and environment, but a concrete world which is both perceived and willed—the world of persons and their interests. In short, this world is a concrete spiritual world. The conception of it as a physical world is an abstraction of great practical use for certain limited practical purposes, but not more than a very partial representation of experience.

This brings us to the subject of religion. Personality may be regarded as the mere individual personality of one person or group of persons among others, and as that of a person who is born and dies. But consideration of our experience shows that personality implies much more. Our interest extends into the interest of other personalities, and over a past and future beyond the apparent time limits of individual personality. It includes the striving after right or good conduct, which is far more than an expression of mere individual interest. It also includes the search after truth, which even though the truth is only partial has binding authority for all personalities: also the perception and furtherance of beauty, which appeals to all, regardless of their individual interests. We find

also that right, truth, and beauty are essentially one. We cannot interpret these features in any other way than that all-embracing personality manifests itself in individual personality, and that in this all-embracing personality is summed up the reality of our experience.

Religion is the recognition of all-embracing personality as God. The recognition of God in religion is no mere theoretical recognition, but includes the practical recognition of right, truth, and beauty as of binding authority which is everywhere supreme, and overrides all mere individual interest or group interests. We cannot separate religion from this practical recognition; and the lives of good men, whether their goodness has shown itself mainly in faithfulness to the helping of others, or to the furthering of truth, or of beauty, are a standing witness to the existence of God.

If religion were taken to imply that God not only exists but is also omnipotent and perfect, this conception would be contradicted at once by all the imperfection, sorrow, and sin which we see around us. But in actual religion, as distinguished from theological systems, we do not find this conception. It is in an otherwise chaotic world that God is revealed, just as it is in an otherwise chaotic world that the relative truths of science are revealed. The manifestation of divine will in the universe would have no meaning as living and active except in so far as the universe is at the same time chaotic or undefined. Religion does not explain away the chaos, which is a background apart from which God could not be conceived as living, loving, and active. For Christianity in particular, God is present in the world of sorrow

and sin, and to this conception, which has a universal appeal, the special strength of Christian theology is due. But the background of ignorance, ugliness, sorrow and sin remains, and seems to become even more evident with the growing manifestation in it of God.

J. S. HALDANE.

Religion will not regain its old power until it can face change in the same spirit as does science. Its principles may be eternal, but the expression of those principles requires continual development. This evolution of religion is in the main a disengagement of its own proper ideas from the adventitious notions which have crept into it by reason of the expression of its own ideas in terms of the imaginative picture of the world entertained in previous ages. Such a release of religion from the bonds of imperfect science is all to the good. It stresses its own genuine message. The great point to be kept in mind is that normally an advance in science will show that statements of various religious beliefs require some sort of modification. It may be that they have to be expanded or explained, or indeed entirely restated. If the religion is a sound expression of truth, this modification will only exhibit more adequately the exact point which is of importance. This process is a gain. In so far therefore as any religion has any contact with physical facts, it is to be expected that the point of view of those facts must be continually modified as scientific knowledge advances. In this way the exact relevance of these facts for religious thought will grow more and more clear. The progress of science must result

in the unceasing modification of religious thought, to the great advantage of religion. . . .

We have to know what we mean by religion. The Churches, in their presentation of their answers to this query, have put forward aspects of religion which are expressed in terms either suited to the emotional reactions of bygone times or directed to excite modern emotional interests of a non-religious character. What I mean under the first heading is that religious appeal is directed partly to excite that instinctive fear of the wrath of a tyrant which was inbred in the unhappy populations of the arbitrary empires of the ancient world, and in particular to excite that fear of an all-powerful arbitrary tyrant behind the forces of nature. This appeal to the ready instinct of brute fear is losing its force. . . . In this respect the old phraseology is at variance with the psychology of modern civilisations.

The non-religious motive which has entered into modern religious thought is the desire for a comfortable organisation of modern society. Religion has been presented as valuable for the ordering of life. Its claims have been rested upon its function as a sanction to right conduct. Also the purpose of right conduct quickly degenerates into the formation of pleasing social relations. We have here a subtle degradation of religious ideas, following upon their gradual purification under the influence of keener ethical intuitions. Conduct is a by-product of religion—an inevitable by-product, but not the main point. Every great religious teacher has revolted against the presentation of religion as a mere sanction of rules of conduct. St. Paul denounced the Law, and Puritan divines spoke of the filthy rags of righteousness. The insistence

upon rules of conduct marks the ebb of religious fervour. Above and beyond all things, the religious life is not a research after comfort. I must now state, with all diffidence, what I conceive to be the essential character of the religious spirit.

Religion is the vision of something which stands beyond, behind, and within, the passing flux of immediate things; something which is real, and yet waiting to be realised; something which is a remote possibility, and yet the greatest of present facts; something that gives meaning to all that passes, and yet eludes apprehension; something whose possession is the final good, and yet is beyond all reach; something which is the ultimate ideal, and the hopeless quest.

The immediate reaction of human nature to the religious vision is worship. Religion has emerged into human experience mixed with the crudest fancies of barbaric imagination. Gradually, slowly, steadily the vision recurs in history under nobler form and with clearer expression. It is the one element in human experience which persistently shows an upward trend. It fades and then recurs. But when it renews its force, it recurs with an added richness and purity of content. The fact of the religious vision, and its history of persistent expansion, is our one ground for optimism. Apart from it, human life is a flash of occasional enjoyments lighting up a mass of pain and misery, a bagatelle of transient experience.

The vision claims nothing but worship; and worship is a surrender to the claim for assimilation, urged with the motive force of mutual love. The vision never overrules. It is always there, and it has the power of love presenting the one purpose whose fulfilment is

eternal harmony. Such order as we find in nature is never force—it presents itself as the one harmonious adjustment of complex detail. Evil is the brute motive force of fragmentary purpose, disregarding the eternal vision. Evil is overruling, retarding, hurting. The power of God is the worship He inspires. That religion is strong which in its ritual and its modes of thought evokes an apprehension of the commanding vision. The worship of God is not a rule of safety—it is an adventure of the spirit, a flight after the unattainable. The death of religion comes with the repression of the high hope of adventure.

A. N. WHITEHEAD.

PRAYER

I thank Thee, my Creator and Lord, that Thou hast given me these joys in Thy creation, this ecstasy over the works of Thy hands. I have made known the glory of Thy works to men as far as my finite spirit was able to comprehend Thy infinity. If I have said anything wholly unworthy of Thee, or have aspired after my own glory, graciously forgive me. Amen.

KEPLER.

II
GOD

IN CHANGE UNCHANGING

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glories shine.
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts; unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes cease to be;
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:
Thou, Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

EMILY BRONTË (1818–1848).

'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is tossed about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.
No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
But Thou, O Lord, Thou changest not;
The same Thou art alway.
Out of that weak unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift
Where Thou unchanging art.
The purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come and go.

J. C. SHAIRP (1819–1885).

Having been advised in these books to return into myself, I entered, with Thee as my guide, into the

secret chamber of my soul; I was able, for Thou wast my helper. I entered and beheld with the eye of my soul (such as it was), above the eye of my soul, above my mind, the light that never changes. It was not the common light which all flesh can see, nor was it a greater light of the same kind, as if the light of day were to grow brighter till it filled all space. Not such was this light, but far other from all these. Nor was it above my mind as oil is above water, or heaven above earth; it was higher because it made me, and I was lower because I was made by it. He who knows the truth knows that light, and he who knows that light knows eternity. Love knows that light. O eternal truth, and true love, and dear eternity! Thou art my God; to Thee do I sigh night and day. When first I knew Thee, Thou didst lift me up, so that I could see there was something to be seen, though I was not yet fit to see it. And Thou didst beat back the weakness of my sight, shining strongly upon me, and I trembled with love and awe; and I perceived myself to be far off from Thee, in the region of unlikeness, as if I heard Thy voice from on high: 'I am the food of the full-grown; grow up, and thou shalt feed upon Me. Nor shalt thou change Me into thy substance, like the food of thy flesh, but thou shalt be changed into Mine.' And I understood that Thou chastenest man for his iniquity, and Thou madest my soul to consume away like a spider. And I said, Is truth therefore nothing, because it is not diffused through space, finite or infinite? And Thou didst cry from afar, 'I am that I am.' And I heard as the heart hears, nor had I room to doubt; and I should sooner doubt my own existence than think that there is no

truth, since it is clearly seen and understood by the things that are made.

And I beheld the other things that are below Thee, and saw that they are neither wholly real nor wholly unreal. They are real in so far as they come from Thee, and unreal because they are not what Thou art. For that alone truly exists which abides unchangeably. But for me it is good to hold me fast by God; for if I cannot abide in Him I cannot abide in myself. But He, abiding in Himself, makes all things new. And Thou art my Lord God, because Thou needest not my goods. . . .

And I wondered that now I loved Thee, and not a phantom in Thy place. And I did not stand still to enjoy my God, but was caught up to Thee by Thy beauty, and soon borne down from Thee by my own weight, sinking with sorrow into the things of this world; and the weight was carnal habit. But Thy memory dwelt with me, and I doubted not at all that there was one to cling to; but I doubted whether I was yet able to cling to Him, since the corruptible body presses down the soul, and the earthly tabernacle weighs down the mind that thinks of many things. I was very certain that the invisible things of Thee from the foundation of the world are clearly seen from the things that are made, even Thy eternal power and Godhead. For when I sought whence it was that I admired the beauty of bodies, whether earthly or heavenly, and what standard I could use in judging rightly of mutable things, so as to say, This ought to be so, and that ought to be otherwise—when I asked how I so judged, seeing that I did so judge, it was clear that I had found the unchangeable and true eternity of

truth above my changeable mind. And thus by degrees I passed from bodies to the soul which perceives by the bodily senses, and from thence to the inner power of the soul, to which the bodily sense reports outward things. The faculties of the lower animals reach so far. And from thence again to the reasoning power, to whose judgment is referred the knowledge received from the senses. And when this power also found itself changeable, it lifted itself up to its own intelligence, and withdrew my thoughts from the power of habit, abstracting itself from the contradictory tumult of phantasms, that it might discover what this light was in which it was bathed, when it cried out that without doubt the unchanging is better than the changing, and how it came to know the unchanging, which, if it had not known, it could not have so confidently put it before the changing. And thus in a flash it arrived at the sight of that which is. And then I saw Thy invisible things, understood by the things which are made. But I could not fix my gaze. My weakness was thrown back and I was sent back to my wonted thoughts, carrying with me only a loving remembrance, desiring as it were the fragrance of food of which I was still unable to partake.

ST. AUGUSTINE (354–430).

REVEALED IN NATURE

I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me

An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

From above us and from under,
In the ocean and the thunder,
Thou preludest to the wonder
  Of the Paradise to be:
For a moment we may guess Thee
From the creatures that confess Thee,
When the morn and even bless Thee,
  And Thy smile is on the sea.

Then from something seen or heard,
Whether forests softly stirred,
Or the speaking of a word,
Or the singing of a bird,
  Cares and sorrows cease:
For a moment on the soul
Falls the rest that maketh whole,
  Falls the endless peace.

O the hush from earth's annoys!
O the heaven, O the joys
Such as priest or singing-boys
  Cannot sing or say!
There is no more pain and crying,
There is no more death and dying,
And for sorrow and for sighing,
  These shall flee away.

FREDERIC MYERS (1843–1901).

Where is thy favoured haunt, eternal Voice,
  The region of thy choice,
Where, undisturbed by sin and earth, the soul
  Owns thy entire control?
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,
  When storms are hurrying by:
'Tis mid the strong foundations of the earth,
  Where torrents have their birth.

No sounds of worldly toil ascending there
  Mar the full burst of prayer;
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
  And round us and beneath

Are heard her sacred tones: the fitful sweep
Of winds across the steep,
Through withered bents—romantic note and clear,
Meet for a hermit's ear.

The wheeling kite's wild solitary cry,
And, scarcely heard so high,
The dashing waters when the air is still
From many a torrent rill
That winds unseen beneath the shaggy fell,
Tracked by the blue mist well:
Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart
For thought to do her part.

'Tis there we hear the voice of God within,
Pleading with care and sin:
' Child of My love, how have I wearied thee,
Why wilt thou err from Me?
Have I not brought thee from the house of slaves,
Parted the drowning waves,
And set My saints before thee in the way
Lest thou should'st faint or stray? '

What? was the promise made to thee alone?
Art thou the excepted one?
An heir of glory without grief or pain?
O vision false and vain!
There lies thy cross; before it meekly bow;
It fits thy stature now:
Who scornful pass it with averted eye,
'Twill crush them by and by.

Raise thy repining eyes, and take true measure
Of thine eternal treasure;
The Father of thy Lord can grudge thee nought—
The world for thee was bought;
And as this landscape broad—earth, sea, and sky—
All centres in thine eye,
So all God does, if rightly understood,
Shall work thy final good.

JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866).

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present world no sign or token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?
Oh think it not, sweet maid! God comes to us
With every day, with every star that rises;
In every moment dwells the Righteous
And starts upon the soul in sweet surprises.
The Word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spake it were not speaking still,
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will!
Sweet girl, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought that happy summer brings
To thy pure spirit, is a word of God.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796–1849).

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,

Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying, ' What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.'
Revere the Maker; fetch thine eye
Up to His style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built He heaven stark and cold;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass and scented weeds;
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found.

R. W. EMERSON (1803–1882).

What links are ours with orbs that are
  So resolutely far:
The solitary asks, and they
Give radiance as from a shield:
  Still at the death of day
  The seen, the unrevealed.

Implacable they shine
To us who would of Life obtain
An answer for the life we strain
To nourish with one sign.
Nor can imagination throw
The penetrative shaft: we pass
The breath of thought, who would divine
If haply they may grow
As Earth; have our desire to know;
If life comes there to grain from grass,
And flowers like ours of toil and pain;
Has passion to beat bar,
Win space from cleaving brain,
The mystic link attain,
Whereby star holds on star.

Those visible immortals beam
Allurement to the dream:
Ireful at human hungers brook
No question in the look.
For ever virgin to our sense,
Remote they wane to gaze intense:
Prolong it, and in ruthlessness they smite
The beating heart behind the ball of sight
Till we conceive their heavens hoar,
Those lights they raise but sparkles frore,
And Earth, our blood-warm Earth, a shuddering prey
To that frigidity of brainless ray.

Yet space is given for breath of thought
Beyond our bounds when musing: more
When to that musing love is brought,
And love is asked of love's wherefore.
'Tis Earth's, her gift; else have we nought;

Her gift, her secret, here our tie.
And not with her and yonder sky?
Bethink you; were it Earth alone
Breeds love, would not her region be
  The sole delight and throne
  Of generous Deity?

To deeper than this ball of sight
Appeal the lustrous people of the night.
Fronting yon shoreless, sown with fiery sails,
  It is our ravenous that quails,
Flesh by its craven thirsts and fears distraught.
  The Spirit leaps alight,
  Doubts not in them is he,
The binder of his sheaves, the sane, the right. . . .

So may we read and little find them cold:
Let it but be the lord of Mind to guide
Our eyes; no branch of Reason's growing lopped;
Nor dreaming on a dream; but fortified
By day to penetrate black midnight; see,
Hear, feel, outside the senses; even that we,
The specks of dust upon a mound of mould,
We who reflect those rays, though low our place,
  To them are lastingly allied.

So may we read, and little find them cold:
Not frosty lamps illumining dead space,
Not distant aliens, not senseless Powers.
The fire is in them whereof we are born;
The music of their motion may be ours.
Spirit shall deem them beckoning Earth and voiced
Sisterly to her, in her beams rejoiced.

Of love, the grand impulsion, we behold
The love that lends her grace
Among the starry fold.
Then at new flood of customary morn,
Look at her through her showers,
Her mists, her streaming gold,
A wonder edges the familiar face;
She wears no more that robe of printed hours;
Half strange seems Earth, and sweeter than her flowers.

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828–1909).

This, this is what I love, and what is this?
I asked the beautiful Earth, who said, 'Not I':
I asked the depths, and the immaculate sky,
And all the spaces said, 'not He but His.'
And so, like one who scales a precipice,
Height after height, I scaled the flaming ball
Of the great universe, yea, passed o'er all
The world of thought, which so much higher is.
Then I exclaimed, 'To whom is mute all murmur
Of phantasy, of nature, and of art,
He than articulate language bears a firmer
And grander meaning in his own deep heart.
No sound from voice or angel.' Oh, to win
That voiceless voice, 'My servant, enter in!'

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH (1824–1911).

Instead of setting up the external as the goal to which all the efforts of our sensation are to be directed, why should we not rather look upon the sensuous

splendour of light and sound as the end which all these dispositions of the external world, whose obscurity we deplore, are designed to realise? What pleases us in a drama which we see developed before us on the stage is the poetical idea and its inherent beauty; no one would expect to enhance this enjoyment or discern a profounder truth if he could indulge in an examination of the machinery that effects the changes of scenery and illumination. . . . The course of this universe is such a drama; its essential truth is the meaning set forth so as to be intelligible to the spirit. The other in which, deceived by prejudice, we seek the true being of things, is nothing but the apparatus on which that depends which alone possesses value, the reality of this beauteous appearance. . . . Let us therefore cease to lament as if the reality of things escaped our apprehension; on the contrary, their reality consists in that as which they appear to us; and all that they are before they are made manifest to us is the meditating preparation for this final realisation of their very being. The beauty of colours and tones, warmth and fragrance, are what nature in itself strives to produce and express, but cannot do so by itself; for this it needs as its last and noblest instrument the sentient mind, which alone can put into words its mute striving, and in the glory of sentient intuition set forth in luminous actuality what all the motions and gestures of the external world were vainly endeavouring to express.

LOTZE.

REVEALED IN BEAUTY

Rapt with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights;
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most almighty Spright,
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beams to mortal eyes below
Of that immortal beauty, there with thee,
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see;

That with the glory of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
The eternal fountain of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with the easy view
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order due,
To contemplation of the immortal sky;
Of the soare falcon so I learn to fly,
That plays awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she herself for stronger flight can breath.

Then look, who list thy gazeful eyes to feed
With sight of what is fair, look on the frame
Of this wide universe, and therein read
The endless kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aim;
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

First, the Earth, with adamantine pillars founded
Amid the sea, engirt with brazen bands;
Then the Air still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On every side with piles of flaming brands,
Never consumed nor quenched with mortal hands;
And last that mighty shining crystal wall,
Wherewith He hath encompassed this All. . . .

Look thou no further, but affix thine eye
On that bright shiny round still moving mass,
The house of blessed God, which men call sky,
All sowed with glistering stars more thick than grass,
Whereof each other doth in brightness pass,
But those two most which ruling night and day
As king and queen the heaven's empire sway. . . .

Fair is the heaven where happy souls have place
In full enjoyment of felicity,
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the divine eternal majesty;
More fair is that, where those Ideas on high
Enranged be, which Plato so admired,
And pure Intelligence from God inspired. . . .

Yet far more fair be those bright Cherubins,
Which all with golden wings are overdight,
And those eternal burning Seraphins,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light ;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be the angels and archangels which attend
On God's own person without rest or end.

These thus in fair each other far excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more near,
Yet is that Highest far beyond all telling
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their beauties joined together were;
How then can mortal tongue hope to express
The image of such endless perfectness?

Cease then, my tongue, and lend unto my mind
Leave to bethink how great that beauty is,
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find;
How much more those essential parts of His,
His truth, His love, His wisdom, and His bliss,
His grace, His doom, His mercy, and His might,
By which He lends us of Himself a sight.

Those unto all He daily doth display,
And show Himself in the image of His grace,
As in a looking-glass, through which He may
Be seen of all His creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see His face,
His glorious face, which glistereth else so bright
That the angels selves cannot endure His sight. .

The means therefore which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on His works to look,
Which He hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brazen book,
To read enregistered in every nook
His goodness, which His beauty doth declare,
For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To imp the wings of thy high-flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind,
And like the native brood of eagles' kind
On that bright sun of glory fix thine eyes,
Cleared from gross mists of frail infirmities. . . .

Ah then, my hungry soul, which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And with false beauties flattering bait misled,
Hast after vain deceitful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah, cease to gaze on matter of thy grief.

And look at last up to that sovereign light,
From whose pure beams all perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

EDMUND SPENSER (1552–1599).

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned—
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only—this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence.
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;—
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

He who has been instructed thus far in the science of love, and has been led to see beautiful things in their due order and rank, when he comes toward the end of his discipline, will suddenly catch sight of a wondrous thing, beautiful with the absolute beauty; and this, Socrates, is the aim and end of all those earlier labours: he will see a beauty eternal, not growing or decaying, not waxing or waning; nor will it be fair here and foul there, nor depending on time or circumstance or place, as if fair to some and foul to others; nor shall beauty appear to him . . . embodied in any sort of form whatever; but beauty absolute, separate, single and everlasting; which lending of its virtue to all beautiful things that we see born to decay, itself suffers neither increase nor diminution, nor any other change. When a man proceeding onwards from terrestrial things by the right way of loving, once comes in sight

of that beauty, he is not far from his goal. And this is the right way wherein he should go or be guided in his love: he should begin by loving earthly things for the sake of that absolute loveliness, ascending to that as it were by degrees on steps, from the first to the second, and thence to all fair forms; and from fair forms to fair conduct, and from fair conduct to fair principles, until from fair principles he finally arrive at the ultimate principle and learn what absolute beauty is. This life, my dear Socrates, said Diotima, if any life at all is worth living, is the life that a man should live, in the contemplation of absolute beauty; the which when once you beheld it, would not appear to you to be after the manner of gold and garments and beautiful persons. . . . But what if a man's eyes were awake to the sight of the true beauty, the divine beauty, pure, clear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality, and the many colours and varieties of human life? What if he should converse with the true beauty, simple and divine? . . . Are you not convinced that he who thus sees beauty as only it can be seen, will be specially fortunate? And that since he is in contact not with images but with realities, he will give birth not to images but to very truth itself? And being thus the parent and nurse of true virtue it will be his lot to become a friend of God, and, so far as any man can be, immortal?

PLATO (427–347 B.C.).

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD

We do not reach the Christian thought of God by reflecting on Him as the Infinite, the Absolute, the

Immanent. He is all these, but He is also the Good—which means that He is not immanent in all things equally; that He is not identified with the evil or self-seeking will as He is with the will that is good. And further, if we are willing to accept in any measure the thought of progressive illumination or revelation in Hebrew and Christian history, He has revealed Himself to men, gradually as their moral development permitted it, as possessing a character which is perfect love. Let us think what this implies. It means that He limits Himself, that love may have an object, in which and to which it may express itself. Always and everywhere in human experience love means self-limitation, self-surrender, self-sacrifice. And if there is any meaning in the great assertion that God is love, this must be true in some real sense for God as it is for men. Creation itself is a self-limitation, whether it proceeds by evolution or, as was once supposed, by fiat, for something comes into being which is in some sense other than God, an object to the divine consciousness. Kenosis or self-limitation was no after thought with God, no mere scheme for setting right that which had miscarried. It is no desperate device of New Testament critics anxious to save their orthodoxy. It is of the very essence of the divine nature, if we know anything at all about it. We see kenosis in creation, in the age-long process of revelation, and not only in divine redemption through the incarnation and the cross. These are indeed its highest manifestations; but the God of Christian thought has never been anything else than the love which seeketh not its own, which goes out of itself to create, to reveal, to restore. This is the truth that underlay the ancient Christian

doctrine of the Logos, the immanent Word that became flesh, and it remains the abiding foundation of Christian philosophy. It is because God is personal as we are—or rather much more personal than we are—that the Infinite was able in the incarnation to take our nature upon Him, by a supreme act of self-limitation, a man with men. . . . Arguments of this kind cannot by themselves yield that full conviction of the divine personality which will make it an operative force in our lives. It is not until our will co-operates with our intellect, until we say with sincere and genuine purpose, I will arise and go to my Father, that the Fatherhood of God in its real power comes home to any of us. There is a demand for surrender, the surrender of our wills in humility, in obedience and trust. This involves the making of a venture, the venture of faith. We are called to surrender ourselves not to a thing, not to an abstract quality of things, but to a Person Who loves us. Only so can we truly and lastingly find our Father. But the venture is reasonable, and it is rewarded, as truly as is the venture of the young swallow, when first it plunges into what may well seem to it mere empty space. We shall find that we are not trusting ourselves to a vain imagination, for underneath are the everlasting arms.

EDWARD GRUBB.

PRAYERS

Almighty and most merciful Father, in Whom we live and move and have our being, to Whose tender compassion we owe our safety in days past, together with all the comforts of this present life and the hopes

of that which is to come; we praise Thee, O God our Creator; unto Thee do we give thanks, O God, our exceeding Joy, Who daily pourest Thy benefits upon us. Grant, we beseech Thee, that Jesus our Lord, the hope of glory, may be found in us, in all humility, meekness, patience, contentedness, and absolute surrender of our souls and bodies to Thy holy will and pleasure. Leave us not, nor forsake us, O Father, but conduct us safe through all changes of our condition here, in an unchangeable love to Thee, and in holy tranquillity of mind in Thy love to us, till we come to dwell with Thee, and rejoice in Thee for ever. Amen.

BISHOP SIMON PATRICK (1626–1707).

O merciful Lord God, heavenly Father, I render most high laud, praise, and thanks unto Thee, that Thou hast preserved me both this night and all the times and days of my life hitherto, under Thy protection; and hast suffered me to live until this present hour. And I beseech Thee most heartily that Thou wilt vouchsafe to receive me this day, and the residue of my whole life, from henceforth into Thy good keeping; ruling and governing me with Thy holy Spirit, that all manner of darkness and evil may be utterly chased and driven out of my heart, and that I may walk in the light of Thy truth, to Thy glory and praise, and to the help and furtherance of my neighbour, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

HENRY VIII'S PRIMER.

O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that I may live always near to Thee, my God. O let me feel Thy love, that I may be as it were already in heaven, that I may

do all my work as the angels do theirs; and O let me be ready for every work, be ready to go out or go in, to stay or depart, just as Thou shalt appoint. Lord, let me have no will of mine own, or consider my true happiness as depending in the smallest degree on anything that can befall me outwardly, but as consisting altogether in conformity to Thy Will, for Christ's sake. Amen.

HENRY MARTYN (1781–1812).

O merciful God, be Thou now unto me a strong tower of defence, I humbly entreat Thee. Give me grace to await Thy leisure, and patiently to bear what Thou doest unto me; nothing doubting or mistrusting Thy goodness towards me; for Thou knowest what is good for me better than I do. Therefore do with me in all things what Thou wilt: only arm me, I beseech Thee, with Thine armour, that I may stand fast; above all things taking to me the shield of faith; praying always that I may refer myself wholly to Thy will, abiding Thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please Thee to send me, seeing troubles are profitable for me; and I am assuredly persuaded that all Thou doest cannot but be well; and unto Thee be all honour and glory. Amen.

LADY JANE GREY

O almighty God, Father and Lord of all the creatures, Who hast disposed all things and all chances so as may best magnify Thy mercy, bringing good out of evil; I most humbly beseech Thee to give me wisdom from above, that I may adore Thee and admire Thy ways and footsteps, which are in the great deep and not to be

searched out; teach me to submit to Thy providence in all things, to be content in all changes of person and condition, to be temperate in prosperity, and to read my duty in the lines of Thy mercy; and in adversity to be meek, patient, and resigned; and to look through the cloud, that I may wait for the consolation of the Lord; in the meantime doing my duty with an unwearied diligence and an undisturbed resolution, being strengthened with the spirit of the inner man; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

We beseech Thee, O Lord, remember all for good; have mercy upon all, O God. Remember every soul who being in any affliction, trouble, or agony, stands in need of Thy mercy and help, all who are in necessity or distress; all who love, or hate us.

Thou, O Lord, art the Helper of the helpless; the Hope of the hopeless; the Saviour of them who are tossed with tempests; the Haven of them who sail, and be Thou all to all. The glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us; prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us; O prosper Thou our handiwork. Lord, be Thou within me to strengthen me; without me to keep me; above me to protect me; beneath me to uphold me; before me to direct me; behind me to keep me from straying; round about me to defend me. Blessed be Thou, O Lord, our Father, for ever and ever. Amen.

BISHOP LANCELOT ANDREWES (1555–1626).

III
JESUS CHRIST

HEAVENLY LOVE

Then rouse thyself, O Earth, out of thy soil,
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swine,
And dost thy mind in dirty pleasures moil,
Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift up to Him thy heavy clouded eyne,
That thou His sovereign bounty mayst behold,
And read, through love, His mercies manifold.

Begin from first, where He encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toilful ox and humble ass,
And in what rags, and in how base array
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When Him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From hence read on the story of His life,
His humble carriage, His unfaulty ways,
His cankered foes, His fights, His toil, His strife,
His pains, His poverty, His sharp assays,
Through which He passed His miserable days,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being maliced both of great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayed, and false accused;
How with most scornful taunts and fell despites
He was reviled, disgraced, and foul abused;

How scourged, how crowned, how buffeted, how bruised;
And lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucified,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and side.

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein,
At sight of this most sacred heavenly corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy soul, whose sins His sorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and groan in grieved thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy softened spirit
Is inly touched and humbled with meek zeal
Through meditation of His endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to the Author of thy weal,
And to His sovereign mercy do appeal;
Learn Him to love that loved thee so dear,
And in thy breast His blessed image bear.

EDMUND SPENSER (1552–1599).

HIS OTHER WORLDS

With this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us. These abide:
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumerable host of stars has heard
How he administered this terrestrial ball.
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss,
Bears, as chief treasure, one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
May His devices with the heavens be guessed,
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way
Or His bestowals there be manifest.

But in the eternities,
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien Gospels, in what guise
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O be prepared, my soul,
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The myriad forms of God those stars unroll
When in our turn we show to them a Man.

ALICE MEYNELL (*d.* 1922).

THE MIND OF CHRIST

A Person came, and lived and loved, and did and taught, and died and rose again, and lives on by His power and His Spirit for ever within us and amongst us, so unspeakably rich and yet so simple, so sublime

and yet so homely, so divinely above us precisely in being so divinely near—that His character and teaching require, for an ever fuller yet never complete understanding, the varying study, and different experiments and applications, embodiments and unrollings of all the races and civilisations, of all the individual and corporate, the simultaneous and successive experiences of the human race to the end of time. If there is nothing shifting or fitful or simply changing about Him, there is everywhere energy and expression, thought and emotion, effort and experience, joy and sorrow, loneliness and conflict, interior trial and triumph, exterior defeat and supplantation: particular affections, particular humiliations, homely labour, a homely heroism, greatness throughout in littleness. And in this, for the first time and last time, we find an insight so unique, a personality so strong and supreme, as to teach us, once for all, the true attitude towards suffering.

Not one of the philosophers or systems before Him had effectually escaped falling either into pessimism, seeing the end of life as trouble and weariness, and seeking to escape from it into some aloofness or some Nirvana; or into optimism, ignoring or explaining away that suffering and trial which, as our first experience and as our last, surround us on every side. But with Him, and alone with Him and those who still learn and live from and by Him, there is the union of the clearest, keenest sense of all the mysterious depth and breadth and length and height of human sadness, suffering, and sin, and in spite of this and through this and at the end of this, a note of conquest and triumphant joy.

And here, as elsewhere in Christianity, this is achieved not by some artificial, facile juxtaposition; but the soul is allowed to sob itself out; and all through its pain gets fully faced and willed, gets taken up into the conscious life. Suffering thus becomes the highest form of action, a divinely potent means of satisfaction, recovery and enlargement for the soul,—the soul with its mysteriously great consciousness of pettiness and sin, and its immense capacity for joy in self-donation.

And again, His moral and spiritual idealism, whilst indefinitely higher than that of any of the philosophers or prophets before Him, has nothing strained or restless, nothing rootless or quietistic, nothing querulous or disdainful, or of caste or sect about it: the humblest manual labour, the simplest of the human relations, the universal elemental faculties of man as man, are all entered into and developed, are all hallowed in smallest detail, and step by step.

And finally His teaching, His life, are all positive, all constructive, and come into conflict only with worldly indifference and bad faith. No teacher before Him or since, but requires, if we would not be led astray by him, that we should make some allowance, in his character and doctrine, for certain inevitable reactions, and consequent narrownesses and contrarinesses. Especially is this true of religious teachers and reformers, and generally in exact proportion to the intensity of their fervour. But in Him there is no reaction, no negation, no fierceness, of a kind to deflect His teaching from its immanent, self-consistent trend. His very apostles can ask Him to call down fire from Heaven upon the unbelieving Samaritans; they can use the sword against one of those come out to

apprehend Him; and they can attempt to keep the little ones from Him. But He rebukes them; He orders Peter to put back the sword in its scabbard; and He bids the little ones to come unto Him, since of such is the kingdom of heaven. Indeed St. Mark's Gospel tells us how the disciples begged Him to forbid a man who did not follow them from casting out devils in His name; and how He refused to do so, and laid down the great universal rule of all-embracing generosity, 'He that is not against us is with us.'

BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL.

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST

What was the character of Jesus Christ? What kind of Person is this from whom so rich and persuasive a teaching proceeds? Detaching ourselves, so far as practicable, from the traditions and presuppositions which thrust themselves between the Gospels and their readers; setting ourselves in imagination, if we may, on a hillside in Galilee or in a street in Jerusalem, in the days of Jesus, what, we ask ourselves, is the impression we receive from this new Teacher who arrests our attention and compels our obedience?

It would be of extraordinary interest if we might in the first place picture to ourselves the external appearance and physical traits of Jesus. The simple record, however, offers practically no material for the reproduction of His face or form. It is indeed reported, not without great suggestiveness, that the first impression of His teaching was for the moment created not so much by its contents, striking as these were, as by the demeanour and personality of the

Teacher. 'He taught as one having authority,' is the first comment of the narrator. There was a calmness and mastery, a force and restraint, an originality and reverence, which dominated the scene. As Jesus proceeded in His ministry, this effect of His personal bearing is often evident. To a soldier He seemed like a commander who was born to be obeyed; to many a hearer He had but to say 'Follow me,' and busy men left all and followed; to minds possessed by devils He had but to speak and they grew self-controlled and calm. . . . Little children on the other hand came when He called, and nestled in His arms; women followed Him and ministered unto Him gladly. Command and sympathy, power and charm, must have been singularly blended in a Person Who drew to Himself such varied types of loyalty. Authority and affection, playfulness and gravity, the light of love and the shadow of rebuke, must have touched in quick succession the face of Jesus. . . .

What was the first impression of this Teacher, which seized upon His hearers with such extraordinary compulsion that when He said 'Follow me,' men left all to follow? The answer to this question concerning the original and general impression of the teaching of Jesus was an effect of power, of authority and mastery, the commanding impressiveness of a leader of men. It is striking to notice how often this word 'power' is applied in the New Testament to the influence of Jesus. 'His word was with power,' says St. Luke. . . . When He announced the principles of His teaching, He did not prove or argue or threaten like the Scribes; He swayed the multitude by personal power. . . .

Solemn exaltations of mood, experiences of prolonged temptation, moments of mystic rapture, occur indeed in His career; but when we consider what a part these emotional agitations have played in the history of religion, one is profoundly impressed by the sanity, reserve, composure, and steadiness of the character of Jesus. . . .

On the other hand is the intellectual aspect of the same quality of power,—a strength of reasoning, a sagacity, insight, and alertness of mind, which give Him authority over the mind not less than the will. . . . On almost every page of the Gospels there are indications that the new Master was neither unlettered nor untrained, but equipped with intellectual as well as spiritual authority. . . . An interesting witness of this untaught wisdom may be found in the attitude of Jesus to the world of nature. It would be misleading to speak of His mind as scientific, for there is in Him no trace of the special discipline in which students of science are trained. His attitude towards nature, however, is the prerequisite of the scientific mind. Nature in every phase and form is His instructor, His companion, His consolation, and each incident of nature is observed by Him with sympathetic insight and keen delight. He is a poet rather than a naturalist; but with Him as with all great interpreters of nature, poetic insight gives significance to the simplest facts. The hen and her chickens, the gnat in the cup, the camel in the narrow street, the fig-tree and its fruit, the fishermen sorting their catch—all these and many other of the slightest incidents which met His observant eye become eloquent with the great message of the Kingdom. . . .

A further and still more striking evidence of this intellectual mastery was a certain lightness of touch which Jesus often employed in controversy, and which sometimes approaches the play of humour, and sometimes the thrust of irony. His enemies attack Him with bludgeons, and He defends Himself with a rapier. No test of mastery is more complete than this capacity to make of playfulness a weapon of reasoning. The method of Jesus pierces through the subtlety and obscurity of His opponents with such refinement and dexterity that the assailant sometimes hardly knows that he is hit. Inside of a direct reply, the immediate question is parried and turned aside, and the motive which lies behind it is laid bare. . . .

The picture of the historic Jesus which would reproduce this type of character, and which is still left for Christian art to paint, is not of the pallid sufferer, stricken by the sins of the world, but of the wise, grave Master, whom to meet was to reverence, if not to obey. Tempted He may be, but His are the temptations which come to power. Confronted by learning He must be, but the weapons of scholarship are His also. Thwarted by the Kingdoms of this world He will be, but He remains a King in the empire of the truth. Suffer He must, but it is the suffering of the strong. He dies as if defeated, but His power asserts itself commandingly even when He is gone, and the very memory of it brings to His cause men who could reject His teaching. . . .

There are two ways in which the conduct of Jesus discloses a character whose dominant note is strength, and both of these habits of life increase the pathos and impressiveness of His character. The first is the

prodigality of His sympathy; the second is His solitude of soul. . . . He is equally at home with the most varied types. He moves with the same sense of familiarity among rich and poor, learned and ignorant, the happy and the sad. . . . The sympathy of Jesus is the channel through which His power flows, and the abundance of the stream testifies to the reserve of power at the source.

The second mark of the conduct of Jesus is His spiritual solitude. Give Himself as He may to others in lavish word and deed, there remains within the circle of these relationships a sphere of isolation and reserve. Eager as He is to communicate His message, there are aspects of it which, He is forced to see, are incommunicable, so that His language has at times a note of helplessness. Men see, but they do not perceive; they hear, but they do not understand. No man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son. . . .

Here indeed is the pathos of the character of Jesus; yet here also we approach the source of His strength. It was in this detachment of nature, this isolation of the inner life, that Jesus found His communion with the life of God. . . . The tide of the Spirit ebbs from Him in the throng, and when He goes apart He is least alone, because the Father is with Him. Thus from utterance to silence, from giving to receiving, from society to solitude, the rhythm of His nature moves, and the power which is spent in service is renewed in isolation. . . . He is able to bear the crosses of others because He bears His own. . . .

How then shall one approach the type of character which is derived from Him? . . . It has its abundance

and its reserves, its stream of service and its peace in solitude; and the power which moves the busy wheels of the life of man is fed from the high places of the life of God. F. G. PEABODY.

REDEMPTION

We can see now why the preaching of redemption has always answered a need of the human soul. The response which is made to gospels of this kind is not due primarily to beliefs which may be current about hell. Man's need of redemption lies deeper than his opinions on eschatology. He may express his sense of need in many different ways, but at the root of it is the consciousness of his own inner division and the weakness and inferiority which flow from that. There are good Christians who fear that the message of salvation must lose its appeal when men can no longer be frightened by the terrors of a material hell. They need not be anxious. The city of destruction is within, and the craving for deliverance is based in the profoundest depths of the spiritual being. We can see too why all the higher religions have in some measure really conferred the benefit which they offered. They have provided the ideal centre round which the unity of the self could be established. That the Christian Gospel has done this more effectively and more fruitfully than any other is to be attributed partly to two causes, first, that the ideal itself is more positive and more comprehensive, and secondly, that it is embodied concretely in a historical person, not an abstract concept but an actual life.

The sayings of Jesus on the subject of the new life

harmonise in a remarkable way with the psychological analysis which we have just made. He dwells on the necessity of a single dominant aim: if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. He clearly intends to put Himself forward as the central ideal in the overwhelming demands which He makes for absolute devotion from His disciples, and the removal of distracting ambitions. We may see the explanation here of some sayings which startle us with their sternness: He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and the reply of the disciple who has asked permission to bury his father: Let the dead bury their dead. It is as if Jesus saw that the transition to the new and highest unity required a break with the interests which belonged to the previous stage. The noble word conversion has been degraded by base uses. The so-called converted man is too often nothing more than a person with violent prejudices and a strong conviction of his own saintliness; or what is described as the experience of conversion may be simply a stirring of unreasoning emotion easily explicable by crowd psychology and mass suggestion. Conversion, as the New Testament understands it, and as Christians ought to understand it, is neither of these things. It is the placing of the Christ ideal at the centre of life, the unification of the self round Him.

W. R. MATTHEWS.

THE LIVING CHRIST

We need not go up to heaven to bring Christ down from above, or back to a dim and vanished age with painful research to revive a fading image of the past.

He is near us here and now, the light of all our seeing, the ever-present, inexhaustible source and well-spring of spiritual life and strength and joy. In the living experience of every Christian spirit, if we but read it truly, there is the witness to the abiding presence of another and higher, raising it even above itself, the irrefragable proof that that redeeming, hallowing, saving Spirit, which for a few brief years identified itself with a perfect human personality, is not a thing of the past, but a living operating spirit and power, imparting to every soul that will but open itself to receive it, the strength, the purity, the peace of a life that is one with the very life of God.

JOHN CAIRD (1820–1898).

A MEDITATION ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST

Then said the Eternal Wisdom to the Servitor, Attend and listen dutifully, while I tell thee what sufferings I lovingly endured for thy sake.

After I had finished my last supper with my disciples, when I had offered myself to my enemies on the mount, and had resigned myself to bear a terrible death, and knew that it was approaching very near, so great was the oppression of my tender heart and all my body that I sweated blood; then I was wickedly arrested, bound and led away. On the same night they treated me with insult and contumely, beating me, spitting upon me, and covering my head. Before Caiaphas I was unjustly accused and condemned to death. What misery it was to see my mother seized with unspeakable sorrow of heart, from the time when she beheld me threatened with such great danger, till

the time when I was hung upon the cross. They brought me before Pilate with every kind of ignominy, they accused me falsely, they adjudged me worthy of death. Before Herod I, the Eternal Wisdom, was mocked in a bright robe. My fair body was miserably torn and rent by cruel scourgings. They surrounded my sacred head with a crown of thorns; my gracious face was covered with blood and spittings. When they had thus condemned me to death, they led me out with my cross to bear the last shameful punishment. Their terrible and savage cries could be heard afar off: 'Crucify, crucify the wicked man.'

Servitor.—Alas, Lord, if so bitter were the beginnings of Thy passion, what will be the end thereof? In truth, if I saw a brute beast so treated in my presence I could hardly bear it. What grief then should I feel in heart and soul at Thy Passion? And yet there is one thing at which I marvel greatly. For I long, O my most dear God, to know only Thy Godhead; and Thou tellest me of Thy humanity. I long to taste Thy sweetness, and Thou showest me Thy bitterness. What meaneth this, O my Lord God?

Wisdom.—No man can come to the height of my Godhead, nor attain to that unknown sweetness, unless he be first led through the bitterness of my humanity. My humanity is the road by which men must travel. My passion is the gate through which they must enter. Away then with thy cowardice of heart, and come to me prepared for a hard campaign. For it is not right for the servant to live softly and delicately, while his Lord is fighting bravely. Come, I will now put on thee my own armour. And so thou must thyself also experience the whole of my passion, so far as thy

strength permits. Take therefore the heart of a man; for be sure that thou wilt have to endure many deaths before thou canst put thy nature under the yoke. I will sprinkle thy garden of spices with new flowers. Many are the afflictions which will come upon thee, till thou hast finished thy sad journey of bearing the cross, and hast renounced thine own will, and disengaged thyself so completely from all creatures in all things which might hinder thine eternal salvation, as to be like one about to die, and no longer mixed up with the affairs of this life.

Servitor.—Hard and grievous to bear are all things which Thou sayest, Lord. I tremble all over. How can I bear all these things? Suffer me, O Lord, to ask Thee something. Couldest Thou not devise any other way of saving my soul and of testifying Thy love towards me, so as to spare Thyself such hard sufferings, and so that I need not suffer so bitterly with Thee?

Wisdom.—The unfathomable abyss of my secret counsels no man ought to seek to penetrate, for no one can comprehend it. And yet that which thou hast suggested, and many other things, might have been possible, which nevertheless never happen. Be assured however that as created things now are no more fitting method could be found. The Author of nature doth not think so much of what He is able to do in the world, as what is most fitting for every creature; and this is the principle of His operations. And by what other means could the secrets of God have been made known to man, than by the assumption of humanity by Christ? By what other means could he who had deprived himself of joy by the inordinate pursuit of pleasure be brought back more fittingly to

the joys of eternity? And who would be willing to tread the path avoided by all of a hard and despised life, if God had not trodden it Himself? If thou wert condemned to death, how could anyone show his love and fidelity to thee more convincingly, or provoke thee to love him in return more powerfully, than by taking thy sentence upon himself? If then there is anyone who is not roused and moved to love me from his heart by my immense love, my infinite pity, my exalted divinity, my pure humanity, my brotherly fidelity, my sweet friendship, is there anything that could soften that strong heart?

Servitor.—The light begins to dawn upon me, and I seem to myself to see clearly that it is as Thou sayest, and that whoever is not altogether blind must admit that this is the best and most fitting of all ways. And yet the imitation of Thee is grievous to a slothful and corruptible body.

Wisdom.—Shrink not because thou must follow the footsteps of my passion. For he who loves God and is inwardly united to Him finds the cross itself light and easy to bear, and has nothing to complain of. No one receives from me more marvellous sweetness than he who shares my bitterest labours. He only complains of the bitterness of the rind who has not tasted the sweetness of the kernel. He who relies on me as his protector and helper may be thought to have accomplished a large part of his task.

Servitor.—Lord, by these consoling words I am so much encouraged, that I seem to myself to be able to do and suffer all things through Thee. I pray Thee then that Thou wouldest unfold the measure of Thy passion to me more fully.

Wisdom.—When I was hung aloft and fastened to the wood of the cross, which I bore for my great love to thee and all mankind, all the wonted appearance of my body was piteously changed. My bright eyes lost their light; my sacred ears were filled with mocking and blasphemy; my sweet mouth was hurt by the bitter drink. Nowhere was there any rest or refreshment for me. My sacred head hung down in pain; my fair neck was cruelly bruised; my shining face was disfigured by festering wounds; my fresh colour was turned to paleness. In a word, the beauty of my whole body was so marred, that I appeared like a leper—I the divine Wisdom who am fairer than the sun.

Servitor.—O brightest mirror of grace, which the angels desire to look into, on which they delight to fix their gaze, would that I might behold Thy beloved countenance in the throes of death just long enough to water it with the tears of my heart, and to satisfy my mind with lamentations over it.

Wisdom.—No one more truly testifies his grief over my passion than he who in very deed passes through it with me. Far more pleasing to me is a heart disentangled from the love of all transitory things, and earnestly intent on gaining the highest perfection according to the example which I have set before him in my life, than a heart which continually weeps over my passion, shedding as many tears as all the raindrops that ever fell. For this was what I most desired and looked for in my endurance of that cruel death—namely that mankind might imitate me; and yet pious tears are very dear to me.

HENRY SUSO (1295–1365).

THE ATONEMENT

There was no anger in God Himself towards the fallen creature, because it was purely and solely the infinite love of God towards him that did and alone could raise him out of his fallen state: all Scripture, as well as nature, obliges us to think thus of God. Thus it is the whole tenor of Scripture, that God so loved the world that He sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that the world through Him might be saved. Is not this saying more than if it had been said that there was no anger in God Himself towards fallen man? Is He not expressly declared to be infinitely flowing forth in love towards him? Could God be more infinite in love, or more infinitely distant from all possibility of anger towards man, when He first created him than when He thus redeemed him? God out of pure and free love gave His Son to be the life of the world, first, as an inspoken and ingrafted Word of Life, as the bruiser of the serpent given to all mankind in their father Adam. This Word of Life, and bruiser of the serpent, was the extinguisher of that wrath of God that lay upon fallen man. Now will the Scriptures, which tell us that the love of God sent His Son into the world to redeem man from that hellish wrath that had seized him, allow us to say that it was to extinguish the wrath that was got into God Himself, or that the bruiser of the serpent was to bruise, suppress, or remove something that sin had raised in the holy Deity itself? No, surely; but to bruise, alter, and overcome an evil in nature and the creature, that was become man's separation from the enjoyment of the God of love, Whose love still existed

in its own state, and still followed him, and gave His only Son to make him capable of it. Do not the holy Scriptures continually teach us that the holy Jesus became incarnate to destroy the works of the Devil, to overcome death and hell that had taken man captive? And is not this sufficiently telling us what that wrath was and where it existed, which must be atoned, satisfied, and extinguished before man could again be alive unto God, or reconciled unto Him, so as to have the Divine life of light and love in him? It was a wrath of death, a wrath of hell, a wrath of sin, and which only the precious, powerful blood of Christ could change into a life of joy and love. And when this wrath of death and hell are removed from human nature, there neither is nor can be any other wrath of God abiding on it. Are not the devils and all lost souls justly said to be under the eternal wrath of God, and yet in no wrath but that which exists in hell, and in their own hellish nature?

They therefore who suppose the wrath and anger of God upon fallen man to be a state of mind in God Himself, to be a political kind of just indignation, a point of honourable resentment, which the sovereign Deity, as governor of the world, ought not to recede from, but must have a sufficient satisfaction done to His offended authority, before He can, consistently with His sovereign honour, receive the sinner into His favour, hold the doctrine of the necessity of Christ's atoning life and death in a mistaken sense. That many good souls may hold this doctrine in this simplicity of belief, without any more hurt to themselves than others have held the reality of Christ's flesh and blood in the sacrament under the notion of the transubstantiation

of the bread and wine, I make no matter of doubt. But when books are written to impose or require this belief of others, as the only saving faith in the life and death of Christ, it is then an error that ceases to be innocent. For neither reason nor Scripture will allow us to bring wrath into God Himself, as a temper of His mind, Who is only infinite, unalterable, overflowing love, as unchangeable in love as He is in power and goodness. The wrath that was awakened at the fall of man, that then seized upon him as its captive, was only a plague or evil or curse that sin had brought forth in nature and creature; it was only the beginning of hell: it was such a wrath as God Himself pitied man's lying under it; it was such a wrath as God Himself furnished man with a power of overcoming and extinguishing, and therefore it was not a wrath that was according to the mind, will and liking, or wisdom of God; and therefore it was not a wrath that was in God Himself, or which was exercised by His sovereign wisdom over His disobedient creatures. It was not such a wrath as when sovereign princes are angry at offenders, and will not cease from their resentment till some political satisfaction or valuable amends be made to their slighted authority. No, no; it was such a wrath as God Himself hated, as He hates sin and hell, a wrath that the God of all nature and creature so willed to be removed and extinguished, that seeing nothing else could do it, He sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that all mankind might be saved and delivered from it. For seeing the wrath that was awakened and brought forth by the fall, and which wanted to be appeased, atoned, and quenched, was the wrath of eternal death and eternal hell, that

had taken men captive; therefore God spared not the precious, powerful, efficacious blood of the holy Jesus, because that alone could extinguish the eternal wrath of death and hell, and rekindle heaven and eternal life again in the soul. And thus all that the Scriptures speak of the necessity and powerful atonement of the life and death of Christ, all that they say of the infinite love of God towards fallen man, and all that they say of the eternal wrath and vengeance to which man was become a prey, have the most solid foundation, and are all of them proved to be consistent, harmonious truths of the greatest certainty, according to the plain letter of Scripture.

WILLIAM LAW (1686–1761).

IV
THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT

THE LORD IS THE SPIRIT

The authority of the Spirit, as Paul conceives it, is the authority of the living Christ, present and available for His sincere, obedient, and humble followers. But the Spirit is not something wholly miraculous, wholly foreign to their own true nature, which makes any of them into infallible oracles of God. It is in truth their own best nature. God in them is the fulfilment of the best they have it in them to become. The higher nature begotten in them is the first-fruits of the Spirit, with promise of ever-richer fruition. The groanings which cannot be uttered, with which the Spirit comes in on our behalf, are identical with the groanings that we ourselves utter in the longing for a fuller experience of God.

EDWARD GRUBB.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT

A gospel-spirit doth excel in meekness, gentleness, modesty, humility, patience, forbearance; and these are eminent endowments and mightily qualify men to live in the world. This is that which makes men bear universal love and goodwill, and overcomes evil with good. This I dare say, had we a man among us that we could produce, that did live an exact gospel-life; were the gospel a life, a soul, and a spirit to him,

as principles upon moral considerations are; this man, for everything that is excellent and worthy and useful, would be miraculous and extraordinary in the eyes of all men in the world; Christianity would be recommended to the world by his spirit. Were a man sincere, honest and true in the way of his religion, he would not be grievous, intolerable or insufferable to anybody, but he would command due honour and draw unto himself love and esteem. For the true gospel spirit is transcendently and eminently remarkable for those things that are lovely in the eyes of men, for ingenuity, modesty, humility, gravity, patience, meekness, charity, kindness. And for all this that I have said, I will refer you but to that of the Apostle, where he doth set out the fruits of the Spirit and the works of the flesh. He tells you that the works of the flesh are hatred, malice, emulation, strife, sedition and such like, all of a kind; and all of them do speak hell broke loose and come in upon us in the world. For these are from hell and tend to hell, and represent to us in this world the hellish state that we dread to meet with hereafter. But on the other side, the fruits of the divine Spirit in men, they are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, gentleness and such like. And all of them are such lovely things that they make heaven, in a degree, where they are found. The former turn the world into a kind of hell.

Such is the nature of religion, that it keeps the mind in a good frame and temper; it establishes a healthful complexion of soul, and makes it fit to discharge itself duly in all its offices towards God, with itself, and with men. Whereas the mind of a wicked and profane man is a very wilderness, where lust and exorbitant

passions bear down all before them, and are more fierce and cruel than wolves and tigers. . . . The heavenly state consists in the mind's freedom from these kinds of things. It doth clear the mind from all impotent and insatiable desires, which do abuse a man's soul, and make it restless and unquiet; it sets a man free from eager impetuous loves, from vain and disappointing hopes, from lawless and exorbitant appetites, from frothy and empty joys, from dismal presaging fears and anxious cares, from inward heart-burnings, from self-eating envy, from swelling pride and ambition, from dull and black melancholy, from boiling anger and raging fury, from a gnawing aching conscience, from arbitrary presumption, from rigid sourness and severity of spirit; for these make the man that is not biassed and principled with religion inwardly to boil, to be hot with the fervours of hell, and like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

But on the other side, things that are connatural in the way of religion, the illapses and breakings-in of God upon us, these require a mind that is not subject to passion, but in a serene and quiet posture, where there is no tumult of imagination. . . . Sure it is, there is no genuine and proper effect of religion, where the mind of man is not composed, sedate, and calm. I find among the philosophers that they never had expectations of any noble truth from any man that was under the power of lust or under the command of fancy and imagination, or that lived in the common spirit of the world; they thought that God did not communicate Himself to such. But this is certain, that no man that is immersed in a sensual brutish life

can have any true notion of heaven or of glory; these things must signify no more to him than a local happiness and sensual enjoyment, than the greatest and highest gratification of the animal principle; all that he can think of heaven is that it is a place of great enjoyment, some local glory, something that is suitable to the sensual mind. For we cannot ascend higher in our actings than we are in our beings and understandings; and these men that think our happiness lies in the sensual objects of delight are not capable of understanding either the reason or necessity of mortification, inward renewal and regeneration, in order to admittance into heaven. For they do not look upon heaven as a state and temper of mind, to which it is requisite to be reconciled to the nature of God, and to be according to His mind and will. But religion is the introduction of the divine life into the soul of man; and men cannot possibly be really happy in the separate state, but by these things; by having a divine love ruling in their hearts, by self-resignation and submission to the divine will, and by being like unto God.

BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE (1609–1683).

THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT

It hath been long since well observed that every art and science hath some certain principles upon which the whole frame and body of it must depend; and he that will fully acquaint himself with the mysteries thereof must come furnished with some *praecognita* or προλήψεις, that I may speak in the language of the Stoics. Were I indeed to define divinity, I should rather call it a divine life than a divine science, it being

rather something to be understood by a spiritual sensation than by any verbal sensation, as all things of sense and life are best known by sentient and vital faculties. As the Greek philosopher hath well observed, everything is best known by that which bears a just resemblance and analogy with it; and therefore the Scripture is wont to set forth a good life as the fundamental principle of divine science. Wisdom hath built her an house, and hewn out her seven pillars; but the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, the foundation of the whole fabric.

We shall therefore, as a preface to what we shall afterward discourse upon the heads of divinity, speak something of this true method of knowing, which is not so much by notions as actions, as religion itself consists not so much in words as things. They are not always the best skilled in divinity that are most studied in those pandects which it is sometimes digested into, or that have erected the greatest monopolies of art and science. He that is most practical in divine things hath the purest and sincerest knowledge of them, and not he that is most dogmatical. Divinity indeed is a true efflux from the eternal light, which like the sunbeams does not only enlighten but heat and enliven; and therefore our Saviour hath in His beatitudes connext purity of heart with the beatifical vision. And as the eye cannot behold the sun, unless it be sunlike, and hath the form and resemblance of the sun drawn in it, so neither can the soul of man behold God unless it be godlike, hath God formed in it, and be made partaker of the divine nature. And the apostle St. Paul, when he would lay open the right way of attaining to divine truth, saith that knowledge

puffeth up, but it is love that edifieth. The knowledge of divinity that appears in systems and models is but a poor wan light, but the powerful energy of divine knowledge displays itself in purified souls; here we shall find the true land of truth, as the ancient philosophy speaks.

To seek our divinity merely in books and writings is to seek the living among the dead; we do but in vain seek God many times in these, where His truth too often is not so much enshrined as entombed. No, seek for God within thine own soul; He is better discerned, as Plotinus phraseth it, by an intellectual touch of Him: we must see with our eyes and hear with our ears, and our hands must handle the word of life. The soul itself hath its sense as well as the body; and therefore David, when he would teach us to know what the divine goodness is, calls not for speculation but sensation, Taste and see how good the Lord is. That is not the best and truest knowledge of God which is wrought out by the labour and sweat of the brain, but that which is kindled within us by a heavenly warmth in our hearts. . . . When the tree of knowledge is not planted by the tree of life, and sucks not up sap from thence, it may be as well fruitful with evil as with good, and bring forth bitter water as well as sweet. When Zoroaster's scholars asked him what they should do to get winged souls, such as might soar aloft in the bright beams of divine truth, he bids them bathe themselves in the waters of life. They asking what they were, he tells them, the four cardinal virtues, which are the four rivers of Paradise. It is but a thin, airy knowledge that is got by mere speculation, which is ushered in by syllogisms and

demonstrations; but that which springs forth from true goodness is more divine than any demonstration, as Origen speaks; it brings such a divine light into the soul as is more clear and convincing than any demonstration. The reason why, notwithstanding all our acute reasons and subtle disputes, truth prevails no more in the world, is that we so often disjoin truth and true goodness, which in themselves can never be disunited; they grow both from the same root, and live in one another. We may, like those in Plato's deep pit with their faces bended downwards, converse with sounds and shadows, but not with the life and substance and truth, while our souls remain defiled with any vice or lusts. These are the black Lethe-lake which drench the souls of men; he that wants true virtue, in heaven's logic is blind, and cannot see afar off. Those filthy mists that arise from impure and terrene minds like an atmosphere, perpetually encompass them, that they cannot see the sun of divine truth that shines above them, but never shines into any unpurged souls; the darkness comprehends it not, the foolish man understands it not. All the light and knowledge that may seem sometimes to rise up in unhallowed minds is like those fuliginous flames that arise up from our culinary fire, that are soon quenched in their own smoke; or like those foolish fires that fetch their birth from terrene exudations, that do but hop up and down, and flit to and fro upon the surface of this earth where they were first brought forth, and serve not so much to enlighten as to delude us, not to direct the wandering traveller into his way, but to lead him farther out of it. While we lodge any filthy vice in us, this will be perpetually twisting up into

the thread of our finest-spun speculations; it will be continually climbing up into the bed of reason and defile it; like the wanton ivy twisting itself about the oak, it will twine about our judgments and understandings, till it hath sucked out the life and spirit of them. I cannot think such black oblivion could possess the minds of some as to make them question that truth which to good men shines as bright as the sun at noonday, had they not foully defiled their own souls with some hellish vice or other, how fairly soever it may be they dissemble it. There is a benumbing spirit, a congealing vapour that ariseth from sin and vice, that will stupefy the senses of the soul, as the naturalists say there is from the torpedo that smites the senses of those that approach to it. . . .

Such as men themselves are, such will God Himself seem to be. It is the maxim of most wicked men that the Deity is in some way or other like themselves. Their souls do more than whisper it, though their lips speak it not; and though their tongues be silent, yet their lives say it upon the housetops and in the public streets. That idea which men generally have of God is nothing else but the picture of their own complexion; that archetypal notion of Him which hath the supremacy in their minds, is none else but such an one as hath been shaped out according to some pattern of themselves; though they may so clothe and disguise this idol of their own, when they carry it about in a pompous procession to expose it to the view of the world, that it may appear very beautiful, and indeed anything else rather than what it is. . . . There is a double head as well as a double heart. Men's corrupt hearts will not suffer their notions and conceptions of divine

things to be cast into that form that a higher reason, which may sometimes work in them, would put them into. . . .

We have many grave and reverend idolaters that worship truth only in the image of their own wits; that could never adore it so much as they may seem to do, were it anything else but such a form of belief as their own wandering speculations had at last met together in, were it not that they find their own image and superscription upon it. . . . Some men have too bad hearts to have good heads. . . . He that will find truth must seek it with a free judgment and a sanctified mind. He that thus seeks shall find; he shall live in truth, and that shall live in him; it shall be like a stream of living waters issuing out of his own soul; he shall drink of the waters of his own cistern and shall be satisfied; he shall find every morning this heavenly manna lying upon the top of his own soul, and be fed with it to eternal life; he will find satisfaction within, feeling himself in conjunction with truth, though all the world should dispute against him.

JOHN SMITH (1618–1652).

'HEREIN IS MY FATHER GLORIFIED . . .'
(JOHN XV. 8)

I think it may be of good use a little further to unfold the design that a religious mind drives on in directing itself and all its actions to God. We are to consider that this doth not consist in some transient thoughts of God and His glory as the end we proposed to ourselves in any undertakings. A man does not direct all his actions to the glory of God by forming a conception

in his mind, or stirring up a strong imagination upon any action, that this must be for the glory of God; it is not the thinking of God's glory that is glorifying of Him. As all other parts of religion may be apishly acted over by fancy and imagination, so also may the internal parts of religion many times be acted over with much seeming grace by our fancy and passions; these often love to be drawing the pictures of religion, and use their best arts to render them more beautiful and pleasing. But though true practical religion derives its force and beauty through all the lower powers of a man's soul, yet it hath not its rise nor throne there; as religion consists not in a form of words which signify nothing, so neither does it consist in a set of fancies or internal apprehensions. Our Saviour hath best taught us what it is to live to God's glory, or to glorify God, namely, to be fruitful in all holiness, and to live so that our lives may shine with His grace spreading itself through our whole man.

We rather glorify God by entertaining the impressions of His glory upon us than by communicating any kind of glory to Him. Then does a good man become the tabernacle wherein the divine Shekinah doth rest, and which the divine glory fills, when the frame of his mind and life is wholly according to that idea and pattern which he receives from the mount. We best glorify Him when we grow most like to Him. . . .

When the soul beholding the infinite beauty and loveliness of the divinity, and then looking down and beholding all created perfection mantled over with darkness, is ravished into love and admiration of that never-setting brightness, and endeavours after the greatest resemblance of God in justice, love, and

goodness . . . then we may be said to glorify Him indeed. . . .

I doubt we are too nice logicians sometimes in distinguishing between the glory of God and our own salvation. We cannot in a true sense seek our own salvation more than the glory of God, which triumphs most and discovers itself most effectually in the salvation of souls; for indeed this salvation is nothing else but a true participation of the divine nature. Heaven is not a thing without us, nor is happiness anything distinct from a true conjunction of the mind with God in a secret feeling of His goodness and reciprocation of affection to Him, wherein the divine glory most unfolds itself. And there is nothing that a soul touched with any serious sense of God can more earnestly thirst after or seek with more strength of affection than this. Then shall we be happy, when God comes to be all in all to us. . . . As we cannot truly love the first and highest while we have a design upon it and subordinate it to ourselves; so neither is our own salvation consistent with any such sordid, pinching, and particular love. . . .

Up then and be doing, and the Lord will be with us. He will not leave us nor forsake us, if we seriously set ourselves about the work. Let us endeavour to acquaint ourselves with our own lives and the true rules of life; let us inform our minds as much as may be with the excellency and loveliness of practical religion, that beholding it in its own beauty and amiableness we may the more sincerely close with it. As there would need nothing else to deter and affright men from sin but its own ugliness and deformity, were it presented to a naked view and seen as it is, so nothing would more

effectually commend religion to the minds of men than the displaying and unfolding the excellencies of its nature, than the true native beauty and inward lustre of religion itself. Neither the evening nor the morning star could so sensibly commend themselves to our bodily eyes, and delight them with their shining beauties, as true religion, which is an undefiled beam of the uncreated light, would to a mind capable of conversing with it. . . .

Religion is no such austere, sour, and rigid thing as to affright men away from it. No, but those that are acquainted with the power of it find it to be altogether sweet and amiable. . . . Religion is not like the prophet's roll, sweet as honey when it was in his mouth, but bitter as gall in his belly. Religion is no sullen Stoicism, no sour Pharisaism; it does not consist in a few melancholy passions, in some dejected looks or depressions of mind; but it consists in freedom, love, peace, life, and power; the more it comes to be digested into our lives, the more sweet and lovely we shall find it to be. Those spots and wrinkles which corrupt minds think they see in the face of religion, are indeed nowhere else but in their own deformed and misshapen apprehensions. It is no wonder when a defiled fancy comes to be the glass, if you have an unlovely reflection. Let us therefore labour to purge our own souls from all worldly pollutions; let us breathe after the aid and assistance of the divine Spirit, that it may irradiate and enlighten our minds, that we may be able to see divine things in a divine light; let us endeavour to live more in a real practice of those rules of religious and holy living commended to us by our ever-blessed Lord and Saviour. So shall we know

religion better, and knowing it love it, and loving it be more and more ambitiously pursuing after it, till we come to a full attainment of it, and therein of our own perfection and everlasting bliss.

JOHN SMITH (1618–1652).

LOVE

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light
Which doth both shine and give us light to see.
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death;
And think how ill becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see;
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1

LOVE

The night has a thousand eyes,
  And the day but one,
Yet the light of the bright world dies
  With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lacked anything.

'A guest,' I answered, 'worthy to be here.'
Love said, 'You shall be he.'
'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee.'
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
'Who made the eyes but I?'

'Truth, Lord; but I have marred them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.'
'And know you not,' says Love, 'who bore the blame?'
'My dear, then I will serve.'
'You must sit down,' says Love, 'and taste my meat.'
So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633).

LOVE

O heart, the equal poise of love's both parts
Big alike with wounds and darts,
Live in these conquering leaves; live all the same;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.

Live here, great heart; and love and die and kill;
And bleed and wound, and yield and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on 't; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
Upon this carcase of a hard cold heart,
Let all thy scattered shafts of light that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast at once break in,
And take away from me myself and sin.
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee His;
By all the heavens thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the Seraphim).
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

RICHARD CRASHAW (1613–1649).

LOVE

Love is so divine and perfect a thing that it is worthy to be the very end and being of the Deity. It is His goodness and it is His glory. We therefore so vastly delight in love, because all these excellences and all other whatsoever lie within it. By loving a soul does propagate and magnify itself. By loving it does enlarge and delight itself. By loving also it delighteth others, as by loving it doth honour and enrich itself. But above all, by loving it does attain itself. Love also being the end of souls, which are never perfect till they are in act what they are in power. They were made to love, and are dark and vain and comfortless till they do it. Till they love they are idle or misemployed. Till they love they are desolate, without their objects, and narrow and little and dishonourable; but when they shine by love upon all objects, they are accompanied with them and enlightened by them. Till we become therefore all act as God is, we can never rest nor ever be satisfied.

Love is so noble that it enjoyeth others' enjoyments, delighting in giving all unto its object, and in seeing all given to its object. So that whosoever loveth all mankind, he enjoyeth all the goodness of God to the whole world; and endeavoureth the benefit of kingdoms and ages, with all whom He is present by love, which is the best manner of presence that is possible.

God is present by love alone. By love alone He is great and glorious. By love alone He liveth and feeleth in other persons. By love alone He enjoyeth all the creatures, by love alone He is pleasing to Himself, by love alone He is rich and blessed. O why dost not

thou by love alone seek to achieve all these, by love alone attain another self, by love alone live in others, by love attain thy glory? The soul is shrivelled up and buried in a grave, that does not love. But that which does love wisely and truly is the joy and end of all the world, the king of heaven and the friend of God, the shining light and temple of eternity, the brother of Christ Jesus, and one spirit with the Holy Ghost. THOMAS TRAHERNE (1637–1674).

LOVE

This book is begun by God's gift and His grace. But it is not yet performed, as to my sight. For charity pray we all; with God's working thanking, trusting, enjoying. For thus will our good Lord be prayed to, as by the understanding that I took of all His own meaning and of the sweet words which He saith full merrily: I am the ground of thy beseeching. For truly I saw and understood in our Lord's meaning that He showed it for that He willeth to have it known more than it is; in which knowing He will give us grace to love Him and to cleave to Him. For He beholdeth His heavenly treasure with so great love on earth that He willeth to give us more light and solace in heavenly joy, in drawing to Him of our hearts, for sorrow and murkness which we are in. And from that time that it was showed I desired oftentimes to witten what was our Lord's meaning. And fifteen years after, and more, I was answered in ghostly understanding, saying thus: Wouldst thou witten thy Lord's meaning in this thing? Learn it well; Love was His meaning. Who showed it thee? Love.

What showed He thee? Love. Wherefore showed it He? For love. Hold thee therein and thou shalt learn and know more in the same. But thou shalt never know nor learn therein other thing without end. Thus was I learned that love was our Lord's meaning. And I saw full surely that ere God made us He loved us; which love was never slacked, nor ever shall be. And in this love He hath done all His works; and in this love He hath made all things profitable to us; and in this love our life is everlasting. In our making we had beginning; but the love wherein He made us was in Him from without beginning; in which love we have our beginning. And all this shall we see in God without end.

JULIAN OF NORWICH (1342–1442).

JOY

Every night and every morn
Some to misery are born;
Every morn and every night
Some are born to sweet delight;
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.
Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with silken twine.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know
Safely through the world we go.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827).

JOY

Take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her!
Then will she come and often sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad.
Joy is the grace we say to God.

JEAN INGELOW (1820–1897).

PEACE

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say 'Peace!'

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807–1882).

PEACE

Father eternal, ruler of creation,
Spirit of life, which moved ere form was made,
Through the thick darkness covering every nation,
Light to man's blindness, O be thou our aid:
Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

Races and peoples, lo, we stand divided,
And, sharing not our griefs, no joy can share.
By wars and tumults love is mocked, derided;
His conquering cross no kingdom wills to bear.
Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

Envious of heart, blind-eyed, with tongues confounded,
Nation by nation still goes unforgiven,
In wrath and fear, by jealousies surrounded,
Building proud towers which shall not reach to heaven:
Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

Lust of possession worketh desolations;
There is no meekness in the sons of earth;
Led by no star, the rulers of the nations
Still fail to bring us to the blissful birth:
Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

How shall we love thee, holy hidden Being,
If we love not the world which thou hast made?
O give us brother-love for better seeing
Thy Word made flesh, and in a manger laid:
Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

'NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH'

All the various peoples feel that it is in the religious consciousness that they possess truth, and they have always regarded religion as constituting their true dignity and the sabbath of their life. Whatever awakens in us doubt and fear, all sorrow, all care, all the limited interests of finite life, we leave behind us on the shores of time; and as from the highest peak of a mountain, far away from all definite view of what is earthly, we look down calmly upon all the limitations of the landscape and of the world, so with the spiritual eyes man, lifted out of the hard realities of this actual world, contemplates it as something having only the semblance of existence, which seen from this pure region bathed in the beams of the spiritual sun merely reflects back its shades of colour, its varied tints and lights, softened away into eternal rest. In that region of spirit flow the streams of forgetfulness from which Psyche drinks, and in which she drowns all sorrow, while the dark things of this life are softened away into a dreamlike vision, and become transfigured until they are a mere framework for the brightness of the Eternal.

HEGEL.

PEACE

My soul, there is a country,
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:

There above noise and danger
  Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
  Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
  And—O my soul, awake—
Did in pure love descend,
  And die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
  There grows the flower of Peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
  Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges,
  For none can thee secure
But One who never changes,
  Thy God, thy love, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622–1695).

MERCY

The quality of Mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But Mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God Himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When Mercy seasons Justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of Justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for Mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of Mercy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616).

FORGIVENESS

Gently I took that which ungently came,
And without scorn, forgave: Do thou the same.
A wrong done to thee think a cat's eye spark
Thou wouldst not see, were not thine own heart dark,
Thine own keen sense of wrong that thirsts for sin,
Fear that!—the spark self—kindled from within,
Which blown upon will blind thee with its glare,
Or smothered stifle thee with noisome air.

S. T. COLERIDGE (1772–1834).

LONG-SUFFERING AND GENTLENESS

Richard Weaver was a collier, a semi-professional pugilist in his younger days, who became a much-loved evangelist. Fighting, after drinking, seems to have been the sin to which he originally felt his flesh most perversely inclined. After his first conversion he had a backsliding, which consisted in pounding a man who had insulted a girl. Feeling that having once fallen he might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, he got drunk and went and broke the jaw of another man who had recently challenged him to fight and

taunted him with cowardice for refusing as a Christian man. I mention these incidents to show how genuine a change of heart is implied in the later conduct which he describes as follows:—

'I went down the drift and found the boy crying because a fellow-workman was trying to take the wagon from him by force. I said to him, "Tom, you mustn't take that wagon." He swore at me and called me a methodist devil. . . . "Well," I said, "let us see whether the devil and thee are stronger than the Lord and me." And the Lord and I proving stronger than the devil and he, he had to get out of the way, or the wagon would have gone over him. So I gave the wagon to the boy. Then said Tom, "I've a good mind to smack thee on the face." "Well," said I, "if that will do thee any good, thou canst do it." So he struck me on the face. I turned the other cheek to him and said, "Strike again." He struck again and again till he had struck me five times. I turned my cheek for the sixth stroke; but he turned away cursing. I shouted after him, "The Lord forgive thee, for I do, and the Lord save thee." This was on a Saturday; and when I went home from the coal-pit my wife saw my face was swollen, and asked what was the matter with it. I said, "I've been fighting, and I've given a man a good thrashing." She burst out weeping, and said, "O Richard, what made you fight?" Then I told her all about it, and she thanked the Lord I had not struck back. But the Lord had struck, and his blows have more effect than man's. Monday came. The devil began to tempt me, saying, "The other men will laugh at thee for allowing Tom to treat thee as he did on Saturday." I cried, "Get

thee behind me, Satan," and went on my way to the coal-pit. Tom was the first man I saw. I said "Good morning," but got no reply. He went down first. When I got down I was surprised to see him sitting on the wagon-load waiting for me. When I came to him he burst into tears and said, "Richard, will you forgive me for striking you?" "I have forgiven thee," said I; "ask God to forgive thee; the Lord bless thee." I gave him my hand, and we went each to his work.'

WILLIAM JAMES.

FAITH

Our faith cometh of the natural love of our soul, and of the clear light of our reason, and of the steadfast mind which we have from God at our first making. And what time that our soul is inspired into our body, in which we are made sensual, so soon mercy and grace begin to work, having of us care and keeping with pity and love; in which working the Holy Ghost formeth, in our faith, hope that we shall come again up above to our substance, into the virtue of Christ, increased and fulfilled through the Holy Ghost. Thus I understood that the sense-soul is grounded in nature, in mercy, and in grace; which ground enableth us to receive gifts that lead us to endless life. . . .

For I saw full assuredly that our substance is in God, and also I saw that in our sense-soul God is. . . . For God is never out of the soul, in which He dwelleth blissfully without end. . . . And all the gifts that God may give to creatures, He hath given to His Son Jesus for us; which gifts He, dwelling in us, hath enclosed

in Him unto the time that we be waxen and grown—our soul with our body and our body with our soul, either of them taking help of other, till we be brought up into stature, as nature worketh. And then in the ground of nature the Holy Ghost graciously inspireth into us gifts leading to endless life.

And thus was my understanding led by God to see in Him and understand, to perceive and to know, that our soul is made Trinity, like to the unmade blissful Trinity, known and loved from without beginning, and in the making oned to the Maker.

Truth seeth God, and Wisdom beholdeth God, and of these two cometh the third—that is, a holy marvellous delight in God, which is Love. Where Truth and Wisdom are verily, there is love verily, coming of them both. And all of God's making; for He is endless sovereign Truth, endless sovereign Wisdom, endless sovereign Love, unmade; and man's soul is a creature in God which hath the same properties, made.

JULIAN OF NORWICH (1342–1442).

PRAYERS

Merciful Lord, the Comforter and Teacher of Thy faithful people, increase in Thy Church the desires which Thou hast given, and confirm the hearts of those who hope in Thee by enabling them to understand the depth of Thy promises; that all thine adopted sons may even now behold with the eye of faith and patiently wait for the light which as yet Thou dost not openly manifest; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

AMBROSIAN.

And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil. Lord, Thou knowest whereof we are made; Thou rememberest that we are but dust. I am Thine. O save me! Behold, O Lord, how that I am thy servant and the son of Thine handmaid. Thine unprofitable servant, yet Thy servant. Thy lost prodigal child, yet Thy child. Into Thy hands I commend myself as unto a faithful Creator. Lord, I am created in Thine own image. Suffer not Thine own image to be utterly defaced, but renew it again in righteousness and true holiness. Into Thy hands I commend myself, for Thou hast redeemed me, Thou God of truth. Amen.

BISHOP LANCELOT ANDREWES (1555–1626).

O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace; give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly union and concord: that as there is but one Body and one Spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may henceforth be all of one heart and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

O most merciful Saviour Jesus, Prince of Peace, at Whose birth all the kingdoms of the world were in peace and tranquillity, be Thou in the midst of us for

our refuge and present help in times of trouble and public calamities; when the kingdom is moved, and the hearts of men shake at the tempest of the same. Gracious God, unite all the parts of Christendom with the unity of faith and charity, and the fruits of them, a blessed and universal peace. Break the bow of the mighty, snap the spear of the warrior in sunder, and burn the chariots in the fire, that wars may cease in all the world, and we all may feel the promised blessing of the Gospel; that our swords may be converted into plough-shares, and our spears into pruning-hooks; that Thy name and Thy kingdom may be exalted among the heathen, and in all the nations of the earth, Who livest and reignest over all in the unity of the blessed Trinity, God eternal, world without end. Amen.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

O eternal Purity! Thou art brighter than the sun, purer than the angels, and the heavens are not clean in Thy sight; with mercy behold Thy servant, apt to be tempted with every object, and to be overcome with every enemy. I cannot, O Lord, stand in the day of battle and danger, unless Thou coverest me with Thy shield, and hidest me under Thy wings. Thou didst make me after Thine image; be pleased to preserve me so pure and spotless, that my body may be a holy temple, and my soul a sanctuary to entertain Thy divinest Spirit, the Spirit of love and holiness. Amen.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

Give me, O Lord, purity of lips, a clean and innocent heart, and rectitude of action. Give me humility,

patience, abstinence, chastity, prudence, justice, fortitude, temperance. Give me the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and strength, the Spirit of knowledge and godliness, and of Thy fear. Make me ever to seek Thy face with all my heart, all my soul, all my mind; grant me to have a contrite and humble heart in Thy presence. Most high, eternal and ineffable Wisdom, drive away from me the darkness of blindness and ignorance; most high and eternal Strength, deliver me; most high and eternal Light, illuminate me; most high and infinite Mercy, have mercy upon me. Amen.

GALLICAN SACRAMENTARY.

O eternal Father, help me, I beseech Thee, to bring forth in my life the fruits of the Spirit; the fruit of Love, that I may love Thee above all things and all others in Thee and for Thy sake; the fruit of Joy, that I may find Thy service my delight; the fruit of Peace, that, pardoned and accepted through Thy mercy, I may repose in Thy love; the fruit of Long-suffering, that I may bear with patient submission to Thy will all crosses and afflictions; the fruit of Gentleness, that I may subdue all risings of temper, and take calmly and sweetly all trials and provocations; the fruit of Meekness, that I may forgive freely all who may hurt me either by word or deed, and endure with patience all that may be laid upon me; the fruit of Temperance, that I may restrain all my desires, bringing them into subjection in all things to Thy holy will. Amen.

TREASURY OF DEVOTION (1869).

We beseech Thee, O Lord, let our hearts be graciously enlightened by Thy holy radiance, that we may serve Thee without fear in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life, that so we may escape the darkness of this world, and by Thy guidance attain the land of eternal brightness; through Thy mercy, O blessed Lord, Who dost live and govern all things, world without end. Amen.

SARUM BREVIARY.

O Thou Who art the true Sun of the world, evermore rising and never going down; Who by Thy most welcome appearing and sight dost nourish and make joyful all things, as well that are in heaven as also that are on earth; we beseech Thee mercifully and favourably to shine into our hearts, that the night and darkness of sin, and the mists of error on every side, being driven away, Thou brightly shining within our hearts, we may all our life long go without any stumbling or offence, and may walk as in the daytime, being pure and clean from the works of darkness, and abounding in all good works which Thou hast prepared for us to walk in. Amen.

ERASMUS.

Eternal Light, before Whom all darkness is light, and in comparison with Whom every other light is but darkness, may it please Thee to send forth Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead us. Purify, we pray Thee, our souls from all impure imaginations, that Thy most beautiful and holy image may again be renewed within us, and by contemplating Thy glorious perfections we may feel daily improved within us that divine similitude, the perfection whereof we hope will at last

make us for ever happy in that full and beatific vision we aspire after. Till this most blessed day break, and the shadows fly away, let Thy Spirit be continually with us, and may we feel the powerful effects of Thy divine grace constantly directing and supporting our steps; that all our endeavours, throughout the whole remaining part of our lives, may serve to promote the honour of Thy blessed name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ROBERT LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW (1611–1684).

O almighty God, give to Thy servant a meek and gentle spirit, that I may be slow to anger, and easy to mercy and forgiveness. . . . Give me a wise and constant heart, that I may never be moved to an intemperate anger for any injury that is done or offered. Lord, let me ever be courteous and easy to be entreated; let me never fall into a peevish or contentious spirit, but follow peace with all men; offering forgiveness, inviting them by courtesies, ready to confess my own errors, apt to make amends, and desirous to be reconciled. Let no sickness or cross accident, no employment or weariness, make me angry or ungentle and discontented, or unthankful and uneasy to them that minister to me; but in all things make me like unto the holy Jesus. Amen.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

PRAISE

O most high, almighty, good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory, honour and all blessing.

Praised be my Lord God, with all His creatures, and especially our brother the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light: fair is he, and he shines with a very great splendour. O Lord, he signifies us to Thee.

Praised be my Lord for my sister the moon, and for the stars which He has set clear and lovely in the heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and clouds, calms and all weather, by which Thou upholdest life and all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable to us, and humble and precious and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, which doth sustain and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colours, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all who pardon one another for the sake of love, and who endure weakness and tribulation. Blessed are they who peacefully shall endure, for Thou, O most high, wilt give them a crown.

Praised be my Lord for our sister the death of the body, from which no man escapeth. Woe to him that dieth in mortal sin. Blessed are those who die in Thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

Praise ye and bless the Lord, and give thanks to Him and serve Him with great humility.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI (1380–1471).

V
THE INNER LIFE

UPS AND DOWNS

How should I praise Thee, Lord? How should my rhymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes
My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heavens or more,
Sometimes I peer above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
Those distances belong to Thee;
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that Thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from heaven to hell?
Will great God measure with a wretch?
Shall he Thy stature spell?

O let me, when Thy roof my soul hath hid,
O let me roost and nestle there:
Then of a sinner Thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best:
Stretch or contract me Thy poor debtor:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the music better.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there:
Thy power and love, my love and trust
Make one place everywhere.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633).

EVIL THOUGHTS

If I could shut the gate against my thoughts
And keep out sorrow from this room within,
Or memory could cancel all the notes
Of my misdeeds and I unthink my sin:
How free, how clear, how clean my soul should lie,
Discharged of such a loathsome company!

Or were there other rooms without my heart
That did not to my conscience join so near,
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart
That I might not their clamorous crying hear,
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess,
Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress.

But O my Saviour, who my refuge art,
Let Thy dear mercies stand 'twixt them and me,
And be the wall to separate my heart
So that I may at length repose me free;
That peace and joy and rest may be within,
And I remain divided from my sin.

BEN JONSON (1573–1637).

LIGHT WITHIN

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord Who rises
With healing in His wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may!

It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He Who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field shall wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,

Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800).

PRAYER

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be:
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796–1849).

PRAYER

Go thou into thy closet; shut the door—
And pray to Him in secret; He will hear.
But think not thou by one wild bound to clear
The numberless ascensions, more and more
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the Father's likeness near;
And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear
That step by step their mounting flights passed o'er.

Be thou content if on thy weary need
There falls a sense of flowers and of the spring;
A hope that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed:
For brightest aspiration will not lead
Unto the calm beyond all questioning.

GEORGE MACDONALD (1824–1905).

'TO REVEAL HIS SON IN ME'

Lo, as some bard on isles of the Aegean
Lovely and eager when the earth was young,
Burning to hurl his heart into a paean,
Praise of the hero from whose loins he sprung;—

He, I suppose, with such a care to carry,
Wandered disconsolate and waited long,
Smiting his breast, wherein the notes would tarry,
Chiding the slumber of the seed of song:

Then in the sudden glory of a minute
Airy and excellent the proëm came,
Rending his bosom, for a god was in it,
Waking the seed, for it had burst in flame.

So even I athirst for His inspiring,
I who have talked with Him forget again,
Yes, many days with sobs and with desiring
Offer to God a patience and a pain;

Then through the mid complaint of my confession,
Then through the pang and passion of my prayer,
Leaps with a start the shock of His possession,
Thrills me and touches, and the Lord is there.

Lo, if some pen should write upon your rafter
Mene and mene in the folds of flame,
Think ye could any memories thereafter
Wholly retrace the couplet as it came?

Lo, if some strange intelligible thunder
Sang to the earth the secret of a star,
Scarce could ye catch, for terror and for wonder,
Shreds of the story that was pealed so far:—

Scarcely I catch the words of His revealing,
Hardly I hear Him, dimly understand,
Only the Power that is within me pealing
Lives on my lips and beckons to my hand.

Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny;
Yea with one voice, O world, tho' thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving
Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod,
Rather than he for whom the great conceiving
Stirs in his soul to quicken into God.

Ay, though thou then shouldst strike him from his glory
Blind and tormented, maddened and alone;
Even on the cross would he maintain his story,
Yes and in hell would whisper, I have known.

FREDERIC MYERS (1843–1901).

SELF-EXAMINATION

What account can I give of the day past?

Have I made the business of religion and the care of my soul my first and principal concern?

Have I faithfully and diligently discharged all the duties of my particular station?

Have I studied to employ my leisure hours to the best advantage?

Have I strictly observed the rules of Christian sobriety and temperance in eating and drinking, and been innocent and moderate in all my recreations?

Have I endeavoured to set God always before me; and to demean myself as one that knows he must shortly appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, and be sentenced to everlasting happiness, or everlasting misery, according to his good or ill behaviour in this present life?

Have I exercised a due care and watchfulness over my thoughts, words, and actions; so as neither to think, speak, or do anything unbecoming my Christian profession?

Have I been chaste and inoffensive in my discourse; candid and charitable in my opinions of others; sincere, affable, and obliging, and, as occasion offered, useful in my conversation?

What mercies have I received, and with what sentiments of gratitude have I entertained and acknowledged them?

What temptations have I been assaulted with? And how have I acquitted myself under them?

What ground have I gotten of the sin that doth most easily beset me?

How have I governed myself with respect to the little accidents that daily happen to provoke me?

What opportunities have I had of doing good and how have I improved them?

What opportunities have I had of discouraging vice, and how have I opposed it?

Am I now in a fit temper of mind for devotion?

Am I truly penitent for all my offences against God, and earnestly desirous of His pardon and forgiveness?

Have I a just sense of God's infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; and of my manifold wants and necessities, and absolute dependence upon Him?

Am I unfeignedly thankful for the innumerable mercies I have already received, and stedfastly purposed to make a faithful use and improvement of all the blessings and favours, both spiritual and temporal, which God shall vouchsafe hereafter to bestow upon me?

Do I from my heart forgive all those who have provoked and injured me, and seriously wish and desire the welfare and happiness of all men, as well enemies as friends?

RICHARD HELE (1679–1756).

CONFESSION OF SINS

O most holy and most merciful Lord God, Who by reason of the infinite purity of Thy nature canst not look on iniquity without the utmost detestation, but out of the exceeding riches of Thy goodness hast graciously promised that all those who confess and forsake their sins shall obtain of Thee forgiveness of

the same, and be cleansed from all unrighteousness, I, a most miserable sinner, in a deep sense of my own vileness and wickedness, and in humble dependence on Thy mercy and truth, prostrate myself at the footstool of Thy grace, desiring to confess and bewail before Thee my innumerable transgressions of Thy holy laws, whereby I have rendered myself most justly liable to the severest of Thy judgments in this life, and to everlasting punishments in the world to come.

I confess, O Lord, that I have grievously offended Thee, by indulging in evil thoughts of many kinds; by vain, rash, false, and wicked words; and by many unrighteous, sensual, and ungodly deeds, which I have from time to time committed, against the dictates of reason, the checks of my own conscience, and the known precepts of Thy holy word.

I have frequently neglected the duties of religion, which is the great and most important concern of my life; and when I have performed them, it hath been very often carelessly and out of custom, and without due affection and attention of mind.

I have not served Thee with that purity of intention, with that sincerity of heart, with that fervency of spirit, with that zeal for Thy glory, with that watchfulness, care, diligence, and constancy, that I ought to have done.

But I repent; O my God, I repent; Lord, lay not these sins to my charge: Father, forgive me, for my blessed Saviour's sake.

I know, O Lord, that religion has nothing in it but what is truly perfective of my nature; and yet how often, out of a foolish regard to the opinions of men, have I been ashamed to practise divers important duties,

and to discountenance the evil practices and vices of others, or maintain the cause of virtue and piety, not considering that whosoever is ashamed of Christ and His words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels.

But I repent; O my God, I repent; Lord, lay not these sins to my charge: Father, forgive me, for my blessed Saviour's sake.

O Lord, I believe that all holy Scripture is given by the inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that they who sincerely endeavour to serve Thee truly may be perfect, thoroughly furnished with all good works: and yet, O my God, how seldom, how little, have I read and pondered Thy holy word; how shamefully have I omitted to search the Scriptures; and how foolish have I been in applying myself more diligently to, and taking more satisfaction in, the reading of other books than of them; not considering that they best set before us the way of life and the way of death; and teach us what we must do to be saved from the wrath to come and to inherit eternal life: and even when I have read them, it hath not been with such good dispositions, with such an attentive and teachable mind, such an humble heart, and sincere intentions to do whatever I should perceive to be Thy will, as are necessary to entitle me to the promises contained in Thy word.

But I repent; O my God, I repent; Lord, lay not these sins to my charge: Father, forgive me, for my blessed Saviour's sake.

I have not been sufficiently thankful for the continued

effects of Thy bounty towards me: neither have I received the afflicting dispensations of Thy providence with such patience and submission as are due to Thy wisdom; nor made such improvements and advantages of them as Thy goodness did thereby intend me.

But I repent; O my God, I repent; Lord, lay not these sins to my charge: Father, forgive me, for my blessed Saviour's sake.

In my transactions with mankind I have been far from having such a strict regard to sincere and candid dealing as Thy law requires; and have often been too rigorous in exacting my own dues, and too backward in answering the reasonable expectations of others.

I have not been sufficiently careful to put the most charitable construction upon the words and actions of my neighbour; but have frequently injured his reputation by rash censures, and by too easy belief of the unchristian insinuations of others to his prejudice.

I have been too insensible of his wants, and too backward in embracing the opportunities Thou hast vouchsafed me of relieving and comforting him in his troubles and distresses; not considering the manifold blessings Thou hast promised to the merciful, and the many and great mercies I daily receive from Thee, and the much greater mercy I shall stand in need of at the dreadful day of the Lord.

But I repent; O my God, I repent; Lord, lay not these sins to my charge: Father, forgive me, for my blessed Saviour's sake.

I have not had that just, that low and mean opinion of myself that I ought; but have been far too ambitious of, and too much affected with, the praises of men.

I have not been so meek and gentle, so patient and considerate under reproaches and ill-treatment, as becomes a disciple of the crucified Jesus; but have been too often carried out into such degrees of anger and resentment as have proved uneasy and prejudicial to myself and others.

I know that without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and that the pure in heart are blessed, for they shall see Thee, in whose presence is fulness of joy, for evermore: and yet how remiss and inconstant have I been in my endeavours to cleanse myself from all filthiness both of flesh and spirit, and to perfect holiness in the fear of Thy name!

But I repent; O my God, I repent; Lord, lay not these sins to my charge: Father, forgive me, for my blessed Saviour's sake.

The pleasures and business of this life, and the desires of growing rich, or being great, have caused me too often to forget that I am but a stranger upon earth, and that my days are as a shadow that will soon pass away; and instead of striving to disengage my affections from things on earth, and to settle them on things above, I have been too anxious and solicitous for the accommodations of this life, and for the praise and favour of men, not considering Thy gracious promise, that if we seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, all things needful for the support of our bodies shall be added unto us.

I have been too apt to be discontented with my condition in this world, and not so willing to resign myself to Thine all-wise providence as I ought.

How little have I mortified my members which are upon the earth, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence,

and covetousness! And yet I know that if any one love the world, the love of the Father is not in him, and that none but the poor in spirit shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

But I repent; O my God, I repent; Lord, lay not these sins to my charge: Father, forgive me, for my blessed Saviour's sake.

I have not been duly careful to improve my time to those excellent purposes I might have done; but have wasted much of it in the indulgences of eating, drinking, and sleeping; much of it in vain recreations and diversions, in dressing and adorning my body, and in paying and receiving idle and impertinent visits; and in many other ways have I spent great portions of it unprofitably to myself and others.

But alas! how little of my time have I employed in reading, meditation, and prayer! how little in mortification, abstinence, fasting and retirement! and yet the day of my life is far spent, and the night of death is at hand, wherein no man may work.

But I repent; O my God, I repent; Lord, lay not these sins to my charge: Father, forgive me, for my blessed Saviour's sake.

How backward have I been to examine the state of my soul, and to call my sins to remembrance, so as to mourn and be affected with a godly sorrow for them! Or, if I have by Thy grace at any time become sensible of my sins and infirmities, how little care have I taken so to preserve and improve that sense I have had of them, as to be made thereby more circumspect and watchful against them for the future, or less prone to condemn the infirmities of other men!

But I repent; O my God, I repent; Lord, lay not these

sins to my charge: Father, forgive me, for my blessed Saviour's sake.

O how strong a propension do I feel in myself to evil—how strange a backwardness to that which is good.

I confess and lament and bewail my wretched state: I am corrupt: I have strayed from the way of life and happiness: my conscience accuseth me, and my heart condemneth me.

More particularly I confess that I have grievously sinned against Thee by ——

These my sins, with many more than I can recollect or number, are all in thy sight, and all written in Thy book of remembrances against me; and they have left their wretched and dismal effects upon my mind and heart; whereby Thine image in which I was created is miserably defaced, and I am estranged from Thee, O God, my true and only good and happiness: so that when I look back upon the errors and miscarriages of my life past, and reflect how little I possess of the spirit and temper of the Gospel, my heart trembleth for fear of Thee, and I am afraid of Thy judgments.

O how shall I appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, when He shall come in His power with the holy angels, to judge every man according to his works, and to take vengeance on them that obey not the Gospel; since my life has been so unsuitable to the doctrines and precepts of it?

But I repent, O my God, I repent; I accuse and condemn myself; I am grieved, I am troubled, and heartily sorry for these my misdoings; and I turn to Thee with full purpose and resolution of sincere obedience for the time to come.

And I beseech Thee, O Lord, Who art gracious and merciful, long-suffering, and of great goodness, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ Who died for the ungodly; for His sake, and for Thy goodness' sake, I beseech Thee to pardon and forgive all my sins; my sins of ignorance, and those which I have committed through want of care and circumspection, but especially all my wilful sins, and those transgressions whereby I have at any time brought a reproach upon my Christian profession, or occasioned others to fall: all of which I do in a more particular manner desire to lament and bewail before Thee.

O Lord, Holy Father, Who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, Who gavest Thy Son to die, that He might redeem us from all iniquity—Vouchsafe, I beseech Thee, to cleanse and sanctify my polluted soul; and enable me by Thy grace to subdue all my irregular appetites and passions, and to renounce and forsake every evil practice of what kind so-ever; that my heart and all my members being mortified from all worldly and carnal lusts, I may no longer live in the flesh to the lusts of men, but according to Thy will, O God; and at the last may attain the gift of eternal life, which Thou hast promised to all them that sincerely love and obey Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

RICHARD HELE (1679–1756).

'HE CARETH FOR YOU'

In endeavouring to confirm my hold of a personal relation between God and man, and of His personal dealings with man, I find myself helped by realising my own personal individuality. I belong to a race and

nature comprehending all human beings, yet I feel myself to be different from them all, and to require a treatment and guidance special to myself. God sees and knows me as a work of His own hands, altogether distinct from all His other works. He intends me to fill a place which no other creature can fill, and is dealing with me in accordance with this special individuality. Thus I feel myself as it were alone with God. He only fully understands me, and He meets my need, according to His full understanding of me, by a course of circumstances chosen for my own special education by His fatherly love and wisdom.

THOMAS ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN (1788–1870).

BE NOT SOLITARY

The truth of the matter is that neither he who is a fop in the world is a fit man to be alone, nor he who has set his heart much upon the world, though he have never so much understanding; so that solitude can be well fitted and set right but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the world to see the vanity of it, and enough virtue to despise all vanity; if the mind be possest with any lust or passion, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone. They may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps and pick our pockets in the midst of company; but like robbers they use to strip and bind or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men, and to fall into the hands of devils. It is like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sewed into a bag with an ape, a dog, and a serpent.

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618–1667).

BUT SOMETIMES BE ALONE

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own;
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633).

COMMUNION WITH GOD

We must be on our guard against fining down and explaining away our unity with the Eternal in the very act, as we think too hastily, of insisting upon it. We must not let go our main grasp of the values which, wherever brought into being in a world, so far make heaven of that place and time, and which all religion teaches us to cherish here and now as everywhere and always—love, beauty, truth. In these our unity is solid and plain—our unity with God and with the whole of being. We must not do anything to throw these into the background, and place our unity in remote events.

Unity with God, as a character of human spirit, involves, it is plain, unity with man. And here again many questions offer themselves. What forms does this unity imply, historical, terrestrial, beyond the grave? Is there to be a millennium, a reign of peace and happiness on earth? What in truth and reality is the communion of saints? That spirits in unity with God must in the end be in equity with one another seems guaranteed by the very essence of religion.

But what does 'in the end' mean? Are we to ask more, and if we ask more, is it really asked in a religious spirit and interest? People who pray too much —it is an old folk-saying—pray themselves through heaven and out on the other side, and are set to herd the geese there. People who ask too many questions, claiming to be religious in asking them—it seems much the same. The shrewd old wives felt and saw perhaps that particularity and curiosity may harm the religious spirit. Science and logic have their rights, but we must not confuse them with religion. What a man's religion brings him, and what he cannot help receiving when he places himself humbly and sincerely in the attitude of religious faith, I should venture to suggest, let him hold to without scruple. It will be the nearest thing to truth that he can make his own. Against fancies and private interpretations I am convinced that any great saint, any noble mystic, will warn him. The question is in the last instance for himself. Is it really religion—unity of will and belief with the supreme Good—that he is thinking about in any particular doctrine, or is it something else? That is the question for him to answer with all pureness of heart and humility.

BERNARD BOSANQUET (1848–1923).

PURITY

Purity of spirit consists in this, that a man cleaves to no creature with any passionate desire, but attaches himself to God only; for one may use all the creatures while rejoicing in God only. . . . We should approach the sacrament of the altar not for the sake of

the delights, the pleasure, the peace, or the sweetness which we find there, but for the glory of God only, and that we may grow in all the virtues. This is purity of spirit.

Purity of heart signifies that a man turns towards God without hesitation in every bodily temptation and every disturbance of nature, in the freedom of his will abandoning himself to Him with a new confidence and a firm resolve to abide always with God. For to consent to sin, or to the animal desires of the bodily nature, is a separation from God.

Purity of body means that a man abstains from impure actions of every kind, when his conscience assures him that they are impure and contrary to the commandments, to the glory, and to the will of God.

Thanks to these three kinds of purity, the seventh deadly sin, that of wantonness, is conquered and driven away. Wantonness is a voluptuous inclination of the spirit, leading away from God towards a created thing; it is the impure act of the flesh outside what Holy Church permits, and the carnal occupation of the heart in some taste or desire for a creature. I do not here refer to those sudden stirrings of love or desire which none can escape.

You know that purity of spirit preserves men in the likeness of God, inclined towards God and united to Him. The chastity of the body is compared to the whiteness of the lily and to the purity of the angels. In its resistance to temptation it is compared to the redness of the rose and to the nobility of the martyrs. If it is preserved for love of God and His honour, it is then perfect, and is compared to the heliotrope, for it is one of the highest adornments of nature.

Purity of heart renews and increases the grace of God. In purity of heart all the virtues are inspired, practised, and preserved. It keeps and preserves the outer senses, it subdues and binds the animal desires within, and it is the ornament of all the inner life. It is the exclusion of the heart from things of earth and from all lies, and its inclusion among the things of heaven and all truth. And this is why Christ has said: Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. This is the vision in which consists our eternal joy, and all our reward, and our entrance into bliss. This is why a man will be sober and moderate in everything, and will keep himself from every occasion which might tarnish the purity of his soul and body.

JOHN OF RUYSBROEK (1293–1381).

THE DARK NIGHT

Now Christ says spiritually in a man, 'Go forth in the manner that I now show thee'; and the man goes forth, and finds himself poor, miserable, and desolate. Here all the storm, all the passion and eagerness of love grow cold; summer becomes autumn, and all his wealth is changed into great poverty. And the man begins to complain by reason of his misery; what is become of his ardent love, his inwardness, his gratitude, the interior consolation, the heartfelt joys? Where has it all gone? How comes it that all is dead within him? He is like a scholar who has lost his knowledge and his work; and nature is often troubled by such losses. Sometimes these unhappy ones are deprived of the good things of earth, of their friends and relations, and are deserted by all the creatures; their

holiness is mistrusted and despised, men put a bad construction upon all the works of their life, and they are rejected and disdained by all who surround them; and sometimes they are afflicted with diverse diseases; and some of them fall into bodily temptations, or into spiritual temptations, the most dangerous of all. . . . Let such men seek out the good, complain to them, show them their distress, and ask their help, and implore the aid of holy Church and of all just men. . . .

A man will here say and think in his heart: 'Lord, I am willing to be poor, lacking all that Thou hast taken from me, as I should be to be rich, if such were Thy will, and if it were for Thine honour. It is not my will according to nature which must be accomplished, but Thy will, and my will according to my spirit, O Lord; for I belong to Thee, and I should love as well to be Thine in hell as in heaven, if that could serve Thy glory; and therefore, O Lord, accomplish in me the excellence of Thy will.' From all these pains and acts of resignation a man will derive an inward joy, and he will offer himself into the hands of God, and will rejoice to be able to suffer in His honour. And if he so perseveres, he will taste inward pleasures such as he has never had before; for nothing so rejoices the lover of God as to feel that he is His beloved.

JOHN OF RUYSBROEK (1293–1381).

THE DARK NIGHT

Even as the soul of Christ had to descend into hell before it ascended into heaven, so must the soul of man. And mark how this comes to pass. When a man truly perceives and considers who and what he is, and finds

himself unworthy of all the consolation and kindness that he hath received either from God or the creatures . . . he thinks himself unworthy to walk upon the earth. . . . He will not and dare not desire any consolation or release either from God or any creature; he is willing to be unconsoled and unreleased, and he does not lament for his condemnation and punishment, for they are right and just and in accordance with God's will. . . . This is the meaning of true repentance for sin. And the man who in this life enters into this hell, enters afterwards into the kingdom of heaven, and has a foretaste of it which exceeds all the delights and happiness which he has ever had, or could have, from the things of time. But while a man is in this hell, no one can comfort him, neither God nor the creatures. . . . Now God has not forsaken a man while he is in this hell, but He is laying His hand upon him, that he may desire nothing but the eternal good only, and may discover that this is so noble and exceedingly good, that its blessedness cannot be searched out nor expressed, comfort and joy, peace, rest, and satisfaction. When therefore the man cares for and seeks and desires the eternal good and nought beside, and seeks not himself nor his own things, but the glory of God only, he is made to partake of every kind of joy, blessedness, rest, peace, and comfort, and from that time forward is in the Kingdom of God.

This heaven and hell come upon a man in such a way that he knows not whence they come; and he can do nothing himself towards making them either come or depart. He can neither give them to himself nor take them away from himself, neither bring them nor drive them away; as it is written, The wind bloweth where

it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. And when a man is in either of these two states, all is well with him, and he is as safe in hell as in heaven. And while a man is in the world, it is possible for him to pass many times from the one state into the other. . . . A man should therefore never forget either of these states, but carry the memory of them in his heart.

THEOLOGIA GERMANICA (Fourteenth Century).

PRACTICE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD

That God is present in all places, that He sees every action, hears all discourses, and understands every thought, is no strange thing to a Christian ear, who hath been taught His doctrine not only by right reason and the consent of all the wise men in the world, but also by God Himself in Holy Scripture. 'Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God far off? Can any hide himself in secret places, that I shall not see him? saith the Lord; do not I fill heaven and earth?' 'Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in His sight; but all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.' 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' God is wholly in every place, included in no place; not bound with cords except those of love; not divided into parts, not changeable into several shapes; filling heaven and earth with His present power and with His never absent nature. So that we may imagine God to be as the air and the sea, and we are all enclosed in His circle, wrapped up in the lap of His infinite nature, or as

infants in the wombs of their pregnant mothers; and we can no more be removed from the presence of God than from our own being. . . .

God is especially present in the hearts of His people, by His Holy Spirit; and indeed the hearts of holy men are temples in the truth of things, and in type and shadow they are heaven itself. For God reigns in the hearts of His servants; there is His Kingdom. The power of grace hath subdued all His enemies; there is His power. They serve Him night and day, and give Him thanks and praise; that is His glory. This is the religion and worship of God in the temple. The temple itself is the heart of man; Christ is the high priest, who from thence sends up the incense of prayers, and joins them to His own intercession, and presents all together to His Father; and the Holy Ghost by His dwelling there hath also consecrated it into a temple, and God dwells in our hearts by faith, and Christ by His Spirit, and the Spirit by His purities: so that we are also cabinets of the mysterious Trinity, and what is this short of heaven itself, but as infancy is short of manhood and letters of words? The same state of life it is but not the same age. It is heaven in a looking-glass, dark but yet true, representing the beauties of the soul, and the grace of God, and the images of His eternal glory, by the reality of a special presence.

God is specially present in the consciences of all persons, good and bad, by way of testimony and judgment; that is, He is there a remembrancer to call our actions to mind, a witness to bring them to judgment, and a judge to acquit or to condemn. And although this manner of presence is in this life after the manner

of this life, that is, imperfect, and we forget many actions of our lives; yet the greatest changes of our state of grace and sin, our most considerable actions, are always present, like capital letters to an aged and dim eye; and at the day of judgment God shall draw aside the cloud, and manifest the manner of the presence more notoriously, and make it appear that He was an observer of our very thoughts; and that He only laid those things by, which, because we covered (them) with dust and negligence, were not then discerned. But when we are risen from our dust and imperfection they all appear plain and legible.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

PRAYER

O almighty God, infinite and eternal, Thou fillest all things with Thy presence; Thou art everywhere by Thy essence and by Thy power, in heaven by glory, in holy places by Thy grace and favour, in the hearts of Thy servants by Thy Spirit, in the consciences of all men by Thy testimony and observation of us. Teach me to walk always as in Thy presence, to fear Thy majesty, to reverence Thy wisdom and omniscience; that I may never dare to commit any undecency in the eye of my Lord and my Judge; but that I may with so much care and reverence demean myself, that my Judge may not be my accuser but my advocate; that I, expressing my belief in Thy presence here by careful walking, may feel the effects of it in the participation of eternal glory, through Jesus Christ.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

CARE OF OUR TIME

He that is choice of his time will also be choice of his company and choice of his actions, lest the first engage him in vanity and loss, and the latter, being criminal, be a throwing his time and himself away, and a going back in the accounts of eternity.

God hath given to man a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends; but so that for every hour of our life, after we are persons capable of laws and know good from evil, we must give account to the great Judge of men and angels. And this it is which our blessed Saviour told us, that we must account for every idle word; not meaning that every word which is not designed for edification, or is less prudent, shall be reckoned for a sin; but that the time which we spend in our idle talking and unprofitable discoursings, that time which might and ought to have been employed to spiritual and useful purposes, that is to be accounted for. . . .

And that we need not fear this instrument to be a snare to us, or that the duty must end in scruple, vexation, and eternal fears, we must remember that the life of every man may be so ordered, and indeed must, that it may be a perpetual serving of God; the greatest trouble and most busy trade and worldly incumbrances, when they are necessary or charitable or profitable in order to any of those ends which we are bound to serve, whether public or private, being or doing God's work. For God provides the good things of the world to serve the needs of nature by the labours of the ploughman, the skill and pains of the artisan, and the

dangers and traffic of the merchant; these men are in their calling the ministers of the divine providence and the stewards of the creation and servants of a great family of God, the world, in the employment of procuring necessaries for food and clothing, ornament and physic. In their proportions also a king and a priest and a prophet, a judge and an advocate, are doing the work of God, because they serve those necessities which God hath made, and yet made no provisions for them but by their ministry. So that no man can complain that his calling takes him off from religion: his calling itself and his very worldly employment in honest trades and offices is a serving of God; and if it be moderately pursued and according to the rules of Christian prudence will leave void spaces enough for prayers and retirements of a more spiritual religion.

God hath given every man work enough to do, that there shall be no room for idleness; and yet hath so ordered the world that there shall be space for devotion. He that hath the fewest businesses of the world is called upon to spend more time in the dressing of his soul; and he that hath most affairs may so order them that they shall be a service of God; whilst at certain periods they are blessed with prayers and actions of religion, and all day long are hallowed with a holy intention.

However, so long as idleness is quite shut out from our lives, all the sins of wantonness, softness, and effeminacy are prevented, and there is but little room left for temptation; and therefore to a busy man temptation is fain to climb up together with his businesses, and sins creep upon him only by accidents

and occasions; whereas to an idle person they come in a full body and with open violence, and the impudence of a restless importunity. . . .

Idleness is the greatest prodigality in the world; it throws away that which is invaluable in respect of its present use, and irreparable when it is past, being to be recovered by no power of art or nature.

But the way to secure and improve our time we may practise in the following rules.

In the morning when you awake accustom yourself to think first upon God, or something in order to His service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes; and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time beyond the needs and conveniences of nature; and sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.

Let every man that hath a calling be diligent in pursuance of its employment, so as not lightly or without reasonable occasion to neglect it in any of those times which are usually and by the custom of prudent persons and good husbands employed in it.

Let all the intervals and void spaces of time be employed in prayers, reading, meditating, works of nature, recreation, charity, friendliness and neighbourhood, and means of spiritual and corporal health; ever remembering so to work in our calling as not to neglect the work of our high calling; but to begin and end the day with God, with such forms of devotion as shall be proper to our necessities.

The resting days of Christians and festivals of the Church must in no sense be days of idleness; for it is better to plough upon holy days than to do nothing or do viciously; but let them be spent in the works of

the day, that is of religion and charity, according to the rules appointed.

Avoid the company of drunkards and busybodies and all such as are apt to talk much to little purpose ; for no man can be prudent of his time that is not prudent in the choice of his company; and if one of the speakers be vain, tedious, and trifling, he that hears and he that answers in the discourse are equal losers of their time. . . .

In the midst of the works of thy calling, often retire to God in short prayers and ejaculations; and these may make up the want of those larger portions of time which it may be thou desirest for devotion, and in which thou thinkest other persons have advantage of thee; for so thou reconcilest the outward work and thy inward calling, the Church and the Commonwealth, the employment of the body and the interest of the soul; for be sure that God is present at thy breathing and hearty sighings of prayer, as soon as at the longer offices of less busied persons; and thy time is as truly sanctified by a trade, and devout though shorter prayers, as by the longer offices of those whose time is not filled up with labour and useful business.

Let your employment be such as may become a reasonable person, and not be a business fit for children or distracted people, but fit for your age and understanding. For a man may be very idly busy, and take great pains to so little purpose, that in his labours and expense of time he shall serve no end but of folly and vanity. There are some trades that wholly serve the ends of idle persons and fools, and such as are fit to be seized upon by the severity of laws and banished from under the sun; and there are some people who are busy, but it is as Domitian was, in catching flies. . . .

Let all persons of all conditions avoid all delicacy and niceness in their clothing or diet, because such softness engages them upon great misspendings of their time, while they dress and comb out all their opportunities of their morning devotion, and half the day's severity, and sleep out the care and provision for their souls.

Let not your recreations be lavish spenders of your time, but choose such which are healthful, short, transient, recreative, and apt to refresh you; but at no hand dwell upon them or make them your great employment; for he that spends his time in sports and calls it recreation is like him whose garment is all made of fringes, and his meal nothing but sauces; they are healthless, changeable, and useless. And therefore avoid such games which require much time or long attendance, or which are apt to steal thy affections from more severe employments. For to whatsoever thou hast given thine affections, thou wilt not grudge to give thy time. Natural necessity and the example of St. John, who recreated himself with sporting with a tame partridge, teach us that it is lawful to relax and unbend our bow, but not to suffer it to be unready or unstrung.

Let him that is most busied set apart some solemn time every year, in which for the time quitting all worldly business, he may attend wholly to fasting and prayer, and the dressing of his soul by confessions, meditations, and attendances upon God; that he may make up his accounts, renew his vows, make amends for his carelessness, and retire back again from whence levity and the vanities of the world, or the opportunities of temptation, or the distraction of secular affairs have carried him.

In this we shall be much assisted, and we shall find the work more easy, if before we sleep every night we examine the actions of the past day, with a particular scrutiny if there have been any accident extraordinary, as long discourse, a feast, much business, variety of company; if nothing but common hath happened, the less examination will suffice; only let us take care that we sleep not without such a recollection of the actions of the day as may represent anything that is remarkable and great, either to be a matter of sorrow or thanksgiving; for other things a general care is proportionable.

Let all these things be done prudently and moderately, not with scruple and vexation. For these are good advantages, but the particulars are not divine commandments, and therefore are to be used as shall be found expedient to every one's condition. For provided that our duty be secured, for the degrees and for the instruments every man is permitted to himself and the conduct of such as shall be appointed to him. He is happy that can secure every hour to a sober or a pious employment; but the duty consists not scrupulously in minutes and half hours, but in greater portions of time, provided that no minute be employed in sin, and the great portions of our time be spent in sober employment, and all the appointed days and some portions of every day be allowed for religion. In all the lesser parts of time, we are left to our own elections and prudent management, and to the consideration of the great degrees and differences of glory that are laid up in heaven for us according to the degrees of our care and piety and diligence.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

PRAYER; WANDERING THOUGHTS

If we feel our spirits apt to wander in our prayers, and to retire into the world or to things unprofitable or vain and impertinent, use prayer to be assisted in prayer; pray for the spirit of supplication, for a sober, fixed and recollected spirit; and when to this you add a moral industry to be steady in your thoughts, whatsoever wanderings after this do return irremediably are a misery of nature and an imperfection, but no sin, while it is not cherished and indulged to. In private, it is not amiss to attempt the cure by reducing your prayers into collects and short forms of prayer, making voluntary interruptions and beginning again, that the want of spirit and breath may be supplied by the short stages and periods. When you have observed any considerable wandering of your thoughts, bind yourself to repeat that prayer again with actual attention, or else resolve the full sense of it in your spirit, and repeat it in all the effect and desires of it, and possibly the tempter may be driven away with his own art, and may cease to interpose his trifles, when he perceives they do but vex the person into carefulness and piety, and yet he loses nothing of his devotion, but doubles the earnestness of his care. If this be not reasonable or opportune or apt to any man's circumstances, yet be sure with actual attention to say a hearty Amen to the whole prayer with one united desire, earnestly begging the graces mentioned in the prayer; for that desire does the great work of the prayer, and secures the blessing, if the wandering thoughts were against our will, and disclaimed by contending against them. Avoid multiplicity of businesses of the world; and in

those that are unavoidable, labour for an evenness and tranquillity of spirit, that you may be untroubled and smooth in all tempests of fortune; for so we shall better tend religion, when we are not torn in pieces with the cares of the world, and seized upon with low affections, passions and interest. It helps much to attention in our prayers if we say our prayers silently, without the voice, only by the spirit. For in mental prayer if our thoughts wander, we only stand still; when our mind returns we go on again; there is none of the prayer lost, as there is if our mouths speak and our hearts wander. To incite you to the use of these and any other counsels you shall meet with, remember that it is a great undecency to desire of God to hear those prayers a great part of which we do not hear ourselves; if they be not worthy of our attention they are far more unworthy of God's.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

HUMILITY

Think not thyself better for anything that happens to thee from without. . . . As thou art a man, thou hast nothing to commend thee to thyself but that only by which thou art a man, that is, by what thou choosest and refusest. . . . Believe thyself an unworthy person heartily, as thou believest thyself to be hungry or poor or sick when thou art so. Whatever evil thou sayest of thyself be content that others should think to be true; and if thou callest thyself fool, be not angry if another say so of thee. . . . Be content to want praise, never being troubled when thou art slighted and undervalued; for thou canst not undervalue

thyself, and if thou thinkest so meanly as is reason, no contempt will seem unreasonable, and therefore it will be very tolerable. . . . When thou hast said or done anything for which thou receivest praise or estimation, take it indifferently and return it to God, reflecting upon Him as the giver of the gift, or the blesser of the action, or the aid of the design; and give God thanks for making thee the instrument of His glory for the benefit of others. . . . Make no suppletories to thyself when thou art disgraced or slighted, by pleasing thyself with supposing thou didst deserve praise, though they understood thee not, or enviously detracted from thee; neither do thou get to thyself a private theatre and flatterers, in whose vain noises and fantastic praises thou mayest keep up thine own good opinion of thyself. . . . Suffer others to be praised in thy presence, and entertain their good and glory with delight; but at no hand disparage them, or lessen the report or make an objection, and think not the advancement of thy brother is a lessening of thy worth. . . . Be not always ready to excuse every oversight or indiscretion or ill action; but if thou beest guilty of it confess it plainly. . . . Upbraid no man's weakness to him to discomfort him, neither report it to disparage him, neither delight to remember it to lessen him or to set thyself above him. . . .

Remember that we usually disparage others upon slight grounds and little instances, and towards them one fly is enough to spoil a whole box of ointment; and if a man be highly commended, we think him sufficiently lessened if we clap one sin or folly or infirmity into his account. Let us therefore be just to ourselves, since we are so severe to others, and

consider that whatever good any one can think or say of us, we can tell him of hundreds of base and unworthy and foolish actions, any one of which were enough, we hope, to destroy another's reputation; therefore let so many be sufficient to destroy our over high thoughts of ourselves. . . . Make no reflex acts upon thine own humility, nor upon any other grace with which God hath enriched thy soul. . . . If thou beholdest a grace of God in thee, remember to give Him thanks for it, that thou mayest not boast of that which is none of thine own; and consider how thou hast sullied it by handling it with dirty fingers, with thine own imperfections, and with mixture of unhandsome circumstances. . . . Remember that the most blessed Saviour of the world hath done more to prescribe and transmit and secure His grace than any other, His whole life being a great continued example of humility. . . . It were a good design, and yet but reasonable, that we should be as humble in the midst of our greatest imperfections as Christ was in the midst of His fulness of the Spirit, great wisdom, perfect life, and most admirable virtues. . . .

The humble man trusts not to his own discretion, but in matters of concernment relies rather upon the judgment of his friends, counsellors, or spiritual guides. . . . He lives according to a rule, and with compliance to public customs, without any affectation or singularity; he is meek and indifferent in all accidents and chances; he patiently bears injuries; he is always unsatisfied in his own conduct, resolutions, and counsels: he is a great lover of good men, and a praiser of wise men, and a censurer of no man: he is modest in his speech and reserved in his laughter; he

fears when he hears himself commended, lest God make another judgment concerning his actions than men do; he gives no pert and saucy answers when he is reproved whether justly or unjustly; he loves to sit down in private, and if he may he refuses the temptation of offices and new honours; he is ingenuous, free and open in his actions and discourses; he mends his fault and gives thanks when he is admonished; he is ready to do good offices to the murderers of his fame, to his slanderers, backbiters, and detractors, as Christ washed the feet of Judas; and is contented to be suspected of indiscretion, so before God he may be really innocent, and not offensive to his neighbour, nor wanting to his just and prudent interest.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

ANGER

Prayer is the great remedy against anger; for it must suppose it in some degree removed before we pray, and then it is the more likely it will be finished when the prayer is done. We must lay aside the act of anger as a preparatory to prayer; and the curing the habit will be the effect and blessing of prayer; so that if a man to cure his anger resolves to address himself to God by prayer, it is first necessary that by his own observation and diligence he lay the anger aside, before his prayer can be fit to be presented; and when we so pray and so endeavour, we have all the blessings of prayer which God hath promised to it, to be our security for success.

If anger arises in thy breast, instantly seal up thy lips, and let it not go forth; for like fire, when it wants

vent it will suppress itself. It is good in a fever to have a tender and a smooth tongue; but it is better that it be so in anger; for if it be rough and distempered, there it is an ill sign, but here it is an ill cause. Angry passion is a fire, and angry words are like breath to fan them; together they are like steel and flint, sending out fire by mutual collision. Some men will discourse themselves into passion, and if their neighbours be enkindled too, together they flame with rage and violence.

Humility is the most excellent natural cure for anger in the world; for he that by daily considering his own infirmities and failings makes the error of his neighbour or servant to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs God's pardon and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the levities or misfortunes or indiscretions of another, greater than which he considers that he is very frequently and more inexcusably guilty of.

Consider the example of the ever blessed Jesus, Who suffered all the contradictions of sinners, and received all affronts and reproaches of malicious, rash and foolish persons, and yet in all them was as dispassionate and gentle as the morning sun in autumn; and in this also He propoundeth Himself imitable by us. For if innocence itself did suffer so great injuries and disgraces, it is no great matter for us quietly to receive all the calamities of fortune, and indiscretion of servants and mistakes of friends and unkindnesses of kindred and rudenesses of enemies; since we have deserved these and worse, even hell itself. . . .

Remove from thyself all provocations and incentives to anger, especially, first, games of chance and great

wager. . . . Secondly, in not heaping up with an ambitious or curious prodigality any very curious or choice utensils, . . . because those very many accidents which happen in the spoiling or loss of these rarities are an irresistible cause of violent anger. Thirdly, do not entertain or suffer talebearers; for they abuse our ears first, and then our credulity, and then steal our patience, and it may for a lie; and if it be true, the matter is not considerable; or if it may be, yet it is pardonable. And we may always escape with patience at one of these outlets; either by not hearing slanders, or by not believing them, or by not regarding the thing, or by forgiving the person. Fourthly, to this purpose it may serve well, if we choose as much as we can to live with peaceable persons, for that prevents the occasions of confusion, and if we live with prudent persons they will not easily occasion our disturbance. But because these things are not in many men's power, therefore I propound this rather as a felicity than as a remedy or a duty, and an act of prevention rather than of cure.

Be not inquisitive into the affairs of other men, nor the faults of thy servants, nor the mistakes of thy friends; but what is offered to you use according to the former rules; but do not thou go out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn thine own house. And add this—If my friend said or did well in that for which I am angry, I am in the fault, not he; but if he did amiss, he is in the misery, not I; for either he was deceived, or he was malicious; and either of them both is all one with a miserable person, and that is an object of pity, not of anger.

Use all reasonable discourses to excuse the faults of

others; considering that there are many circumstances of time, of person, of accident, of inadvertency, of infrequency, of aptness to amend, of sorrow for doing it; and it is well that we take any good in exchange for the evil that is done or suffered.

In contentions be always passive, never active; upon the defensive, not the assaulting part; and then also give a gentle answer, receiving the furies and indiscretions of the other like a stone into a bed of moss and soft compliance; and you shall find it sit down quickly; whereas anger and violence make the contention loud and long and injurious to both the parties. . . .

If anger rises suddenly and violently, first restrain it with consideration, and then let it end in a hearty prayer for him that did the real or seeming injury. The former of the two stops its growth, and the latter quite kills it, and makes amends for its monstrous and involuntary birth.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

CONVERSION

One morning, while I was walking in a solitary place as usual, I at once saw that all my contrivances and projects to effect or procure deliverance and salvation for myself were utterly in vain; I was brought quite to a stand, as finding myself totally lost, I saw that it was for ever impossible for me to do anything towards helping or delivering myself, that I had made all the pleas I ever could have made to all eternity; and that all my pleas were vain, for I saw that self-interest had led me to pray, and that I had never once prayed from

any respect to the glory of God. I saw that there was no necessary connection between my prayers and the bestowment of the divine mercy; that they laid not the least obligation upon God to bestow His grace upon me; and that there was no more virtue or goodness in them than there would be by my paddling with my hand in the water. I saw that I had been heaping up my devotions before God, fasting, praying, etc., pretending and indeed really thinking sometimes that I was aiming at the glory of God; whereas I never once truly intended it, but only my own happiness. I saw that as I had never done anything for God, I had no claim on anything from Him but perdition, on account of my hypocrisy and mockery. When I saw evidently that I had regard to nothing but self-interest, then my duties appeared a vile mockery and a continual course of lies, fort he whole was nothing but self-worship and an horrid abuse of God.

I continued as I remember in this state of mind from Friday morning till the Sabbath evening following (July 12, 1739), when I was walking again in the same solitary place. Here in a mournful melancholy state I was attempting to pray, but found no heart to engage in that or any other duty; my former concern, exercise, and religious affections were now gone. I thought that the Spirit of God had quite left me; but still was not distressed, yet disconsolate, as if there was nothing in heaven or earth could make me happy. Having been thus endeavouring to pray—though, as I thought, very stupid and senseless—for near half an hour, then, as I was walking in a thick grove, unspeakable glory seemed to open to the apprehension of my soul. I do not mean any external brightness,

nor any imagination of a body of light, but it was a new inward apprehension or view that I had of God, such as I never had before, nor anything which had the least resemblance to it. I had no particular apprehension of any one Person in the Trinity; but it appeared to be divine glory. My soul rejoiced with joy unspeakable to see such a God, such a glorious divine Being; and I was inwardly pleased and satisfied that He should be God over all for ever and ever. My soul was so captivated and delighted with the excellency of God that I was even swallowed up in Him, at least to that degree that I had no thought about my own salvation, and scarce reflected that there was such a creature as myself. I continued in this state of inward joy, peace, and astonishing till near dark without any sensible abatement; and then began to think and examine what I had seen; and felt sweetly composed in my mind all the evening following. I felt myself in a new world, and everything about me appeared in a different aspect from what it was wont to do. At the same time, the way of salvation opened to me with such infinite wisdom, suitableness, and excellency, that I wondered I should ever think of any other way of salvation; was amazed that I had not dropped my own contrivances, and complied with this lovely, blessed, and excellent way before. If I could have been saved by my own duties or any other way that I had formerly contrived, my whole soul would now have refused it. I wondered that all the world did not see and comply with this way of salvation, entirely by the righteousness of Christ.

DAVID BRAINERD (1718–1747), FROM
WILLIAM JAMES.

'I KNEW A MAN IN CHRIST'

I had spent the evening in a great city with two friends reading and discussing poetry and philosophy. We parted at midnight. I had a long drive in a hansom to my lodging. My mind, deeply under the influence of the ideas, images, and emotions called up by the reading and talk, was calm and peaceful. I was in a state of quiet, almost passive enjoyment, not actually thinking, but letting ideas, images, and emotions flow of themselves, as it were, through my mind. All at once, without warning of any kind, I found myself wrapped in a flame-coloured cloud. For an instant I thought of fire, an immense conflagration somewhere close by in that great city; the next, I knew that the fire was within myself. Directly afterward there came upon me a sense of exultation, of immense joyousness accompanied or immediately followed by an intellectual illumination impossible to describe. Among other things, I did not merely come to believe, but I saw that the universe is not composed of dead matter, but is, on the contrary, a living Presence; I became conscious in myself of eternal life. It was not a conviction that I would have eternal life, but a consciousness that I possessed eternal life then; I saw that all men are immortal; that the cosmic order is such that without any peradventure all things work together for the good of each and all; that the foundation principle of the world, of all the worlds, is what we call love. . . . The vision lasted a few seconds and was gone; but the memory of it and the sense of the reality of what it taught has remained during the quarter of a century which has since elapsed. I know

that what the vision showed was true. I had attained to a point of view from which I saw that it must be true. That view, that conviction, I may say that consciousness, has never, even during periods of the deepest depression, been lost.

R. W. BUCKE, FROM WILLIAM JAMES.

THE TEMPER OF CHRISTIANITY

We are true members of the Kingdom of God when the spirit of religion is the spirit of our lives, when we are wise by its wisdom and humble by its humility, when it is the principle of all our thoughts and desires, the spring of all our hopes and fears. This is the work of the Holy Spirit in our hearts, to give us a new judgment, temper, taste, and hopes and fears. Christians are therefore to consider themselves not only as men that are to act by a principle of reason, but as spiritual beings who have a higher principle of life within them, and are to live by the wisdom and instructions of the Spirit of God.

As reasonable men would do everything that tended to strengthen and improve their reason, so wise Christians ought to practise every way of life that can fit them for further degrees of grace, that can strengthen their union with the Spirit of God. For as a man without reason has but the figure of a man, so a Christian without the Spirit of God has but the form of a Christian. And as the perfection of a man consists in the highest improvement of his reason, so the perfection of a Christian consists in the spiritual turn and temper of his heart and mind. Here therefore must we fix all our care and concern, that we may remove all

hindrances of divine grace, and preserve this Kingdom of God within us; that we may be truly spiritual in all our ways and designs, and indulge no tempers that may lessen our union with the Spirit of God.

The rule of perfection is highly conformable to the nature of our religion. For as our religion consists in a new heart and new spirit, it is certain that we then only arrive to the true state of our religion, when it is the constant temper of our minds at all times and on all occasions. A covetous man is not only covetous when he is in his counting-room; he is the same person and governed by the same temper and way of thinking, wherever he is. And the same thing is equally true of every way of life; when it has once entered into our heart, and become a settled temper, it is not occasionally exercised in this or that place, or at set times, but is always in being, and constantly disposing us to thoughts and words and actions suitable to it.

Some persons seem to know so little of religion that they confine it to acts of devotion and public occasions of divine service. They don't consider that it consists in a new heart and new spirit, and that acts of devotion, prayer and preaching, watchings, fastings and sacraments, are only to fill us with this new heart and spirit, and make it the common spirit of our lives every day and in every place.

A man may be said to have some regard for religion who is regular at places of divine worship, but he cannot be reckoned as of a religious spirit till it is his spirit in every place and on every occasion, till he lives and breathes by it, and thinks and speaks and acts according to its motions.

A man may frequent meetings for mirth, but yet if

when he is out of them he gives himself to peevishness, chagrin, and dulness, I presume no one will say that such a man is of a cheerful spirit. It is easy to make the application here: if we are only attendants at places of religion, if when we are out of those places we are of another spirit, I don't say proud or covetous, but if our actions are silly, and our conversation trifling and impertinent, our tempers vain and worldly, we are no more of a religious spirit than a dull and peevish man is of a cheerful spirit because he is regular at some set meetings for mirth. . . .

Religion is not ours till we live by it, till it is the religion of our thoughts, words and actions, till it goes with us into every place, sits uppermost on every occasion, and forms and governs our hopes and fears, our cares and pleasures. He is the religious man who watches and guards his spirit, and endeavours to be always in the temper of religion; who is as fearful of foolish thoughts, irregular tempers, and vain imaginations at one time as at another; who is as wise and heavenly at home or in the field as in the house of God. For when once religion has got possession of a man's heart, and is become, as it ought to be, his ruling temper, it is as agreeable to such a one in all places and at all times to speak and act according to its directions, as it is to the ambitious man to act according to the motions of ambition. We must therefore take it for granted, that if we are not religious in our conversation and common temper, we are not of a religious spirit.

WILLIAM LAW (1686–1761).

INSTANT IN PRAYER

Our Blessed Saviour saith, But thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray. Now here is indeed no mention of the time that prayer is to be continued; but yet this preparation for prayer, of entering into our closet and shutting the door, seems to teach us that it is a work of some time, that we are not hastily to open our door, but to allow ourselves time to continue and be importunate in our prayer.

First, frequent and continued prayers are a likely means to beget in us the spirit of prayer. A man who is often in his closet, on his knees to God, though he may for some time perform but a lip-labour, will if he perseveres find the very labour of his lips altering the temper of his heart, and that he has learned to pray by praying often.

This we find to be true in all parts of life, that we catch a spirit and temper from such conversation and ways of life as we allow ourselves in. Use is called a second nature, and experience teaches us that whatever we accustom ourselves to will by degrees transform our spirit and temper into a likeness to it. . . . Everything that we use ourselves to enters into our nature in this manner, and becomes a part of us before we are aware. It is common to observe that some people tell a story so long till they have forgotten that they invented it. This is not, as is supposed, through a bad memory, but because the things which we make constant and familiar will by degrees steal the approbation of the heart. If therefore we would but be often on our knees, putting up our prayers to God, though

for a while it was only form and outward compliance, yet our hearts would by degrees learn the language of our mouths. The subject of our prayers would become the subject of our hearts, we should pray ourselves into devotion, and it would become a part of us, in the same manner that all other ways enter into our nature. By saying the same things often we should come to believe and feel them in a proper manner. For it is a very reasonable thing to judge of the effects of good customs by what we see to be the effects of bad ones. They therefore who are hasty in their devotions, and think a little will do, are strangers both to the nature of devotion and the nature of man; they do not know that they are to learn to pray, and that prayer is to be learned, as they learn other things, by frequency, constancy, and perseverance.

Secondly, there is another great advantage in frequent and continued prayers. The cares and pleasures of life, the levity, vanity, and dulness of our minds make us all more or less unfit for our devotions. We enter into our closets thus unprepared for prayer. Now if our petitions are very short, we shall end our prayers before our devotion is begun, before we have time to collect our minds or turn our hearts to the business we are upon. Now continuance in prayer is as great relief against these indispositions, not only as it gives the heart leisure to fall from worldly cares and concerns, but as it exercises the mind upon such subjects as are likely to raise it into a state of seriousness and attention. It is the case of all people to find themselves inconstant in their prayers, joining heartily with some petitions and wandering away from others;

it is therefore but common prudence to continue our prayers, that our minds, which will wander from some parts, may have others to join in. If we were masters of our attention, and would be as fervent as we pleased, then indeed fewer words might serve for our devotion; but since our minds are weak, inconstant, and ungovernable, we must endeavour to catch and win them to devotion by such means as are suited to such a state of weakness, dulness, and inconstancy.

He that goes to his closet in a hurry, only to repeat a short form of words, may pray all his life without any devotion, and perhaps he had been a devout man long ago, if it had ever entered his head that meditation and continuance in prayer are necessary to excite devotion. If a man were to make it a law to himself to meditate a while before he began his prayers, if he were to force his mind to think what prayer is, what he prays for, and to Whom he prays; if he should again make it a rule to stop in some part of his prayers, to ask his heart whether it really prays, or to let his soul rise up in silence unto God; prayers thus performed, thus assisted by meditation and continuance, would in all likelihood soon render the mind truly devout.

It is not intended by this to impose any particular method upon all people; it is only to show us that there are certain means of assisting our devotion, some rules, though little in themselves, yet of great use to render our minds attentive and fervent in our applications to God. It is the business therefore of every sincere Christian to be as wise as he can in these arts and methods of self-government. As we ourselves know most of the falseness of our own hearts, of the temper

of our minds, and the occasion of our defects, so if we would be so wise as to think the amendment of our hearts the best and greatest work that we can do, every one's reason would help him to such useful rules as had a peculiar fitness to his own state. Self-reflection is the shortest and most certain way of becoming truly wise and truly pious.

There are two seasons of our hearts which if we would but reflect upon we might get much knowledge of ourselves, and learn how to assist our devotion. I mean the time when we are most affected with our devotion, and the time when we are most indisposed to pray. Both these seasons equally serve to instruct us in the knowledge of ourselves, and how to govern the motions of our hearts.

Reflect with yourself, how it was with you, what circumstances you were in, what had happened to you, what you had been doing, what thoughts you had in your head at such a time, when you found yourself so affected with your devotions. Now if you find out what state you were then in when you were disposed to pray so fervently, then you have found out a certain way of raising your devotion at another time. For do but put yourself in the same state, recall the same thoughts, and do as you had then been doing, and you will find the same causes will again produce the same effects, and you will be again in the same temper of devotion.

If you were then to put down in writing some short remembrances of the chief things that ever raised your heart to fervency of prayer, so that you might have recourse to a full view of them as often as your mind wanted such assistance, you would soon find a benefit

that would well reward your labour. On the contrary, whenever you have found yourself very much indisposed for prayer, reflect with yourself what state you were then in, what had happened unto you, what thoughts you had in your head, what passions were then awakened, what you had been doing or were intending to do; for when you have found out that state that you were then in, you have found out the real hindrances of your devotion, and are made certain what things you are to avoid, in order to keep yourself in a temper of devotion.

If you were here again to make short remembrance in writing of the chief things which at such times rendered you indisposed for prayer, and oblige yourself frequently to read them and reflect upon them, you would by this means set a mark upon everything that did you any hurt, and have a constant faithful information of what ways of life you are most to avoid. If in examining your state you should find that sometimes impertinent visits, foolish conversation, or a day idly spent in civil compliances with the humours and pleasures of other people, has rendered your mind dull and indisposed, and less affected with devotion than at other times, then you will have found that these . . . are such as are to be daily watched and guarded against, by all those who are so wise as to desire to be daily alive with God in the spirit and temper of devotion.

WILLIAM LAW (1686–1761).

'GREATER WORKS THAN THESE . . .'

The Lord foresaw the remarkable extension of Christian activity which would follow His departure, and not only foresaw, but accounted for it. 'It must

be so, for I am going to the Father.' The very journey which seems to put an end to all chance of success is the condition of increased power and efficiency. 'My departure will add immeasurably to your resources, not because it takes me from the world, but because it brings me to the Father. For I go to receive for you that which you could not have while I was with you. You shall do greater things than I have done, because you shall have larger powers granted to you, through my presence in my Father's house.'

So the mystery is partly explained. It is not we who do greater things than Christ, but Christ, ascended and glorified, who does greater things than Christ in the days of His flesh. As Augustine says, both the works of the ministry of which we read in the Gospels, and the works which are done in the Church from the Pentecost to our own day, are the works of Christ: the former were done by Him in person, the latter are done by His Spirit in believers. All the great Christian exploits of the past nineteen centuries are *gesta Christi* no less truly than the Gospel miracles, and they are greater than the greatest of these miracles. Men can and often do hesitate to regard the miracles as historical; but the most unsparing criticism cannot refuse to admit the changes wrought in the world by the faith and Spirit of Christ. What is the raising of the widow's son or of Lazarus compared with the quickening of countless lives through the sacraments and preaching of the Church? What is the turning of water into wine compared with the turning of moral weakness into strength, and of common things in daily use into the communion of the body and blood of Christ?

Greater works than those of a visible Christ shall the

Church do in the power of His invisible presence. Yet these greater works are not to be done automatically, or without spiritual effort on the part of believers; they are to be done in answer to prayer. So the Lord continues: 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, this will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, this will I do.'

The Sermon on the Mount had taught the general lesson that he who would receive anything from God must ask for it. The Last Discourse adds that the believer in Christ must ask in Christ's name. The exact phrase meets us here for the first time, but once uttered it is frequently repeated in the discourse. Its meaning may be gathered from the Lord's use elsewhere of the words 'in my Father's name.' When He says, 'I have come in my Father's name . . . another shall come in his own name,' He clearly means, 'I represent my Father's mind and will; others will represent none but their own.' When He speaks of 'the works that I do in my Father's name,' He regards Himself as acting by His Father's authority and power. According to the analogy of these and other passages, to ask in Christ's name is to ask as on behalf of Christ, as belonging to Him, and authorised by Him to approach the Father. It is not the use of the formula 'through Jesus Christ' that gains acceptance for our prayer, as though it possessed a magic power to unlock the treasures of divine mercy and grace. The formula serves its purpose if it reminds us that we approach God in our prayers not as having in ourselves any claim to be heard, but as identified with His Son our Lord, with Whom He is well pleased, Whom the Father hears and answers always.

Twice over the Lord assures us that He will do whatsoever we thus ask. 'I will do it'; that is, 'I will make it my business to see that the thing is done.' Christian prayer is normally addressed to the Father, but the answer comes through the Son. It belongs to the glorified Christ to carry into effect the Father's will, to bestow the Father's gifts, in virtue of the universal authority committed to Him in heaven and on earth. In fulfilling this office He not only consults our interest, but He acts for the greater glory of God; His purpose is that the Father may be glorified in the Son. Of His life on earth He could say, 'I seek not my own glory,' and the words are true also of His heavenly life. The aim of His present sovereignty as of His earthly service is the glory of the Father, which reveals itself in the work of Him Who is the very image of His Father's substance. In every answer to his prayer the believer sees afresh the glory of God reflected in the might of Jesus Christ our Lord.

Augustine asks how Christ's 'whatsoever' is to be reconciled with the facts of Christian experience, which shows that many things asked for by the faithful are withheld for their own good. His answer is that 'whatsoever' is limited by 'in my name,' which excludes prayers that are not in agreement with our Lord's saving purpose, or with the divine foreknowledge and will.

H. B. SWETE (1914).

PRAYER

Prayer oneth the soul to God. For though the soul be ever like to God in kind and substance, restored by grace, it is often unlike in condition, by sin on man's

part. Then is prayer a witness that the soul willeth as God willeth; and it comforteth the conscience and enableth man to grace. And thus He teacheth us to pray, and mightily to trust that we shall have it. For He beholdeth us in love and would make us partakers of His good deed, and therefore He stirreth us to pray for that which it pleaseth Him to do. For which prayer and good will, that we have of His gift, He will reward us and give us endless meed. . . .

But when our courteous Lord of His grace showeth Himself to our soul, we have that we desire. And then we see not for the time what we should more pray, but all our intent with all our might is set wholly to the beholding of Him. And this is an high unperceivable prayer, as to my sight; for all the cause wherefore we pray, it is oned into the sight and beholding of Him to Whom we pray; marvellously enjoying with reverent dread, and with so great sweetness and delight in Him that we can pray right nought but as He stirreth us, for the time. . . .

But when we see Him not so, then feel we need and cause to pray, because of failing, for enabling of ourself, to Jesus. For when the soul is tempested, troubled, and left to itself by unrest, then it is time to pray, for to make itself supple and buxom to God. But the soul by no manner of prayer maketh God supple to it; for He is ever alike in love. . . .

And then shall we, with His sweet grace, in our own meek continuant prayer come unto Him now in this life by many privy touchings of sweet spiritual sights and feeling, measured to us as our simpleness may bear it. And this is wrought, and shall be, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, as long till we shall die in longing,

for love. And then shall we all come into our Lord, our self clearly knowing, and God fully having; and we shall endlessly be all had in God. . . .

And then shall we see God face to face, homely and fully. The creature that is made shall see and endlessly behold God Which is the Maker. For thus may no man see God and live after, that is to say, in this deadly life. But when He of His special grace will show Himself here, He strengtheneth the creature above itself, and He measureth the showing, after His own will, as is profitable for the time.

JULIAN OF NORWICH (1342–1442).

INTERCESSION

This was the ancient friendship of Christians, uniting and cementing their hearts, not by worldly considerations or human passions, but by the mutual communication of spiritual blessings, by prayers and thanksgivings to God for one another.

It was this holy Intercession that raised Christians to such a state of mutual love, as far exceeded all that had been praised and admired in human friendship. And when the same spirit of intercession is again in the world, when Christianity has the same power over the hearts of people that it then had, this holy friendship will be again in fashion, and Christians will be again the wonder of the world, for that exceeding love which they bear to one another.

For a frequent intercession with God, earnestly beseeching Him to forgive the sins of all mankind, to bless them with His providence, enlighten them with His Spirit, and bring them to everlasting happiness, is

the divinest exercise that the heart of man can be engaged in.

Be daily therefore on your knees in a solemn deliberate performance of this devotion, praying for others in such forms, with such length, importunity, and earnestness, as you use for yourself; and you will find all little ill-natured passions die away, your heart grow great and generous, delighting in the common happiness of others, as you used only to delight in your own. . . .

When you have once habituated your heart to a serious performance of this holy intercession, you have done a great deal to render it incapable of spite and envy, and to make it naturally to delight in the happiness of all mankind. . . .

But the greatest benefits of it are then received, when it descends to such particular instances as our state and condition of life more particularly require of us. Though we are to treat all mankind as neighbours and brethren, as any occasion offers, yet as we can only live in the actual society of a few, and are by our state and condition more particularly related to some than others; so when our intercession is made an exercise of love and care for those among whom our lot is fallen, or who belong to us in a nearer relation, it then becomes the greatest benefit to ourselves, and produces its best effects in our own hearts.

If therefore you should always change and alter your intercessions, according as the needs and necessities of your neighbours and acquaintance seem to require, beseeching God to deliver them from such or such particular evils, or to grant them this or that particular gift or blessing, such intercessions, besides the great

charity of them, would have a mighty effect upon your own heart, as disposing you to every other good office, and to the exercise of every other virtue towards such persons, as have so often a place in your prayers.

For there is nothing that makes us love a man so much as praying for him; and when you can once do this sincerely for any man, you have fitted your soul for the performance of everything that is kind and civil towards him. This will fill your heart with a generosity and tenderness, that will give you a better and sweeter behaviour than anything that is called fine breeding and good manners. By considering yourself as an advocate with God for your neighbours and acquaintance, you would never find it hard to be at peace with them yourself. It would be easy for you to bear with and forgive those for whom you particularly implored the divine mercy and forgiveness.

Such prayers as these among neighbours and acquaintance would unite them to one another in the strongest bonds of love and tenderness. It would exalt and ennoble their souls, and teach them to consider one another in a higher state, as members of a spiritual society, that are created for the enjoyment of the common blessings of God, and fellow-heirs of the same future glory. And by being thus desirous that everyone should have their full share of the favours of God, they would not only be content but glad to see one another happy in the little enjoyments of this transitory life. These would be the natural effects of such an intercession amongst people of the same town or neighbourhood, or that were acquainted with one another's state and condition. . . .

Intercession is not only the best arbitrator of all

differences, the best promoter of true friendship, the best cure and preservative against all unkind tempers, all angry and haughty passions, but is also of great use to discover to us the true state of our own hearts.

WILLIAM LAW (1686–1761).

INTERCESSION

O most merciful God, to Thine infinite goodness and mercy I commend all my fellow-creatures. Bring in Thine ancient people the Jews; fill up the fulness of the Gentiles; unite and sanctify Thy holy Church; and make us all one fold under one Shepherd, Christ Jesus our Lord; and grant that all who name the name of Christ may depart from iniquity, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

Be particularly gracious to this sinful land; pardon our great and crying impieties; heal our miserable distractions and divisions; turn from us all those evils which we most justly deserve Thou shouldst inflict upon us; and pour out of the abundance of The Spirit upon all orders and conditions of men amongst us, and especially on those whom Thou dost set in authority over us in Church and State, that all may turn unto Thee, from the highest to the lowest, and so thoroughly amend their ways and their doings, that we may be indeed Thy people, and Thou mayest be our God, and rejoice over us to bless us, and do us good from generation to generation. Save and defend our Sovereign: and make Thine anointed servant to be an instrument of Thy mercy and glory here, and a partaker of both hereafter. And O Thou Who art the Lord of the vineyard, send forth, we pray Thee, painful

labourers into Thy vineyard: endue them with Thy grace and heavenly benediction, that they may both save themselves and those that hear them.

Have mercy upon all that are in any affliction of mind, body, or estate: give them patience, comfort, and sure confidence in Thee: sanctify Thy fatherly chastisement to their profit; and in Thy own good time deliver them out of all their troubles. Assist all those who at this time are drawing near their dissolution, and so fit them for the hour of death, that their departure hence may be in peace and in Thy favour. Bless, I beseech Thee, all my relations, all my friends and neighbours; and especially let the hand of Thy blessing rest upon those most dear to me. Bless, O Lord, I earnestly pray Thee, my ——; all those who are in any wise committed to my care, and all who remember me in their prayers, or desire to be remembered in mine: grant them health of soul and body: preserve them from sin and error; make them Thy faithful servants; and defend them evermore with Thy heavenly grace, that they may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, till they come to Thine everlasting Kingdom, for the sake of our blessed Saviour. Amen.

RICHARD HELE (1679–1756).

INTERCESSION—WITH A FAMILY

Let Thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thine unworthy servants; and that we may obtain our petitions, make us to ask such things as shall please Thee, and to offer up our supplications at the throne of Thy grace with humble, lowly, penitent

and obedient hearts; not trusting in our own righteousness, but in Thy manifold and great mercies, in Jesus Christ our Lord.

And O most gracious God and Father, Who for our many and grievous sins, from time to time committed against Thee, mightest most justly have consumed us long ago, but in the multitude of Thy mercies hast hitherto spared us; accept, we most humbly beseech Thee, our unfeigned sorrow for all our former transgressions: and grant that we may never so presume on Thy mercy as to despise the riches of Thy goodness; but let Thy forbearance and long-suffering lead us to repentance and amendment of life; that by the comfort of Thy grace we may mercifully be relieved, and being cleansed from all our sins may obtain of Thee pardon and peace, and serve Thee with a quiet mind, through Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Redeemer.

And forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee, mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts, and make us continually to be given to all good works; that we may begin, continue, and end in Thee, and being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things which Thou wouldest have done; and so run the way of Thy commandments, that we may obtain Thy gracious promises in Christ Jesus our Lord, and be made partakers of Thy heavenly treasure. And we beseech Thee, Who by Thy blessed Son hast promised to them that seek first Thy Kingdom and the righteousness thereof, all things necessary to their bodily sustenance; grant us such a portion of the necessaries and conveniences of this present life as Thou seest to be most expedient for us: be with us in our

going out and coming in; and give us grace to use all Thy blessings as those who must give an account of our stewardship, and know not how soon we may be called to our great reckoning. And we pray Thee, O Lord, Who hast created the light and the darkness, and by the continual interchanges of day and night dost put us in mind of the shortness of our abode here, give us grace to set ourselves seriously about the work of salvation, while the day of salvation lasteth; that when the night of death cometh, we may receive the reward of good and faithful servants, through the all-sufficient merits of our Lord and Saviour.

And we beseech Thee, O Lord, let Thy continual pity cleanse and defend Thy Church; that through Thy protection it may be free from all adversities, and devoutly given to serve Thee in all good works. Bless Thy servant our Sovereign, and all who by Thy providence are set in authority over us; direct and prosper all their counsels and endeavours, to the advancement of Thy glory and the good of Thy Church.

Give Thine especial grace, we humbly beseech Thee, to all those who are called to any office in Thine holy Church; that they may faithfully serve before Thee to the glory of Thy great name, and the benefit of those who hear them. We make our humble supplications unto Thee, the fountain of all goodness, for all our benefactors, friends, and relations, especially for those most near and dear to us; keep them, we beseech Thee, under the protection of Thy good providence; increase and multiply upon them Thy mercy; that Thou being their ruler and guide, they may so pass through things temporal, that they finally lose not the things eternal. Have mercy upon all who are in

trouble, sickness, or necessity: sanction Thy fatherly correction to their profit, and in Thy good time vouchsafe to them a happy issue out of their affliction. Assist Thy servants who at this time are drawing near their dissolution, that their departure hence may be in peace and in Thy favour.

And we desire, O Father of mercies and God of all grace, with unfeigned thankfulness to adore and magnify Thy holy name for Thine inestimable love, in the redemption of the world by the death and passion of our Saviour Christ, both God and man, who humbled Himself even to the death upon the Cross for us miserable sinners, Who lay in darkness and the shadow of death; that He might make us the children of God, and heirs of everlasting life: and we beseech Thee grant, that having this hope in us we may purify ourselves even as He is pure; that when He shall appear again with power and great glory, we may be made like unto Him in His eternal and glorious Kingdom. We render Thee most humble and hearty thanks and praise for our health and strength, for our food and raiment, and for all the good things of this life which by Thy great mercy we enjoy; beseeching Thee still to continue the same unto us, and to give us grace always to use them to the advancement of Thy glory, to the good of our fellow-creatures, and the furtherance of our own salvation. We bless Thee also, O almighty God, for that Thou hast vouchsafed to deliver us from all the perils and dangers of the night past, and hast brought us in our present health and safety to the beginning of another day, beseeching Thee to be with us and watch over us through the same, and to bless us in our going out and coming in, that we may both

faithfully live and walk according to Thy will in this life present, and also may be partakers of everlasting glory in the life to come. Amen.

RICHARD HELE (1679–1756).

INTERCESSION

O Thou Who art Love, and Who seest all the suffering, injustice, and misery which reign in this world, have pity, we implore Thee, on the work of Thine hands. Look mercifully upon the poor, the oppressed, and all who are heavy laden with error, labour and sorrow. Fill our hearts with deep compassion for those who suffer, and hasten the coming of Thy Kingdom of justice and truth. Amen.

EUGÈNE BERSIER.

BIRTHDAY OR NEW YEAR

Almighty and everlasting God, in Whose hands are life and death, by Whose will all things were created, and by Whose providence they are sustained, I Thine unworthy servant give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for that Thou hast given me life, and that Thou hast continued it to this time; that Thou hast hitherto forborne to snatch me away in the midst of sin and folly, and hast permitted me still to enjoy the means of grace, and hast vouchsafed to call me yet again to repentance. Grant, O merciful Lord, that Thy call may not be in vain; that my life may not be continued to increase my guilt, and aggravate my account, and that Thy gracious forbearance may not harden my heart in wickedness. Let me remember, O my God, that

as days and years pass over me I approach nearer to the grave where there is no repentance; and grant that by the assistance of Thy Holy Spirit I may so pass through this life that I may attain life everlasting, for the sake of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709–1784).

DAILY WORK

O Lord, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to our daily work, that we may do it in faith and heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and we would fain devote them to Thy service. Sanctify them, and the work in which they are engaged; let us not be slothful, but fervent in spirit, and do Thou, O Lord, so bless our efforts that they may bring forth in us the fruits of true wisdom. Teach us to seek after truth, and enable us to gain it; but grant that we may ever speak the truth in love; that while we know earthly things we may know Thee and be known by Thee, through and in Thy Son Jesus Christ. Give us this day Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be Thine in body and spirit in all our work and all our refreshments, through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord. Amen.

THOMAS ARNOLD (1795–1842).

MORNING

Shine into our hearts, O loving Master, by the pure light of the knowledge of Thyself; and open the eyes of our mind to the contemplation of Thine evangelic teaching, and put into us the fear of Thy blessed com-

mandments; that trampling down all carnal appetites we may follow a spiritual life, thinking and doing all things according to Thy good pleasure. For Thou art our sanctification and illumination, and to Thee we render glory, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit now and ever and unto ages of ages. Amen.

DAYBREAK OFFICE OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

We give Thee thanks, holy Lord, Father almighty, everlasting God, Who hast been pleased to bring us through the night to the hours of morning. We pray Thee to grant us to pass this day without sin, so that at eventide we may again give thanks to Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GELASIAN.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, the God of our fathers, Who turnest the shadow of death into the morning; Who hast lightened mine eyes, that I sleep not in death. O Lord, blot out as a night-mist mine iniquities. Scatter my sins as a morning cloud. Grant that I may become a child of the light and of the day. Vouchsafe to keep me this day without sin. Uphold me when I am falling, and lift me up when I am down. Preserve this day from any evil of mine, and me from the evils of the day. Let this day add some knowledge or good deed to yesterday. O let me hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning, for in Thee is my trust. Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Thou art my God. Let Thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness. Amen.

BISHOP LANCELOT ANDREWES (1555–1626).

Glory be to Thee, O Lord; glory be to Thee. That this day, and every day, may come on, perfect, holy, peaceable, and without sin, grant, Lord, we beseech Thee. What things are good and profitable to our souls, together with peace in this world, grant, Lord, we beseech Thee. That we may accomplish the rest of our life in repentance and godly fear, in health and peace, grant, Lord, we beseech Thee. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report—that we may think on these things to do them, grant, Lord, we beseech Thee. A Christian end of our life, without sin, without shame, and if Thou thinkest good without pain; when Thou wilt and as Thou wilt, grant, Lord, we beseech Thee. Amen.

BISHOP LANCELOT ANDREWES

AN EVENING PRAYER

Blessed be Thy holy name, O Lord my God, for Thy gracious protection and preservation of me the day past; for defending me from innumerable evils to which I have been exposed; and for continuing to me the comforts of this life and the hope of life everlasting.

O heavenly Father, forgive, I humbly beseech Thee, for Jesus Christ's sake, whatever Thou hast seen amiss in me this day, in my thoughts, words, and actions; and assist me with Thy Holy Spirit, that I may henceforth earnestly endeavour to resist and conquer every evil inclination within me, and every temptation from without.

That which I know not, teach Thou me: instruct me in all my duty both towards Thee and towards men: and give me grace always to think and to do those things that are good and well-pleasing in Thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And now, O Lord, I go to my bed, not knowing but that I may awake in another world; but whether I live or die, I commend myself to Thy mercy and goodness. O Thou Keeper of Israel, that neither slumberest nor sleepest, be graciously pleased to watch over me this night. Keep me by Thy grace from all works of darkness, and defend me by Thy power from all dangers. Grant me comfortable and refreshing sleep, such as may fit me for the duties of the day following. And, Lord, make me ever mindful of that time when I shall lie down in the dust; and because I know neither the day nor the hour of my Master's coming, grant me grace that I may be always ready; that I may never live in such a state as I should fear to die in; but that whether I live, I may live unto the Lord, or whether I die, may die unto the Lord; so that living or dying I may be Thine, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

RICHARD HELE (1679–1756).

EVENING

Be present, O Lord, to our prayers, and protect us by day and night, that in all successive changes of times we may ever be strengthened by Thine unchangeableness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

LEONINE.

Thine is the day, O Lord, and Thine is the night. Grant that the Sun of righteousness may abide in our hearts, to drive away the darkness of wicked thoughts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GELASIAN.

USE OF TIME

O eternal God, Who from all eternity dost behold and love Thy own glories and perfections infinite, and hast created me to do the work of God after the manner of men, and to serve Thee in this generation and according to my capacities; give me Thy grace, that I may be a curious and prudent spender of my time, so as I may best prevent or resist all temptation, and be profitable to the Christian commonwealth, and by discharging all my duty may glorify Thy name. Take from me all slothfulness, and give me a diligent and an active spirit, and wisdom to choose my employment; that I may do works proportionable to my person, and to the dignity of a Christian, and may fill up all the spaces of my time with actions of religion and charity; that when the devil assaults me he may not find me idle, and my dearest Lord at His sudden coming may find me busy in lawful, necessary, and pious actions; improving my talent entrusted to me by Thee, my Lord; that I may enter into the joy of my Lord, to partake of His eternal felicities, even for Thy mercy's sake, and for my dearest Saviour's sake.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

THANKSGIVING

O Lord my God, for life and reason, nurture, preservation, guidance, education; for Thy gifts of grace and nature, for Thy calling, recalling, manifold recalling me again and again. For Thy forbearance, long-suffering, and long long-suffering toward me, even until now; for all from whom I have received any good or help; for the use of Thy present good things; for Thy promise, and my hope, of good things to come.

For all these things, and for all other, which I know, which I know not, manifest or secret, remembered or forgotten by me, I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I give Thee thanks; and I will praise and bless and give Thee thanks all the days of my life.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me? Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power. Amen.

BISHOP LANCELOT ANDREWES (1555–1626).

VI
LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE

INFANCY

Sleep, baby, sleep! What ails my dear,
What ails my darling thus to cry?
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
To hear me sing thy lullaby.
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear?
What thing to thee can mischief do?
Thy God is now thy Father dear,
His holy Spouse thy mother too.
Sweet baby then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep. . . .

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be;
Thine Elder Brother is a King,
And hath a Kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep and nothing fear;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy protector threatened are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.
Sweet baby then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He;
And strength in weakness once was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be conveyed.
Sweet baby then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep. . . .

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease,
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay and asses fed:
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;
And by His torments and His pain
Thy rest and ease securèd be.
My baby then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast yet more, to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.
Sweet baby then forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667).

CHILDHOOD

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud, or flower,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!

That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk and staggers in the way.
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move,
And when this dust falls to the urn
In that state I came return.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622–1695).

CHILDHOOD

A dreary place would be this earth,
  Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
  Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms like buds to grow
  And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow
  To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
  Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
  And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm
  Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
  Were there no little people in it.

J. G. WHITTIER (1807–1892).

COURAGE

Great-Heart.—Then this was your victory, even your faith.

Valiant-for-Truth.—It was so; I believed, and therefore came out, got into the way, fought all that set themselves against me; and by believing am come to this place.

Who would true valour see,
  Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
  Come wind, come weather;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
  To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
  With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
  His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
  To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
  Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
  Shall life inherit.

Then, fancies, flee away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688).

COURAGE

The naked earth is warm with spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

And life is colour and warmth and light,
And striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight,
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The dog-star and the sisters seven,
Orion's belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather,
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, 'Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing.'

In dreary, doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;—
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air death moans and sings,
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

JULIAN GRENFELL (1888–1915).

COURAGE

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH (1819–1861).

COURAGE

When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed its banks in some places; but Mr. Honest in his life-time had spoken to one Good-Conscience to meet him there; the which he also did, and lent him his hand and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, 'Grace reigns': so he left the world. After this it was noised abroad

that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other, and had this for a token that the summons was true, that his pitcher was broken at the fountain. When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles, who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side; into which as he went he said, Death, where is thy sting? And as he went down deeper he said, Grave, where is thy victory? So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688).

COURAGE

The cold courage of a man like Noguchi, who though in failing health went into one of the unhealthiest parts of Africa to study a deadly disease, could come only from a nature which was overwhelmingly interested in objects outside itself. Noguchi must have known exactly how dangerous it was for him to go to Africa, and exactly how horrible was the disease to which he exposed himself. To have gone any way is really to have cared for science in a way in which very few care for anything so remote and impersonal. But even courage like Noguchi's is more comprehensible than

the courage which anonymous men have displayed. I am thinking of the four soldiers at the Walter Reed hospital who let themselves be used for the study of typhoid fever. They did not have even Noguchi's interest in science to buoy them up and carry them past the point where they might have faltered. Their courage was as near absolute courage as it is possible to imagine, and I who think this cannot even recall their names.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

PATRIOTISM

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no question; the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

But there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE (1859–1918).

SURSUM CORDA

'Lift up your hearts.' We lift them, Lord, to Thee;
Here at Thy feet none other may we see:
'Lift up your hearts.' E'en so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of light, lift all our hearts to-day!

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of truth, lift every Christian soul.

Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast given;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven:
Low lie the bounding heart and teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

Then, as the trumpet-call in after years
'Lift up your hearts' rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond with full accord
'We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.'

H. M. BUTLER (1833–1918).

LONGING

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glows down the wished Ideal;
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope
That we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realise our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons—

That some slight good is also wrought
  Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
  Howe'er we fail in action.

J. R. LOWELL (1819–1891).

'CHOOSE YE THIS DAY . . .'

Once to every man and nation
  Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
  For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
  Offering each the bloom or blight—
And the choice goes by for ever
  'Twixt that darkness and that light.

Then to side with truth is noble,
  When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
  And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
  While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
  Of the faith they had denied.

By the light of burning martyrs,
  Christ, Thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
  With the cross that turns not back.
New occasions teach new duties;
  Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
  Who would keep abreast of truth.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

J. R. LOWELL (1819–1891).

'EIN' FESTE BURG'

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell,
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth at this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But spite of hell, shall have its course,
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all;
The city of God remaineth.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881), FROM LUTHER.

'ONE HOPE OF OUR CALLING'

For there is threefold oneness with the One;
And he is one, who keeps
The homely laws of life; who if he sleeps
Or wakes, in his true flesh God's will is done.

And he is one, who takes the deathless forms,
Who schools himself to think
With the All-thinking, holding fast the link,
God-riveted, that bridges casual storms.

But tenfold one is he, who feels all pains
  Not partial, knowing them
  As ripples parted from the gold-beaked stem
Wherewith God's galley ever onward strains.

To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
  Of that serene endeavour,
  Which yields to God for ever and for ever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills.

T. E. BROWN (1830–1897).

DUTY

Stern daughter of the Voice of God!
  O Duty! if that name you love,
Who art a light to guide, a rod
  To check the erring and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calms the weary strife of frail humanity.

Serene will be our days and bright,
  And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
  And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support according to their need.

Stern lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power,
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850).

DISCIPLINE

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man from day to day
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568–1639).

DISCIPLINE

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven Who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That in our time Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

'THE CHILDREN'S SONG' BY
RUDYARD KIPLING (1865–1936).

'WHAT DOTH THE LORD REQUIRE OF THEE?'

We live by faith; but faith is not the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
Nature's and duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footsteps in our daily ways?

No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life,
Whose very breathing is unworded praise!
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is good.

J. G. WHITTIER (1807–1892).

'THESE DIED IN FAITH . . .'

Love winged my hopes and taught me how to fly
Far from base earth, but not to fly too high:
For true pleasure
Lives in measure,
Which if men forsake,
Blinded they into folly run and grief for pleasure take.

But my vain hopes, proud of their new-taught flight,
Enamoured sought to win the Sun's fair light;
Whose rich brightness
Moved their lightness
To aspire so high
That all scorched and consumed with fire now drowned in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woeful hap did rue,
For Love did know that their desires were true;
Though Fate frowned,
And now drowned
They in sorrow dwell,
It was the purest light of heaven for whose fair love they fell.

ANONYMOUS (Sixteenth Century).

'KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS'

Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a verser who may chance
Rhyme thee to good and make a bait of pleasure.
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in baptism washed with His own blood.
It blots thy lesson written in thy soul;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choice of paths: take no by-ways;
But gladly welcome what He doth afford;
Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
Continence hath his joy; weigh both, and so
If rottenness hath more, let heaven go. . . .

Take not His name, Who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain;
But the cheap swearer through his open sluice
Lets his soul run for nought, as little fearing.
Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing. . . .

Lie not, but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby. . . .

When thou dost purpose ought within thy power,
Be sure to do it, though it be but small;
Constancy knits the bones, and makes us stour,
When wanton pleasures beckon us to thrall.
Who breaks his own bond, forfeiteth himself;
What nature made a ship, he makes a shelf.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly;
Think the King sees thee still; for his King does.
Simpering is but a lay-hypocrisy;
Give it a corner and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask. .

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it; else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone. . . .

Be useful when thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixed with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where
And when and how the business may be done.
Slackness breeds worms; but the sure traveller,
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone;
Write on the others, Here lies such a one. . . .

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty king;
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use. . . .

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it; if, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633).

MARRIED LOVE

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:

O no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616).

MARRIAGE

This state hath proper exercises and trials for those graces, for which single life can never be crowned; here is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relatives; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre: marriage is the nursery of heaven; the virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to Him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts; it hath in it less of beauty but more of safety than the single life; it hath more care but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms and fills cities and churches and

heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world. . . .

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace and a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise, for nothing can sweeten felicity itself, but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon, her eyes are fair as the light of heaven, she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No one can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society; but he that loves not his wife and children feeds a lioness at home, and broods a nest of sorrows;

and blessing itself cannot make him happy; so that all the commandments of God enjoining a man to love his wife are nothing but so many necessities and capacities of joy. She that is loved is safe, and he that loves is joyful. Love is a union of all things excellent; it contains in it proportion and satisfaction, and rest and confidence.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

REMEMBER NOT THE SINS OF MY YOUTH '

When I look back, and in myself behold
The wandering ways, that youth could not descry:
And marked the fearful course that youth did hold,
And met in mind each step youth strayed awry;
My knees I bow, and from my heart I call,
O Lord, forget these faults and follies all!

For now I see how void youth is of skill,
I see also his prime time and his end:
I do confess my faults and all my ill,
And sorrow sore for that I did offend.
And with a mind repentant of all crimes
Pardon I ask for youth ten thousand times.

The humble heart hath daunted the proud mind;
Eke wisdom hath given ignorance a fall;
And wit hath taught that folly could not find,
And age hath youth her subject and her thrall.
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truth,
Pardon the faults committed in my youth. . . .

Thou that by power to life didst raise the dead:
Thou that of grace restorest the blind to sight:
Thou that for love Thy life and love outbled:
Thou that of favour made the lame go right:
Thou that canst heal, and help in all assays,
Forgive the guilt that grew in youth's vain ways.

And now that I, with faith and doubtless mind,
Do fly to Thee by prayer, to appease Thy ire;
And since by Thee I only seek to find,
And hope by faith to attain my just desire;
Lord, mind no more youth's error and unskill,
And able age to do Thy holy will.

LORD VAUX (1510–1556).

AFFLICTION

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee: do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow,
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast; allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;
Confirming, cleansing, rising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

AUBREY DE VERE (1814–1902).

RESIGNATION

O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
  I will lie still—
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
  And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
  In perfect rest.

Come, self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in holiness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye serene
Their blessing, who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,
And upward gaze with eagle eyne,
That by each golden crown on high,
Rich with celestial jewelry,
Which for our Lord's redeemed is set,
There hangs a radiant coronet,
All gemmed with pure and living light,
Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,
Prepared for virgin souls, and them
Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,
Must win their way through blood and fire.
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget,
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er He go,
By purest pleasures unbeguiled
To idolise or wife or child;
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round His throne.

JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866).

BLINDNESS

Hail, holy light, offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the eternal co-eternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light
And never but in unapproached light

Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence uncreate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of chaos and eternal night,
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
Revisitst not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath
That wash thy hallowed feet and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two, equalled with me in fate
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Maeonides,
And Tiresias and Phineus prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note: thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674).

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN

Our experience is the working out of a change in man; or to speak in clearer and more familiar terms, it is the carrying out of man's redemption.

It is clear that if this thought could be accepted as the truth, it would fulfil the conditions for a complete change in our thought of life. To connect all our experience with such an end would enable us to read it entirely anew. For by giving to our pains a place of use and necessity, not centred on ourselves but extending to others, and indeed affecting others chiefly, as existing for and essential to God's great work in

the world;—by giving to our painful experience this place, its whole aspect would be altered. It would come within the sphere of that pain which is capable of being the instrument of joy; which exhibits the highest good we can in our present state attain—the pain, that is, of martyrdom and sacrifice. Nor are we left indeed to rest merely in this general thought: it comes to us realised in the highest form, and raises our souls to a height which might seem too awful and full of joy. For so regarded, all our pains—all human pain and loss—identify themselves, in meaning and in end, with the sufferings of Christ. He stands as the revealer to us of human life; and the emotions which His story awakens within us become the pattern of those with which all distress may be encountered and every loss accepted.

And surely we may at least say this: If God would give us the best and greatest gift, that which above all others we might long for and aspire after, even though in despair, it is this that He must give us, the privilege He gave His Son, to be used and sacrificed for the best and greatest end. Nothing else could so fill our nature or satisfy our hearts as this, that Christ's own life should be renewed, His work fulfilled in us; that we should be united with Him so, and feel the wonderful words of St. Paul true of our own poor and blank-seeming sorrows: 'I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ for His body's sake, which is the Church'; our sufferings being related to an end which is not merely ours, an end that is of all ends the greatest and the best.

For we are so made as to rejoice in others' good, to find in it indeed our highest joy, to rejoice above all

in serving it. And if this thought of human life is true, we see that the Gospel addresses man as constituted thus. Surely it should do so. If it came to us on any other ground, it would be addressing itself not only to lower but to weaker elements within us. It would pass by the worthiest part of us, the part most kindred to itself. For with what light does the Gospel come, what revelation does it make but this, that God's highest joy is in others' good? nay, that His great heart is impatient of their misery, and springs forward with an eager haste to take it on Himself, finding therein alone the means to make us know Him.

When we look there, we can see why God is the blest, the happy Being. We should be happy too if we had love, and found it for such a work; if we might take the human sorrow and bear it on our hearts, and give our lives and our sorrows for the redemption of the world. If we might undertake that work, a small, the smallest part of it, and live for that and die for it, that would be God's greatest gift to us.

His best gift then would be not in our pleasures but in our sorrows; in our losses and evils, not in our possessions or delights. If this one fact of the use of our lives by God in the redemption of the world were true, the very foundations of our life would be changed, the current of our thought and feeling must pour itself through a new channel.

The view then that I desire to suggest rests upon these two thoughts; that there is something accomplished in our experience which is unseen by us; and that sacrifice for others is a good. For this unseen work that is done through us is something done for others.

With this view I think we shall find hereafter that

both the facts of life and the constitution of our own nature so evidently agree as to give it the greatest possible confirmation. But I must first say a few words respecting the demand which is thus made upon us to recognise the existence of an unseen fact in all that we experience.

It is evident that all the effects of the events with which we are concerned are not, and could not possibly be, perceived by us. We see and feel things—alike the great ones and the small ones, as we esteem them—only as they affect our senses; that is, only in small part and for a short time. They soon pass beyond our sight, and while they are within it they never show us all they are, often those which are the greatest seeming to us the least. How little we are able, often, to calculate the influence even upon our own future of events or actions of which we seem to have the most perfect knowledge at the time. And of the effects of these events on others, which must go on, as far as we can estimate, without any end, only the smallest fragment is within our view. It is one of the first lessons taught men by experience, not to judge of events by what they seem alone, but to remember that there may be much more involved in them than appears. To judge of our life then merely by that which is seen of it, is to commit ourselves to certain error. . . .

And this principle is established not only by experience; it is the lesson which, almost more than any other, science teaches us also. In exploring the material world, we soon find that in order to understand any part of it aright, we must recognise things which are unseen, and have regard to conditions or to

actions which do not come within our direct perception. It is enough to instance the pressure of the air, of which we have no consciousness, the motion of the earth, equally unperceivable by us; the hidden force lurking in unseen atoms, of chemical affinity, or electricity; the vibrations which traverse the universal ether; and in fine that invisible unity which makes all her forces one, whereby, holding to the unseen, man has traced out in nature a perfect order amid all confusion. . . .

And thus, when it is said that all human experience is the working out of the redemption of the world, the restoration and perfecting of man's being, it is no difficulty in the way, or evidence to the contrary, that it is not visibly so. . . . We are not bidden to follow causes to far distant and remote events. The demand is not for a larger intellectual view, but for faith; for that which is the common and inevitable basis of all religion, and is the foundation-stone of Christianity. We have to recognise a fact no human eye indeed can fully trace, but which God reveals. . . .

Our own experience may solve for us the problem how God is incapable of suffering and yet reveals Himself to us as a sufferer. The seeming contradiction here is only that which the intellect encounters in everything that is true of our own life. Love cannot be explained, made manifest of what nature it is, except by an exhibition of the toil, the abnegation, the sacrifice, that are in it. Seeking for happiness, craving for good, we grasp at pleasure and turn away from pain. God must teach us better. . . . The only happiness He has or can bestow bears martyrdom within it. . . . He stands our great example, not exempting Himself

from toils and sacrifices which He lays on us; . . . but with so large a heart accepting them, that they are transfigured into the very brightness of His glory, and our dim eyes cannot discern them, save as they are shown us with the brightness veiled, the glory banished, the love itself subdued to a less burning flame. . . . It is sacrifice binds us to God, and makes us most like Him; sacrifice that to us is sorrow, wanting life and love; but to Him, supreme in both, is joy.

And when we say that pain is an evil, we can only rightly mean that our feeling it to be pain is an evil. That marks defeat and want, failure of our proper manhood, shortcoming from our privilege of joy. From pain we may well seek and pray to be delivered; but by what deliverance? It may be banished in two ways—by taking away, or by adding. Pain may be removed passively by the removal of that which is its cause, letting us relapse into mere repose, which may seem joy by contrast, or by the deadening of the sensibility, that shall banish alike pain and pleasure. But it may also be removed actively, positively; not by the absence of the cause nor by diminished feeling, but by a new and added power, which shall turn it into joy—a joy like God's.

In the presence of pain the basis is laid of an exquisite delight; should we not seek it? Should we not believe that God will give it? If the thought seems too great for us, is it not therefore more befitting Him, more like what we have learnt of Him? And if He must new create us in order to give us happiness like this, has He not promised to create us anew? Nay, do we not find here confirmation of His promise, finding our need for its fulfilment?

Since love then is in sacrifice, we see that to creatures such as we are, failing of our manhood, pain must be. We see that our Maker, assuming our condition in order that we may know Him, also assumes and must assume our sorrow, pre-eminent therein. We see too that deliverance from pain must be wrought out within; it must be by a change of life, not of circumstance. However the latter may be altered, till love itself shall change, this fact can never alter—that only in the form of what we call sacrifice can our true good be given us. Whatever else may pass or change, of this we may be sure, that till God cease to love us we shall stand face to face with sacrifice. Of this, as of our Maker's presence, we may say: If I ascend into heaven Thou art there; if I make my bed in Hades behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. For where God is, there is love.

JAMES HINTON (1822–1875).

DOUBT

I have a life with Christ to live,
  But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
  Of this and that book's date?

I have a life in Christ to live;
  I have a death in Christ to die;
And must I wait till science give
  All doubts a full reply?

Nay rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
  Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
  Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,
  Come unto Me and rest;
  Believe me and be blest.

J. C. SHAIRP (1819–1885).

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

To many this seems a hard speech—Deny thyself, take up thy Cross, and follow Jesus. But much harder will it be to hear that last word—Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire. For they who now willingly hear and follow the word of the Cross shall not then fear to hear of eternal damnation.

The Cross will be the sign in heaven when the Lord shall come to judgment. Then all the servants of the Cross who in their lifetime conformed themselves to the Crucified shall draw near to Christ the Judge with great confidence.

Why then fear to take up the Cross? In the Cross is salvation, in the Cross is life; in the Cross is protection from enemies, in the Cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness, in the Cross is strength of mind, in the Cross joy of spirit, in the Cross the height of virtue, in the Cross perfection of sanctity. There is no salvation for the soul nor hope of eternal life, but in the Cross. Take up therefore thy Cross and follow

Jesus, and thou shalt go into life eternal. He went before bearing His Cross and died for thee on the Cross, that thou also mayest bear thy Cross, and desire to die on the Cross with Him. For if thou be dead with Him, thou shalt also live with Him. And if thou be partaker of His punishment, thou shalt be also of His glory.

Behold, in the Cross is all, and our dying thereon is all, and there is no other way to life and true inward peace but the way of the holy Cross and of daily mortification. Walk where thou wilt, seek what thou wilt, thou wilt find no higher way above, nor safer way below than the way of the holy Cross. Dispose and order all things as thou wilt and judgest, yet shalt thou only learn that thou must always suffer, willingly or unwillingly, and so shalt thou always find the Cross.

For either in thy body thou shalt feel pain, or in thy mind thou shalt suffer tribulation of spirit. Sometimes thou shalt be forsaken of God, sometimes troubled by thy neighbours, and what is more often, thou shalt be a burden to thyself; neither canst thou be delivered or eased by any remedy or comfort, but so long as it pleases God thou must endure. For God will have thee learn to suffer tribulation without comfort, and to submit thyself wholly to Him, and gain humility from tribulation.

No man hath so hearty a sense of the passion of Christ as he who hath suffered the like himself. The Cross therefore is always ready, and everywhere waits for thee. Thou canst not escape it whithersoever thou runnest, for go where thou wilt thou carriest thyself with thee and shalt ever find thyself. Turn upwards, turn downwards; turn outwards, turn inwards;

everywhere thou shalt find the Cross, and everywhere thou must needs keep patience, if thou wilt have inward peace and earn an everlasting crown.

If thou carry the Cross cheerfully it will carry thee, and lead thee to the desired end, namely where there shall be an end of suffering, though here there shall be none. If thou carry it unwillingly, thou makest for thyself a burden, and addest to thy load, and yet thou must bear. If thou cast away thy Cross, without doubt thou shalt find another, and perhaps a heavier.

Thinkest thou to escape what no mortal could ever avoid? Which of the saints in the world was without a cross and tribulation? For not even Jesus Christ our Lord was ever one hour without the anguish of passion as long as He lived. Christ must needs suffer, and rise again from the dead, and so enter into His glory. And how dost thou seek any other way than this royal way which is the way of the holy Cross? Christ's whole life was a Cross and a martyrdom, and dost thou seek rest and joy for thyself? Thou art deceived, thou art deceived if thou seek ought else than to suffer tribulations, for this whole mortal life is full of miseries and marked on every side with crosses.

And the higher a man hath mounted in the Spirit the heavier crosses he will often find, because the grief of his exile increases with his love.

Nevertheless this man, though so many ways afflicted, is not without the refreshment of comfort; for he sees rich fruit accrue unto him by the bearing of his own cross. For whilst he willingly takes it up, all the burden of tribulation is turned into assurance of divine comfort. And the more the flesh is wasted by affliction, the more is the spirit strengthened by inward grace.

And sometimes he is so comforted by desire of tribulation and adversity for his love of conforming to the Cross of Christ, that he would not choose to be without grief and tribulation, because he believes that he shall be dearer to God, the more and the harder trials he is permitted to suffer for Him.

This is not the power of man but it is the grace of Christ, which can do and does so much in frail flesh, that what by nature it abhors and flies from, by fervour of spirit it welcomes and loves. It is not according to man's nature to carry the Cross, to love the Cross; to chasten the body and bring it into subjection; to flee honours, willingly to suffer reproaches; to despise himself and wish to be despised; to endure misfortune and loss, and to desire no prosperity in this world. If thou look to thyself, thou canst of thyself do nothing of the kind. But if thou trust in the Lord, strength shall be given thee from heaven, and the world and the flesh shall be made subject to thy command. Neither shalt thou fear thine enemy the devil, if thou be armed with faith and signed with the Cross of Christ.

Set thyself therefore like a good and faithful servant of Christ to carry manfully the Cross of thy Lord, Who out of love was crucified for thee. Prepare thyself to bear many adversities and divers troubles in this miserable life; for so it will be with thee wheresoever thou art, and so surely shalt thou find it wheresoever thou hide thyself. So it must be; nor is there any means of escape from the tribulation of evil and from sorrow, but only to endure them. Drink the Lord's cup with affection, if thou desire to be His friend and to have part with Him. Leave comforts to God; let Him do therein as shall best please Him. Do thou set

thyself to endure tribulations and count them the greatest comforts; for the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to deserve the glory which is to come, although thou alone couldest suffer them all.

When thou shalt attain to this, that tribulation shall seem sweet, and thou shalt relish it for Christ's sake, then think it to be well with thee, for thou hast found Paradise upon earth. As long as it is grievous to thee to suffer, and thou desirest to escape, so long shalt thou be ill at ease, and desire to flee from tribulation will pursue thee everywhere. If thou dost set thyself to what thou oughtest, namely to suffering and dying, it will quickly be better with thee and thou shalt find peace.

Although thou shouldest have been rapt even unto the third heaven with Paul, thou art not therefore safe to suffer no harm. I will show him, saith Jesus, how great things he must suffer for my name. Suffering therefore still remains, if thou art minded to love Jesus and to serve Him constantly.

O that thou were worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus, how great glory would remain unto thyself; what joy would arise for all God's saints; what edification also for thy neighbour. For all men commend patience; few however are willing to suffer. With great reason oughtest thou cheerfully to suffer a little for Christ's sake, since many suffer more grievous things for the world.

Know for certain, thou oughtest to lead a dying life. And the more any man dies to himself, the more does he begin to live unto God. No man is fit to comprehend things heavenly until he has submitted to bear adversities for Christ's sake.

Nothing is more acceptable to God, nothing more wholesome to thee in this world, than cheerfully to suffer for Christ. And if thou couldest choose, thou shouldest prefer to suffer adversities for Christ rather than to be refreshed with many consolations, because thou wouldest thus be more like Christ, and more conformable to all the saints. For our merit and the advance of our spiritual estate stands not in many delights and comforts: but rather in the patient enduring of great afflictions and tribulations.

Indeed if there had been anything better and more profitable to man's salvation than suffering, Christ would surely have shown it by word and example. For both the disciples that followed Him, and all who desire to follow Him, He plainly exhorts to carry the Cross and saith, If any will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his Cross and follow Me.

So when we have thoroughly read and searched all, be this the final conclusion—that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God.

THOMAS À KEMPIS (1380–1471).

THE BEATITUDES

A study of the Beatitudes will give us the highest illustration possible of the Gospel of the common humanity and the earthly life of our Lord. Blessedness is the highest expression as it is the highest reach and attainment of that life. The life of Jesus would not be a Gospel to us if it were not a revelation and a promise of human blessedness. We see in Him the meaning, the value, the worth, which not only justifies to us and reconciles us to our life and its conditions as

they are, but enables us to find in it the highest satisfaction of which our natures are capable, and the highest enjoyment to which our spirits or personalities can attain. We have already seen that while personal pleasure or happiness or even blessedness can never be the motive, it is in fact the measure and the condition of the highest activity. Mere instinct or mere duty can never lift us to our height. In the first place, perfect functioning or activity *is* perfect pleasure or happiness or blessedness, as the function is particular, general, or universal, and is higher or lower in the scale. And secondly, as the perfection of the activity heightens the pleasure, so reflexively the perfection of the pleasure is necessary to the complete heightening of the function or activity. We can be or do perfectly only that which we supremely love, and which therefore it is our supreme pleasure, happiness, or blessedness, as the case may be, to be or to do. Blessedness therefore, let us repeat, is at once the measure and the condition of the perfect life. . . . When our Lord comes to speak of blessedness, He is describing His own life, and the life that should be ours, in its very fullness and completeness.

The first question is as to the fact, actual or possible, in human life as it is, of such a blessedness. Our Lord's testimony is to the fact of its actuality, and therefore of its possibility. And let us pause to observe that it is testimony, on His part. It is not the immediate revelation of omniscience, but the witness of human experience. He knew that there is a blessedness in human life because He had found it and was in possession of it. He spoke in the name and with the authority of it, and He declared that others might seek

and find and have part with Him in it. The Beatitudes are the revelation of His own humanly discovered and humanly experienced secret of blessedness. There is not one of the human conditions or causes of it which He gives, that He had not Himself tested and proved to the utmost. There is not one of the ingredients of the cup of it that He had not drunk to the bottom. It is true here as always that He spake that Himself knew and testified to that He himself had experienced. He had known the poverty which is the condition of the Kingdom of Heaven, the sorrow without which one cannot experience the divine consolations, the meekness through which He was destined to inherit the earth; He had hungered and thirsted for righteousness and been filled; He had known the mercy to others which is the only mercy to ourselves; through the purity of His human heart He had seen God; in His perfect ministry of peace with God and peace among men He had reached the acme of human attainment, and knew what it is not only to be called but to be the Son of God. He had known too and experienced the blessedness of persecution and reproach and false witness and rejection.

As all the causes and conditions, so all the rewards and enjoyments of this blessedness are described by our Lord as to be found within this present life. Blessed are—not shall be hereafter—those of whom He is speaking. For theirs is—not shall be—the Kingdom of God and its rewards. Even where He speaks in the future, as He continues to do, it is evident that He is speaking of cause and effect here and not hereafter. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. No chastening or affliction is at the moment joyous; it is only afterward that it yieldeth peaceable fruit.

But afterward, in time; if we cannot reap it in time, there is no assurance that we can do so in eternity. St. Paul thanks God that the afflictions of Christ had abounded upon him, not only because thereby he had come to know for himself the comfort that aboundeth through Christ, but because he was thus enabled to comfort others with the comfort wherewith he was himself comforted of God.

Nothing assuredly is better than a blessedness that begins in poverty and sorrow, and has its earthly end in persecution, and illustrates the great truth that the issues of the Kingdom of God are within ourselves, that it is the energies and activities of our own souls in which the abundance of our life consists, and which therefore control or determine or constitute our happiness. It cannot be too often repeated that it is not environment but our reaction upon environment that blesses or curses us. The same environment is equally calculated to make and to mar opposite responses to it. Identical conditions produce the hero and the coward. The career of Jesus Christ, so far as it is a revelation to us from God, or so far as it is a demonstration to us of a fact in itself, reveals and demonstrates to us this truth; that human conditions rightly interpreted and rightly acted upon are the best conditions for the production of a divine human life and blessedness.

If we wish to go more into the details of the blessedness of Jesus, we must analyse the separate Beatitudes, and this we shall proceed to do with at least one or more of them. In the two most definite statements by our Lord of the nature and purpose of His earthly mission, the opening address at Nazareth and the reply

to John in prison, He repeats an expression which is the keynote of His ministry: He anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, and, The poor have the Gospel preached unto them. As the Gospel to the poor was the Divine commission, so was it the human credential of His messiahship.

Who are the poor? Are they the secularly or earthly poor, or the spiritual and heavenly poor? . . . If we read the whole of the two passages quoted from above, we shall see that all the messianic functions . . . may be interpreted as spiritual only, the material becoming mere figure or symbol of the spiritual. . . .

We limit our question, then, to 'Who are the poor in spirit?' Several lines of answer tempt us in different, and perhaps all of them true, directions; the deepest truths are the most many-sided. But let us begin at least by looking for our Lord's own interpretation. The saying must be taken in connection with many others, such as these: They that are whole need not the physician, but they that are sick: I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners. I am come that they that see not may see. They that are whole, they that say they see, they that are already righteous, or think they are, are not objects, because they are incapable of being subjects, of His mission. The blessing of the Kingdom is not for them, because they cannot know the blessedness of it. . . .

No doubt the above covers briefly the general ground of the practical application of the first Beatitude, so far at least as the first condition of blessedness is concerned. It does not touch the second point involved, the content of the blessing attached. But so far as we have gone, may we not attempt to go a little deeper and touch

the philosophy that underlies all the divine teaching? Jesus Christ seems to attach a blessedness not alone to our consciousness of the fact, but to the fact itself of our natural poverty and blindness and sin and death. . . . We are, as constituted by our nature, deficient beings. . . . The deficiency of our nature at the first is a positive blessing, because it is the condition of our acquisition of the second and higher nature which is that of personality. . . .

There is a second truth no less important to the final and entire ascent of our humanity than the first. If our nature was deficient in itself, it is equally true that we are insufficient in ourselves for the yet higher reaches for which our nature prepares us and for which our personal lives and characters are intended to qualify and fit us. Insufficiency does not absolve us from the obligation of ourselves working out our complete and eternal destinies. It only implies that we can do so only in conjunction with something else. Now to have been complete in and of ourselves would have been to be incapable of being more or greater than we are, or are capable of making ourselves. . . . That it is of which our Lord speaks, when He says that He is come that we may have life and may have it more abundantly—more abundantly than nature can supply it to us, or than we can multiply it of ourselves. He is come to bring God into our lives, and with God all those promises and powers of the Kingdom of God, which will suffice to make us not only all that we are but also somewhat of what God is. . . .

Jesus Christ nowhere condemns us for the deficiencies of our nature, nor for the insufficiencies of ourselves. . . . He finds fault that we have not enough of the Spirit to know that we violate it, nor apprehension

enough of the law to know that we transgress it; that we have not enough of holiness to want it, or of righteousness to hunger and thirst after it. Blessed are they that know their own insufficiency, their own poverty and weakness, sufficiently to feel their need of the powers of the world to come, or of the Kingdom of God in their souls. . . .

The distinction among or between men which the New Testament recognises and consistently makes, which our Lord Himself always makes, is not that some men are sinners and some are not, but that some are so content to be sinners that they know not that they are sinners, while others are so convinced and convicted by the Spirit of holiness of their own unholiness, and by the law of righteousness of their own unrighteousness, that they are conscious only of sin in themselves. . . .

For all we have said of the Kingdom of Heaven or of God, I think we need the higher interpretations of our Lord's work and person in order to realise all that is ours in the possession of that kingdom. Some one has said, The Kingdom of God is everywhere if we could but see it; and yet, alas, almost nowhere because so few of us can see it. . . . Jesus Christ has not come so much to create the Kingdom of God without us, as to create within us the power to see it. I am come, He says, that they which see not may see. What we saw and what He would have us see, *is*: all the eternal love that God the Father is, ours; all the infinite grace that God the Son is, ours; all the perfect fellowship or oneness with ourselves that God the Holy Ghost is, ours. If all this is ours, then all things are ours, and all blessedness is indeed ours. . . .

'Blessed are they that mourn.' The explanation of

the necessity of sorrow to blessedness seems to me to be this: the highest blessedness comes to us in the sense of our highest selves. It is the reflex condition of our highest states and energies or activities. Now these can be expressed only by the words holiness, righteousness, life. Let us take the first of these. Holiness, we say, is freedom from sin. For us at least, situated and constituted as we are, that is no true or sufficient definition. Our holiness is no mere freedom from sin; it is a definite relation to, a definite attitude against, sin. . . . The consummate joy of holiness would be incomprehensible and impossible save through a corresponding and equal sorrow for sin. . . . For us there can be no love of good which is not a hatred of evil, and no joy of what we should and would be that is not born of sorrow for what we are.

'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' It is a curious fact, that in all the great answers to the question of human relationship and conduct, the same term has been selected to express the ideal, and that equally in all the inadequacy of the term has been felt and expressed. . . . Our Lord says, 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' And yet we feel that the word meek is scarcely the one to describe Jesus. We feel even that too much application of that term to Him has weakened the popular conception not only of Himself but of Christianity. It has contributed perhaps to the too negative and colourless interpretation of His great principle of non-resistance. . . .

The Son of Man can know but one temper, one attitude or disposition upon earth, and that is not to be

served but to serve, to be not Lord but servant of all. . . . I do not know how we can define or describe in abstract terms the peculiar meekness of Jesus. . . . We can only say that it is the universal attitude of Jesus Christ, and so the essential Christian attitude, in all the personal relations of men, and under all circumstances of possible provocation or trial or temptation. Of course its essential quality is love, the love that never faileth, that can adapt itself to every case and preserve its identity under every transformation, that can be all things and yet always the same thing. . . .

If one wishes to carry out the principles of the kingdom of Christ by the letter of the Sermon on the Mount, he will doubtless encounter great difficulties. Non-resistance to the evil-doer might be the greatest evil we could render him. The one principle underlying all Christian dealing with one another is that in every case we are to consider all 'the things of the other,' and not merely to assert ourselves against him. Now the things of the other must include not alone his immediate or his material good, but still more his moral good, or his spiritual and personal good. If one acts with the wisest and best reference to all that, it may well happen that he might be most truly carrying out the spirit in actually violating the letter of the divine precepts. If our Christianity truly possesses that Spirit of Christ, without which we are none of His, it can be trusted to deal with the letter of His commands.

In the fourth Beatitude we have what is the heart and soul of the theology of both the old and the new scriptures: 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' . . .

Our Lord does not say, Blessed are the righteous, but 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.' He allies Himself with us, with whom righteousness is no fact of our nature nor any achievement of ourselves. It is something we have not and want, something we cannot attain, and look for outside ourselves. We do not hunger and thirst for that which is in or of ourselves, but only for that which comes to us from without, and yet upon which our very lives depend. It might perhaps have been otherwise in almost everything else, but in spiritual things it must needs be so. Righteousness is the most personal thing in the world. It is the act and activity of ourselves. It is nothing if not of our own desire and choice and will and entire personal effort and activity. But we cannot supremely want and desire that which is already ours, or which we can easily ourselves get. The relation to righteousness and the attitude towards it is the ground upon which St. Paul's later developed doctrine rests exactly and securely. We are just or righteous before God, not for any actual or possible righteousness of our own, but because we see in Jesus Christ a divine righteousness, a righteousness of God, made ours by grace on God's part and by faith on ours. Because that righteousness is the supreme object of our desire; because we look upon it as the supreme end and intention of our lives; because we accept it as God's word of promise, of power, and consequently of fulfilment, as regards ourselves: and so appropriate it to ourselves by faith and enter into possession of it in hope—so God accounts it as ours already, as He will make it ours in the end.

'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain

mercy.' Our Lord used no more characteristic expression, none that more exactly defined His own spiritual temper or that more completely differentiated it from that of His opponents, than the saying, 'Go ye and learn what this means, I desire mercy and not sacrifice.' The end of the law, the soul of righteousness, the essence of sacrifice, is love, is mercy. And yet, as we have begun to see, each of these greatest things in the world, the law, righteousness, sacrifice, had come to stand for the opposite of love or mercy. . . . All love or mercy is only so in actual service, and all service is such only in sacrifice. We may give ourselves in many ways and in many degrees, but it is never real sacrifice unless its spirit is love and its form is mercy. What our Lord encountered, and in opposition to which His whole ministry took shape, was not so much the formality, the hypocrisy, the deadness which prevailed, as that worse thing that underlay it all, the total absence of sympathy, pity, compassion, love. . . . These are the things that fill and constitute and make life. These are the fulfilling of the law, the works of righteousness, the offerings up of sacrifice; and under the consecrated names of law, righteousness, and sacrifice to be daily performing acts not only devoid but contradictory of these, was to Him the great and unforgivable offence. . . .

The weakening effects of being mere objects or recipients of mercy are always by our Lord Himself corrected by the condition laid upon us, of being subjects no less, or doers, of mercy. There is nothing in these days so presumed upon as the mercy of God. We confirm ourselves in our indolence and indifference, in our weaknesses and failures and neglects, in our

faults, or vices, our sins, with the thought that God is merciful, that it is inconsistent with His goodness that we should reap the natural consequences of our omissions and our commissions. There are no allowances needed, and there are no allowances made for us under the Gospel of Jesus Christ. . . . Where that was demanded of us which we had not to give, and that was demanded of us which we were unable to perform, there was need for overlooking and passing by and condoning. But Christianity demands nothing of us that it does not give, and what it gives it cannot but demand. . . . Christianity gives us all things, but it requires of us absolutely the all things which it gives us. So it is a delusion to suppose that we may obtain mercy otherwise than as ourselves feel and show mercy. Only so much of what is given or done to us becomes ours and enters into our own salvation as we ourselves give and do of it. All that is not yet assimilated and converted into ourselves is ours either not at all, or is ours as yet only in faith and hope.

'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' The blessedness promised is the vision of God, and the condition attached is the purity of our own organ of spiritual or divine vision. There was nothing upon which our Lord dwelt more solemnly than upon the conditions within ourselves of the knowledge of spiritual things. The hopeless sin of the Pharisees was their spiritual blindness. They could not see the light because they had no longer eyes for the light. When they had got to the point not only of not recognising God in Jesus Christ, but even of seeing in Him Beelzebub, and so calling light darkness, then our Lord pronounces them on the brink of the irreparable, the

unforgivable sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost. And what is that sin for which in the very nature of it there is no repentance, and for which there can be no salvation? It is the sin of having sinned away the power of repentance or the possibility of salvation. . . . The blasphemy lay in attributing to Jesus an unclean spirit; and the guilt lay not in the offence to Him but in the condition it revealed in themselves. To call cleanness uncleanness, and light darkness, and good evil, betrays the last degree of moral blindness, the atrophy and death of the very organ of spiritual vision. We may sin against the Word of God, and even in supposable cases be blameless: because that is a light without us, and we may be honestly mistaken about it. But the Spirit of God is a light within us; it is not the outward light for the eye, but the inward eye for the light; and sin against that is a different thing. . . . The Word of God is the principle of objective divine revelation to us; the Spirit of God is the principle in us of subjective vision, reception, and appropriation of the divine light and life. If one stood at midnight and could see no light, it would not be irreparable. But if he stood at midday and could see no light, it would indeed be irreparable.

The clear of spiritual vision are the pure, the clean, in heart. Our Lord calls it the simple or the single eye; the eye that sees the thing it looks at because it is not looking at so many other things at the same time. It is the other things, that share us with Him and take the larger share, that stand between and hide Him from our sight.

'Blessed are the peacemakers.' When St. Paul speaks of God having been in Christ reconciling the

world unto Himself, he adds that unto us hath been committed the word of reconciliation, the continuation and completion of the mission and ministry of peace. The work of the Peacemaker goes on only through the peacemakers. We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God were entreating by us and beseeching all to be reconciled. . . . In the spiritual half of God's creation only that is done which we also do, only that is accomplished or attained which is accomplished or attained through us. . . .

There is no real peace save in real and perfect oneness with God, and in God with all others and all things else. The present peace lies in the assurance that God has provided that, and holds it in trust for us in Jesus Christ, and that it is not only ours already in faith, but that it becomes ours in fact just so far as we can ourselves make it so. But from the first we are peace-havers only as we are peace-lovers and peace-makers, and nothing so constitutes us in fact sons of God as peace-loving, peace-making, and peace-having.

In the Beatitudes we have the whole spirit, not only of the whole teaching, but of the whole life of our Lord. All that we need or want, to supply our deficiencies or supplement our insufficiencies; all that we must be or do or accomplish or attain for that completeness of ourselves which is synonymous with our blessedness; all that perfection of relation with God and others, which is necessary to the perfect activity and blessedness of ourselves; all that attitude towards persons and things, all the particulars as well as the totality of our environment, which as our own right reaction upon them is the appointed means of forming our characters, determining our personalities,

and shaping our destinies—in a word, everything essential to our being ourselves, performing our parts, and achieving our ends, we see realised and illustrated in the person of Jesus Christ. Therefore we say that the knowing Him is our Gospel, and the being what He is our salvation.

W. P. Du Bose.

REPENTANCE

Then they made them ready with all the haste that might be, with ships and galleys, with Sir Launcelot and his host, for to pass into England: and so he passed over the sea, and arrived at Dover; and there he landed with seven kings, and the number of their men of arms was hideous to behold. Then Sir Launcelot inquired of the men of Dover where King Arthur was become?

Then the people told him how that he was slain with Sir Mordred, and a hundred thousand died upon a day; and how Sir Mordred gave King Arthur there the first battle at his landing, and there was the good knight Sir Gawaine slain; and on the morrow Sir Mordred fought with King Arthur upon Barendown, and there King Arthur put Sir Mordred to the worst. 'Alas!' said Sir Launcelot, 'this is the heaviest tidings that ever came to me. Now, fair sir,' said Sir Launcelot, 'I beseech you show me the tomb of Sir Gawaine.'

And then certain people of the town brought him to the castle of Dover, and showed him the tomb of Sir Gawaine. Then Sir Launcelot kneeled down and wept, and prayed full heartily for his soul; and that night made he a dole. . . . And on the morrow all

the priests and clerks that might be gotten in the country were there, and sung mass of requiem. . . . And Sir Launcelot lay two nights upon his tomb in prayers and in weeping. Then on the third day Sir Launcelot called unto him the kings, dukes, earls, barons, and knights, and thus he said: 'My fair lords, I thank you all of your coming hither into this country with me: but we come too late, and that shall repent me while I live; but against death there may no man rebel. But sith it is so,' said Sir Launcelot, 'I will myself ride and seek my Lady, Queen Guenever, for, as I heard say, she hath had much pain and great disease: And I have heard say that she is fled to the west country. Therefore ye shall all abide me here; and, but if I come again within fifteen days, then take your ships and depart into your countries; for I will do as I have said to you.'

Then came Sir Bors de Ganis and said, 'My lord, Sir Launcelot, what think ye to do? Now to ride in this realm, wit thou well thou shalt find few friends.' 'Be as it may,' said Sir Launcelot, 'keep you still here; for I will forth on my journey, and neither man nor child go with me.' So it was no boot to strive; but he departed and rode westward, and there he sought seven or eight days, and at the last he came upon a nunnery. And then was Queen Guenever aware of Sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloister; and when she saw him then she swooned three times, that all the ladies and gentlewomen had work enough for to hold the Queen up. So, when she might speak, she called the ladies and gentlewomen unto her: 'Ye marvel, fair ladies, why I make this cheer. Truly,' said she, 'it is for the sake of yonder knight which is

yonder; wherefore I pray you all to call him unto me.' And when Sir Launcelot was brought unto her, then she said: 'Through this knight and me all the wars were wrought, and the death of the most noble knights of the world; for through our love that we have loved together is my most noble lord slain: wherefore wit thou well, Sir Launcelot, I am set in such a plight to get my soul's health; and yet I trust, through God's grace, that after my death for to have the sight of the blessed face of Jesu Christ, and at the dreadful day of doom to sit at His right side: for as sinful creatures as ever was I are saints in heaven.

'Therefore, Sir Launcelot, I require thee, and beseech thee heartily, for all the love that ever was between us two, that thou never look me more in the visage; and furthermore I command thee, on God's behalf, right straightly that thou forsake my company, and that unto thy kingdom shortly thou return again, and keep well thy realm from war and wreck. For as well as I have loved thee, Sir Launcelot, now my heart will not once serve me to see thee; for through me and thee are the flower of kings and knights destroyed. Therefore, Sir Launcelot, go thou into thy realm, and there take thee a wife, and live with her in joy and bliss; and I beseech you heartily pray for me unto our Lord God, that I may amend my misliving.'

'Now, sweet madam,' said Sir Launcelot, 'would ye that I should now return again into my country, and there to wed a lady? Nay, madam, wit ye well that I will never while I live; for I shall never be so false to you of that I have promised, but the same destiny that ye have taken you unto I will take me unto, for to please God, and especially to pray for you.'

'If thou wilt do so,' said the Queen, 'hold to thy promise; but I may not believe but that thou wilt return to the world again.' 'Ye say well,' said he; 'yet wist me never false of my promise, and God defend but that I should forsake the world, like as ye have done; for in the quest of the Sancgreal I had forsaken the vanities of the world, had not your lord been; and if I had done so at that time with my heart, will, and thought, I had passed all the knights that were in quest of the Sancgreal, except Sir Galahad, my son. And therefore, my Lady, Dame Guenever, since ye have taken you unto perfection, I must needs take me unto perfection, of right. For I take record of God, in you have I had my earthly joy; and if I had found you so disposed now, I had cast me for to have had you into my own realm and country. But since I find you thus disposed, I endure you faithfully that I will take me to penance, and pray, while my life lasteth, if I may find any good hermit, either grey or white, that will receive me; wherefore, madam, I pray you kiss me once, and never more.' 'Nay,' said the Queen, 'that shall I never do; but abstain you from such things.' And so they departed; but there was never so hard-hearted a man but he would have wept to see the sorrow that they made. . . . And the ladies bare the Queen to her chamber; and Sir Launcelot went and took his horse, and rode all day and all that night in a forest, weeping; and at the last he was aware of a hermitage, and a chapel that stood between two cliffs, and then he heard a little bell ring to mass, and thither he rode, and alighted, and tied his horse to the gate, and heard mass. And he that sung the mass was the Bishop of Canterbury; both

the Bishop and Sir Bedivere knew Sir Launcelot, and they spake together after mass. But when Sir Bedivere had told him his tale all whole, Sir Launcelot's heart almost burst for sorrow; and Sir Launcelot threw away his armour, and said, 'Alas, who may trust this world?'

And then he kneeled down on his knees, and prayed the Bishop for to shrive him and assoil him; and then he besought the Bishop, that he might be his brother. Then the Bishop said, 'I will gladly.' And then he put a habit upon Sir Launcelot; and there he served God, day and night, with prayers, and fastings. . . .

And after five years Sir Launcelot took the habit of priesthood, and twelve months he sung the mass. . . . And upon a night there came a vision unto Sir Launcelot, and charged him, in remission of all his sins, to haste him toward Almesbury, 'and by that time thou come there thou shalt find Queen Guenever dead; and therefore take thy fellows with thee, and also purvey thee a horse-bier, and bring you the corpse of her, and bury it by her lord and husband, the noble King Arthur.' So this vision came thrice unto Sir Launcelot in one night.

Then Sir Launcelot rose up ere it was day, and told the hermit thereof. 'It is well done,' said the hermit; 'look that ye disobey not this vision.' Then Sir Launcelot took his seven fellows with him, and on foot they went from Glastonbury, the which is little more than thirty miles; and thither they came within two days, for they were weak and feeble to go. And when Sir Launcelot was come to Almesbury, within the nunnery, Queen Guenever died but half an hour before; and the ladies told Sir Launcelot that Queen

Guenever had told all ere she died; 'that Sir Launcelot had been a priest near twelve months, and hither he cometh, as fast as he may, for to fetch my corpse; and beside my lord, King Arthur, he shall bury me.' Wherefore the Queen said in hearing of them all, 'I beseech Almighty God, that I may never have power to see Sir Launcelot with my worldly eyes.' 'And this,' said all the ladies, 'was ever her prayer all those two days, until she was dead.' Then Sir Launcelot saw her visage; but he wept not greatly, but sighed. And so he did all the observance of the service himself, both the dirge at night and the mass on the morrow; and there was ordained a horse-bier, and so with a hundred torches ever burning about the corpse of the Queen. And ever Sir Launcelot with his seven fellows went about the bier, singing and reading many a holy and devout orison, and frankincense upon the corpse incensed. Thus Sir Launcelot and his seven fellows went on foot from Almesbury until they came to Glastonbury; and when they were come to the chapel and the hermitage, there she had a dirge with great devotion; and on the morrow the hermit, that was sometime Bishop of Canterbury, sung the mass of requiem with great devotion; and Sir Launcelot was the first that offered, and then offered all his seven fellows; and then she was wrapped in seared cloths of reins, from the top to the toe, in thirtyfold, and then she was put in a web of lead, and after in a coffin of marble. And when she was put into the earth, Sir Launcelot swooned, and lay long upon the ground, while the hermit came and awaked him and said: 'Ye are to blame, for ye displease God with such manner of sorrow-making.' 'Truly,' said Sir Launcelot, 'I trust

I do not displease God, for He knoweth well mine intent, for my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin; but my sorrow may never have an end. For when I remember and call to mind her beauty, her bounty, and her nobleness, that was as well with her King, my lord Arthur, as with her; and also when I saw the corpse of that noble King and noble Queen so lie together in that cold grave, made of earth, that sometime were so highly set in most honourable places, truly mine heart would not serve me to sustain my wretched and careful body also. And when I remember me how I, through my default, and through my presumption and pride, that they were both laid full low, the which were peerless that ever were living of Christian people. Wit ye well,' said Sir Launcelot, 'this remembered of their kindness, and of mine unkindness, sunk and impressed so in my heart, that all my natural strength failed me, so that I might not sustain myself.'

Then Sir Launcelot ever after ate but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned till he was dead; and then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the Bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore, day and night, he prayed, but needfully, as nature required; sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep, and always he was lying grovelling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenever's tomb; and there was no comfort that the Bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of his fellows, could make him; it availed nothing. . . .

So within six weeks after, Sir Launcelot fell sick,

and lay in his bed, and then he sent for the Bishop, that there was hermit, and all his true fellows. Then Sir Launcelot said in dreary tone, 'Sir Bishop, I pray you that ye will give me all my rights that belongeth to a Christian man.' 'It shall not need you,' said the hermit and his fellows; 'it is but a heaviness of your blood; ye shall be well amended by the grace of God to-morrow.' 'My fair lords,' said Sir Launcelot, 'wit ye well, my careful body will into the earth; I have warning more than I will now say; therefore I pray you, give me my rights.' So when he was houseled and eneled, and had all that a Christian man ought to have, he prayed the Bishop that his fellows might bear his body unto Joyous Gard. . . .

So at the season of the night they went all to their beds; for they all lay in one chamber. So after midnight, against day, the Bishop that was hermit, as he lay in his bed asleep, fell on a great laughter; and therewith the fellowship awoke, and came unto the Bishop, and asked him what he ailed? 'Ah, Jesu mercy,' said the Bishop, 'why did ye awake me? I was never in all my life so merry and so well at ease.' 'Why, wherefore?' said Sir Bors. 'Truly,' said the Bishop, 'there was Sir Launcelot with me, with more angels than ever I saw men upon one day; and I saw the angels heave up Sir Launcelot towards heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him.' 'It is but the troubling of dreams,' said Sir Bors; 'for I doubt not Sir Launcelot aileth nothing but good.' 'It may well be,' said the Bishop; 'go ye to his bed, and then shall ye prove the truth.'

So when Sir Bors and his fellows came to his bed, they found him stark dead, and he lay as he had smiled.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (about 1470).

'NO HARDER HELL THAN SIN'

After this the Lord brought to my mind the longing that I had to Him afore. And I saw that nothing letted me but sin. And so I looked, generally, upon us all, and methought: If sin had not been, we should all have been clean and like to our Lord, as He made us.

And thus in my folly afore this time often I wondered why by the great foreseeing wisdom of God the beginning of sin was not letted; for then methought all should have been well. . . . But Jesus, Who in this vision informed me of all that is needful to me, answered by this word and said: Sin is behovable; but all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well.

In this naked word *sin* our Lord brought to my mind generally all that is not good, and the shameful despite and the utter noughting that He bare for us in this life, and His dying; and all the pains and passions of all His creatures, ghostly and bodily, . . . and the beholding of this, with all pains that ever were or ever shall be—and with all these I understand the passion of Christ for most pain and overpassing. All this was showed in a touch and quickly passed over into comfort; for our good Lord would not that the soul were afeard of this terrible sight.

And I saw not *sin*: for I believe it hath no manner of substance nor no part of being, nor could it be known but by the pain it is cause of.

And this pain, it is something, as to my sight, for a time; for it purgeth and maketh us to know ourselves and to ask mercy. For the passion of our Lord is comfort to us against all this, and so is His blessed

will. And for the tender love that our good Lord hath to all that shall be saved, He comforteth sweetly and readily, signifying thus: It is sooth that sin is cause of all this pain; but all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of thing shall be well.

These words were said full tenderly, showing no manner of blame to me nor to any that shall be saved. Then were it a great unkindness to blame or wonder on God for my sin, since He blameth not me for sin.

And in these words I saw a marvellous high mystery hid in God, which mystery He shall openly make known to us in heaven: In which knowing we shall verily see the cause why He suffered sin to come. In which sight we shall endlessly joy in our Lord God. . . .

This is a sovereign friendship of our courteous Lord, that He keepeth us so tenderly while we be in sin; and furthermore He teacheth us full privily and showeth us our sin by the sweet light of mercy and grace. But when we see our self so foul, then ween we that God were wroth with us for our sin, and then we are stirred of the Holy Ghost by contrition unto prayer and desire for the amending of our life with all our might, to slacken the wrath of God, unto the time we find a rest in soul and a softness in conscience. Then hope we that God hath forgiven us our sins; and it is truth. And then showeth our courteous Lord Himself to the soul, well-merrily and with glad cheer, with friendly welcoming as if it had been in pain and in prison, saying sweetly thus: My darling, I am glad thou art come to me; in all thy woe I have ever been with thee; and now seest thou my loving, and we be oned in bliss. Thus are sins forgiven by mercy and grace, and our soul is worshipfully received in joy like as it shall be

when it cometh to heaven, as oftentimes as it cometh by the gracious working of the Holy Ghost and the working of Christ's passion.

Here understand I in truth that all manner of things are made ready for us by the great goodness of God, so far forth that what time we be ourselves in peace and charity, we be verily saved. But because we may not have this in fulness while we are here, therefore it falleth to us evermore to live in sweet prayer and lovely longing with our Lord Jesus. For He longeth ever to bring us to the fulness of joy. . . .

But now if any man or woman because of all this spiritual comfort that is aforesaid, be stirred by folly to say or to think: If this were true, then it were good to sin, to have the more meed, . . . beware of this stirring; for verily if it comes it is untrue, and of the enemy of the same true love that teacheth us that we should hate sin only for love. I am sure by mine own feeling, the more that any kind soul seeth this in the courteous love of our Lord God, the lother he is to sin, and the more he is ashamed. For if afore us were laid all the pains in hell and in purgatory and in earth—death and other—and sin, we should rather choose all that pain than sin. For sin is so vile and so greatly to be hated that it may be likened to no pain which is not sin. And to me was showed no harder hell than sin. For a kind soul hath no hell but sin.

And when we give our intent to love and meekness, by the working of mercy and grace we are made all fair and clean. As mighty and as wise as God is to save men, so willing He is. For Christ Himself is the ground of all the laws of Christian men, and He taught us to do good against ill; here we may see that

He is Himself this charity, and doeth to us as He teacheth us to do. For He willeth that we be like Him in wholeness of endless love to our self and to our even-Christians; no more than His love is broken to us for our sin, no more willeth He that our love be broken to ourself and to our even-Christians: but that we endlessly hate the sin, and endlessly love the soul, as God loveth it. Then shall we hate sin like as God hateth it, and love the soul as God loveth it. And this word that He said is an endless comfort: I keep thee securely.

JULIAN OF NORWICH (1342–1442).

APHORISMS

It is a great deal easier to commit a second sin than it was to commit the first; and a great deal harder to repent of a second than it was to repent of the first.

He that repents is angry with himself; I need not be angry with him.

That which is the best employment here will be the only employment in eternity, and with great improvement and advantage. There we shall have none but good company, and they will be better than they now are. We shall have neither guilt within us, nor enemies about us, nor death before us.

He that gives reason for what he saith has done what is fit to be done and the most that can be done. He that gives not reason speaks nothing, though he saith never so much.

He that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes, and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself will

not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

It had been better for the Christian Church if that which calls itself Catholic had been less employed in creating pretended faith, and more employed in maintaining universal charity.

Men's apprehensions are often nearer than their expressions; they may mean the same thing when they seem not to say the same thing.

Let no man condemn another for such things as he desires God would pardon in himself.

Every misgovernment of ourselves is a punishment of ourselves.

Nothing in religion is a burden, but a remedy or a pleasure.

When the doctrine of the Gospel becomes the reason of our mind, it will become the principle of our life.

I will not make a religion for God, nor suffer any to make a religion for me.

Nothing is worse done than what is ill done for religion. That must not be done in defence of religion which is contrary to religion.

Whosoever scornfully uses any man, disparages himself the human nature.

Religion itself is always the same; but things about religion are not always the same. These have not in them the power or virtue of religion, they are not of a sanctifying nature; they do not purify our minds as the things of a moral nature do; so that religion may stand without them.

Had not infinite goodness been the law of heaven, there had never been any other Being but God.

Deal ingenuously with truth; and love it for itself.

The beginnings of sin are modest; the issues of it are impudent.

All is not done when we have spoken unto God by prayer. Our petitions are to be pursued with real endeavours, and our prayers are to be means and instruments of piety and virtue, and must be subservient to a holy life.

The sense of repentance is better assurance of pardon than the testimony of an angel.

A man is not excessively wicked on a sudden; but no man knows, when he is going, how far he shall go.

He that commands others is not so much as free if he doth not govern himself. The greatest performance in the life of man is the government of his spirit.

If, through the help of God, we do not alienate ourselves from the things of the world, the things of the world will certainly alienate us from God.

The mind of a good man is the best part of him, and the mind of a bad man is the worst part of him.

He that hath no reverence for himself hath no reverence for God.

Some things must be good in themselves; else there could be no measure whereby to lay out good and evil.

Will without reason is a blind man's motion; will against reason is a mad man's motion.

If a man will either enjoy God or himself, let him simplify himself, think and do uniformly; let him have but one governor within himself, and always observe its commands; else a man can have no peace.

Unless a man takes himself sometimes out of the world, by retirement and self-reflection, he will be in danger of losing himself in the world.

The mind, as a glass, receives all images, and the soul becomes that with which it is in conjunction.

Entrance into heaven is not at the hour of death but at the moment of conversion.

Innocency is the best security; it is a perpetual disquiet to have done that which we cannot own.

None can do a man so much harm as he doth himself.

In case of offence, the just man overlooks what is involuntary, and forgets what is voluntary.

In censure, never say the worst, nor even punish to the uttermost; abate something of extremity for thy own sake.

Heaven is first a temper and then a place.

Things themselves speak to us, and offer notions to our minds, and this is the voice of God.

He is not fit to speak in company that has not considered by himself; and he that has done nothing but studied alone is not fit to come into company.

He is a wise man who is not his own fool.

The longest sword, the strongest lungs, the most voices, are false measures of truth.

We should all be wise enough one for another if we were equally honest.

The ground of man's misery is not the first fall but the second fault.

Let all uncertainties lie by themselves in the catalogue of disputables, matters of further inquiry. Let the certains of religion settle into constitution and issue in life and practice.

Where there is only a show of religion there is only an imagination of happiness.

That institution which has but one test for it has never a one.

He that is full of himself goes out of company as wise as he came in.

Sin is an attempt to control the immutable and unalterable laws of everlasting righteousness, goodness, and truth, upon which the universe depends.

In all supremacy of power there is inherent a prerogative to pardon.

If I have not a friend, God send me an enemy.

Darkness spoils modesty; no man blushes in the dark.

Reverence God in thyself; for God is more in the mind of man than in any part of the world besides.

A proud man hath no God; an unpeaceable man hath no neighbour, a distrustful man hath no friend; a discontented man hath not himself.

In acknowledgment of what Christ hath done and suffered, take up this resolution, that it shall be better for every one with whom thou hast to do, because Christ hath died for thee and him.

That faith which is not a principle of life is a nullity in religion.

The more you are offended at your evil thoughts, the less they are of yours; the more they are your burden, the less they are your guilt.

God takes a large compass to bring about His great works.

Some are the worse for their religion, but such religion is certainly bad.

Every man, taken at his best, will be found good for something.

Pride and humility are not distinguished by wealth and poverty.

In worldly and material things what is used is spent; in intellectuals and spiritual things what is not used is not had.

Take away the self-conceited, and there will be elbow-room in the world.

The grossest errors are the abuses of some noble truths.

Among Christians those that pretend to be inspired seem to be mad; among the Turks those that are mad are thought to be inspired.

BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE (1609–1683).

'MEN THAT ARE SETTLED ON THEIR LEES'

If the very law of life is a law of change; if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves; if love and thought and hope would faint beneath the constant light, and need for their freshening the darkness and the dews; if it is in losing the transient that we gain the eternal; then let us shrink no more from sorrow, and sigh no more for rest; but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss and death. Through storm and calm fresh be our courage and quick our eye for the various service that may await us. Nay, when God Himself turns us not hither and thither, when He sends us no changes for us to receive and consecrate, be it ours to create them for ourselves, by flinging ourselves into generous enterprises and worthy sacrifice; by the stirrings of sleepless aspiration, and all the spontaneous vicissitudes of holy and progressive souls; keeping always the moral spaces round us pure and fresh by the constant thought of truth and the frequent deed of love. And then when

for us too death closes the great series of mortal changes, the past will lie behind us green and sweet as Eden, and the future before us in the light of eternal peace. Tranquil and fearless we shall resign ourselves to God, to conduct us through that ancient and invisible way which has been sanctified by the feet of all the faithful, and illumined by the passage of the Man of griefs.

JAMES MARTINEAU (1805–1900).

'THE YEARS THAT THE LOCUST HATH EATEN'

The past is not in any effective sense irrevocable. We may yet make it in large measure what we will. For detached experiences are in themselves mere unintelligible fragments. It is when they are taken as parts of a whole that they have their meaning. And what is the whole of which our past is a part? Is that irrevocably fixed beyond our control? Nay, our past as well as our future shall be what we shall make it. It is a fragment that awaits our interpretation, nay, awaits its full being, its true creation, from the whole.

P. H. WICKSTEED.

'LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED'

Rectitude and uprightness are the health and purity of a man's soul. A man is then right and straight; he is whole within himself, and all things are as they should be. There should never be any transporting imaginations; no discomposure of mind, for that is a failure in the government of a man's spirit. There

ought to be no eagerness or inordinacy towards the things of this world. We should not be borne down by the objects of sense. There ought to be serenity and calmness and clear apprehensions, fair weather within, an intellectual calmness, a just balance, an equal poise of man's mind, no perplexity of soul, no confusion, no provocation, no disturbance, no perturbation. A man should not be borne off from himself, or put out of himself, because things without him are ungoverned and disordered; for these disturbances do unhallow the mind, lay it open, and make it common.

BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE (1609–1683).

'SEEKEST THOU GREAT THINGS FOR THYSELF?'

By the very right of the senses you enjoy the world. Is not the beauty of the hemisphere present to your eye? Doth not the glory of the sun pay tribute to your sight? Is not the vision of the world an amiable thing? . . . Prize these first, and you shall enjoy the residue. . . . Be faithful in a little, and you shall be master over much. If you be not faithful in esteeming these, who shall put into your hands the true treasures? . . . Insatiableness is good, but not ingratitude. It is of the nobility of man's soul that he is insatiable. For he hath a Benefactor so prone to give that He delighteth in us for asking. . . . To what end do men gather riches, but to multiply more? Do they not like Pyrrhus, the King of Epire, add house to house and land to lands, that they may get it all? It is storied of that prince that having conceived a purpose to invade Italy he sent for Cineas, a philosopher and the king's friend; to whom he communicated his design and

asked his counsel. Cineas asked him to what purpose he invaded Italy? He said, To conquer it. And what will you do when you have conquered it? Go into France, said the king, and conquer that. And what will you do when you have conquered France? Conquer Germany. And what then? said the philosopher. Conquer Spain. I perceive, said Cineas, you mean to conquer all the world. What will you do when you have conquered all? Why then, said the king, we will return and enjoy ourselves in quiet in our own land. So you may now, said the philosopher, without all this ado. Yet could he not divert him till he was ruined by the Romans. Thus men get one hundred pound a year that they may get another, . . . and there is no end of all their labour, because the desire of their soul is insatiable. Like Alexander the Great they must have all, and when they have got it all, be quiet. And may they not do all this before they begin? Nay, it would be well if they could be quiet. . . . It was wittily feigned that that young man sat down and cried for more worlds to conquer. So insatiable is man that millions will not please him. They are no more than so many tennis-balls, in comparison of the greatness and highness of his soul.

THOMAS TRAHERNE (1637–1674).

'LET US BE THEREWITH CONTENT'

Among us English-speaking peoples especially do the praises of poverty need once more to be boldly sung. We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. If he does not join

the general scramble and pant with the money-making street, we deem him spiritless and lacking in ambition. We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealisation of poverty could have meant: the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indifference, the paying our way by what we are or do and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly—the more athletic trim, in short, the moral fighting shape. When we of the so-called better classes are scared as men were never scared in history at material ugliness and hardship; when we put off marriage until our house can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank-account and doomed to manual labour, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion.

It is true that so far as wealth gives time for ideal ends and exercise to ideal energies, wealth is better than poverty and ought to be chosen. But wealth does this in only a proportion of the actual cases. Elsewhere the desire to gain wealth and the fear to lose it are our chief breeders of cowardice and propagators of corruption. There are thousands of conjunctures in which a wealth-bound man must be a slave, whilst a man for whom poverty has no terrors becomes a freeman. Think of the strength which personal indifference to poverty would give us if we were devoted to unpopular causes. . . . I recommend this matter to your serious pondering, for it is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilisation suffers.

WILLIAM JAMES.

'THE ORNAMENT OF A MEEK AND QUIET SPIRIT'

My own strong feeling is that the adoption of a settled costume, at any rate in mature life and from conviction, is not only the right and most dignified course on moral grounds, but also that it has in actual experience afforded one more proof that the lower aims of life can thrive only in proportion as they are kept in subordination to the higher. The freedom from the necessity of perpetual changes, which commends itself as suitable to the dignity of women professing godliness, has also the lower advantage of admitting a gradual bringing to perfection of the settled costume itself. We all know how exquisite, within its severely limited range, can be the result. The spotless delicacy, the precision and perfection of plain fine needlework, the repose of the soft tints, combine, in the dress of some lingering representatives of the old school of Quakerism, to produce a result whose quiet beauty appeals both to the mind and eye with a peculiar charm. I cannot think that such mute eloquence should be despised; or that it is unworthy of Christian women to be careful that their very dress shall speak a language of quietness, gentleness, and purity—that it shall be impressed even with a touch of eternity. . . .

In one form or another an ineradicable instinct has prompted Christians in all times to free themselves from luxuries and self-indulgent ways of living; to walk as disciples of Him Who had not where to lay His head; to lay aside not only every sin, but every weight, that so they may run the race set before them, not as beating the air, but as those that strive for the victory.

It is indeed not easy to define the precise kind or amount of luxury which is compatible with Christian simplicity; or rather it must of necessity vary. But the principle is, I think, clear. In life as in art whatever does not help hinders. All that is superfluous to the main object of life must be cleared away, if that object is to be fully attained. In all kinds of effort, whether moral, intellectual or physical, the essential condition of vigour is a severe pruning away of redundance. Is it likely that the highest life, the life of the Christian body, can be carried on upon easier terms?

CAROLINE STEPHEN.

'YOUR REASONABLE SERVICE'

In the state of religion, spirituals and naturals join and mingle in their subjects, so that if a man be in a true state of religion he cannot distinguish between religion and the reason of his mind; so that his religion is the reason of his mind, and the reason of his mind is his religion. They are not two things now; they do not go two several ways, but concur and agree; they both run into one principle, they make one spirit, make one stream. His reason is sanctified by his religion, and his religion helps and makes use of his reason. If you meddle with religion, be intelligent and rational in your religion; study religion till the reason of your minds receives satisfaction; for till then you cannot count it your own, neither call it your own; neither hath it security and settlement in its subject.

BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE (1609–1683).

'DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD'

Not only labour to keep thy mind spiritual in itself, but by it put a spiritual stamp even upon thy temporal employments; and so shalt thou live to God not only without prejudice of thy calling but even in it, and shalt converse with Him in thy shop, or in the field, or in thy journey, doing all in obedience to Him, and offering all, and thyself on that, as a sacrifice to Him; thou still with Him and He still with thee in all. This is to live to the will of God indeed, to follow His direction and intend His glory in all. Thus the wife, in the very oversight of her house, and the husband, in his affairs abroad, may be living to God, raising their low employments to a high quality this way: Lord, even this mean work I do for Thee, complying with Thy will, Who hast put me in this station and given me this task. Thy will be done. Lord, I offer up even this work to Thee; accept of me, and of my desire to obey Thee in all. And as in their work, so in their refreshments and rest, such Christians pursue all for Him, whether they eat or drink, doing all for this reason, because it is His will, and for this end, that He may have glory; bending the use of all their strength and all His mercies that way; setting this mark on all their designs and ways, this for the glory of my God, and this further for His glory. So from one thing to another throughout their whole life! This is the art of keeping the heart spiritual in all affairs, yea of spiritualising the affairs themselves in their use, that in themselves are earthly. This is the elixir that turns lower metal into gold, the mean actions of this life, in a Christian's hands, into obedience and holy offerings unto God.

ROBERT LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW (1611–1684).

VII
THE JOURNEY'S END

But now, my heart being cured of that wound in which some might discover the fault of earthly feeling, I have poured unto Thee, O God, a very different kind of tears for that handmaid of Thine, the tears which flow from a spirit shaken by the thought of the peril that awaits every soul that dieth in Adam. Although she had been quickened in Christ, and even before her deliverance from the flesh lived so that Thy name was glorified in her faith and conversation, yet I dare not affirm that from the day of her regeneration in baptism, no word issued from her mouth against Thy commandment. . . .

I therefore, O my Glory and my Life, Thou God of my heart, putting aside for a time those good deeds of hers for which I joyfully thank Thee, do now entreat Thee for her sins. Hear me, I pray Thee, by that Medicine of our wounds, Who hung upon the tree, and Who now sitteth at Thy right hand to make intercession for us. I know that she dealt mercifully, and forgave from her heart the debts of her debtors. Do Thou forgive her the debts that she may have incurred in a life of many years, since the time when she entered the water of salvation. Forgive her, O Lord, forgive her, I beseech Thee; enter not into judgment with her. Let mercy rejoice against judgment, for Thy words are true, and Thou hast promised mercy to the

merciful. That they were so was Thy gift, Who wilt have mercy on whom Thou wilt have mercy, and wilt have compassion on whom Thou wilt have compassion. And, as I do believe, Thou hast already done what I ask; yet do Thou accept, O Lord, the freewill offerings of my mouth.

For when the day of her dissolution came upon her, she cared not that her body should be richly shrouded, or embalmed with spices; she desired no choice monument, nor prayed to be buried in her native land. Not such were her last injunctions to us, but only she begged that we would remember her before Thine altar, which she had served without missing a day, whence, as she knew, is dispensed that holy sacrifice, whereby the handwriting that was against us is blotted out, and wherein the enemy is triumphed over, who reckons up our sins, and seeks what to lay to our charge; yet could he find nothing in Him, through Whom we conquer. Who shall repay to Him the innocent blood? Who shall give Him back the price wherewith He bought us, that he should pluck us out of His hand? Unto that sacrament of our redemption Thy handmaid bound her soul with the bond of faith. Let none have power to drag her away from Thy protection. Let not the lion or the dragon bar her path by force or fraud. For she will not answer that she owes nothing, lest she be convicted and seized by the crafty accuser; but she will answer that all her debt has been forgiven by Him, to Whom none can give back the ransom which He Who owed nothing paid on our behalf. May she rest in peace therefore with her husband, her first and only husband, whom she obeyed, bringing forth fruit unto Thee with patience, that she might gain him

also unto Thee. And do Thou inspire, O Lord my God, do Thou inspire Thy servants my brethren, Thy sons, my masters, whom I serve with heart and voice and pen, that whoso reads these pages, may remember before Thine altar Monica, Thy handmaid, and Patricius, once her husband, through whose bodies Thou didst bring me into this life, I know not how. Let them remember with devout affection those who were my parents in this transitory life, those who were my brethren under Thee, our Father, in our Catholic Mother, those who are my fellow-citizens in the eternal Jerusalem, for which Thy people of pilgrims yearn from their going out until their coming home again. So shall her last request be granted to her more abundantly by the prayers of many, through my Confessions more than through my prayers.

ST. AUGUSTINE (354–430).

BEREAVEMENT

Can I, who have for others oft compiled
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
Which like a flower crushed with a blast is dead,
And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,
Expecting with clear hope to live anew,
Among the angels fed with heavenly dew?
We have this sign of joy, that many days,
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.
O may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in him such strong effect I find.

Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above
The course of nature, or his tender age;
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage.
Let his pure soul, ordained seven years to be
In that frail body, which was part of me,
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show
How to this port at every step I go.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1583–1627).

BEREAVEMENT

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere shimmering and decays.

Dear beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark?

And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee,
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622–1695).

BEREAVEMENT

Death was full urgent with thee, Sister dear,
And startling in his speed:—
Brief pain, then languor till thy end drew near—
Such was the path decreed;
The hurried road
To lead thy soul from earth to thine own God's abode.

Death wrought with thee, sweet maid, impatiently:—
Yet merciful the haste
That baffles sickness;—dearest, thou didst die,
Thou wast not made to taste
Death's bitterness,
Decline's slow-wasting charm, or fever's fierce distress.

Death came unheralded:—but it was well;
For so thy Saviour bore
Kind witness, thou wast meet at once to dwell
On His eternal shore;
All warning spared,
For none He gives where hearts are for prompt change prepared.

Death wrought in mystery; both complaint and cure
To human skill unknown:—
God put aside all means, to make us sure
It was His deed alone;
Lest we should lay
Reproach on our poor selves, that thou wast caught away.

Death urged as scant of time:—lest, Sister dear,
We many a lingering day
Had sickened with alternate hope and fear,—
The ague of delay;
Watching each spark
Of promise quenched in turn, till all our sky was dark.

Death came and went:—that so thy image might
Our yearning hearts possess,
Associate with all pleasant thoughts and bright
With youth and loveliness;
Sorrow can claim
Mary, nor lot nor part in thy soft soothing name.

Joy of sad hearts, and light of downcast eyes!
Dearest, thou art enshrined
In all thy fragrance in our memories;
For we must ever find
Bare thought of thee
Freshen this weary life, while weary life shall be.

CARDINAL NEWMAN (1801–1890).

BEREAVEMENT

True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold
When he is sent to summon those we love;
But all God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.
With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant
When Jesus touched the blind man's eyes with clay.
Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.
He flings not ope the ivory gate of Rest—
Only the fallen spirit knocks at that—
But to benigner regions beckons us,
To destinies of more rewarded toil.
In the hushed chamber, sitting by the dead,
It grates on us to hear the flood of life
Whirl rustling onward, senseless of our loss.
The bee hums on; around the blossomed vine
Whirs the light humming-bird; the cricket chirps;
The locust's shrill alarum stings the ear;
Hard by, the cock shouts lustily; from farm to farm,
His cheery brothers, telling of the sun,
Answer, till far away the joyance dies;
We never knew before how God had filled
The summer air with happy living sounds.
All round us seems an overplus of life,
And yet the one dear heart lies cold and still.

It is most strange, when the great miracle
Hath for our sakes been done, when we have had
Our inwardest experience of God,
When with His presence still the room expands,
And is awed after Him, that naught is changed,
That Nature's face looks unacknowledging,
And the mad world still dances heedless on
After its butterflies, and gives no sign.
'Tis hard at first to see it all aright;
In vain Faith blows her trump to summon back
Her scattered troop; yet through the clouded glass
Of our own bitter tears we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God's face;
Earth is too dark, and Heaven alone shines through.

J. R. LOWELL (1819–1891).

'BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH'

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss the inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830–1894).

'GO THOU THY WAY TILL THE END BE'

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!' . . .

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

For thence—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale. . . .

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once 'How good to live and learn?'

Not once beat 'Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete—I trust what Thou shalt do!' . . .

Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!'

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue. . . .

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death, nor be afraid! . . .

Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,

Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice;

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped. . . .

So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889).

THE HAPPINESS OF OLD AGE

I really think that old age is the best part of life, because you see things more truly and impersonally and less under the influence of party or interest or the world (having nothing to fear and nothing to hope for except rest with God) than you did in the days of youth. Also you have the opportunity of doing more good to others and to yourself, because you have more experience and knowledge. Nor is death a terror, but the prospect of it a pleasure and repose, when bodily troubles are beginning to weigh you down.

BENJAMIN JOWETT (1817–1893).

'THERE REMAINETH A REST'

I'm wearing awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearing awa'
  To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
  In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith guid and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
  To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel we are past, John,
And joy's comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
  In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glistenin' e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
An' I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weal, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRN (1766-1845).

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809–1892).

ABDIEL

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of Truth—in word mightier than they in arms—
And for the testimony of Truth hast borne
Universal reproach—far worse to bear
Than violence.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674).

JERUSALEM

Hierusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the Saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
  There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
  But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
  Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
  Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
  With carbuncles do shine;
The very streets are paved with gold,
  Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Hierusalem,
  Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joys that I might see!

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
  Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
  The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
  The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
  And evermore do spring;
There evermore the Angels sit,
  And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tones surpassing sweet;
And all the virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.

Hierusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

ANONYMOUS (about 1580).

'OPEN YE THE GATES'

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have forsaken all for His holy name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying: Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. There came out also to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious voices made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world, and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some

on the right hand, some on the left, as it were to guard them through the upper regions, continually sounding as they went with melodious noise in notes on high; so that the very sight was, to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus therefore they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would by mixing their music with looks and gestures still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the City itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto; but above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever, oh by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed? Thus they came up to the gate.

Now when they were up at the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY. Then I saw in my dream that the Shining Men bid them call at the gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, etc.; to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place: and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received

in the beginning. Those therefore were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, that the righteous nation, said He, that keepeth truth may enter in.

Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo! as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the City rang again for joy; and that it was said unto them, Enter ye into the joy of your Lord. I also heard the men themselves sing with a loud voice, saying, Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688).

THE SOULS OF THE RIGHTEOUS

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died, and their departure was accounted to be their hurt, and their journeying away from us to be their ruin: but they are in peace.

And even if in the sight of men they be punished, their hope is full of immortality; and having borne a little chastening, they shall receive great good; because God made trial of them, and found them worthy of Himself. As gold in the furnace He proved them, and as a whole burnt-offering He accepted them. And in the time of their visitation they shall shine forth, and as sparks among the stubble they shall run to and fro. They shall judge nations, and have dominion over peoples; and the Lord shall reign over them for evermore. They that trust on Him shall understand truth, and the faithful shall abide with Him in love, because grace and mercy are to His chosen. . . .

A righteous man, though he die before his time, shall be at rest. For honourable old age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor is its measure given by number of years: but understanding is grey hairs unto men, and an unspotted life is ripe old age. Being found well-pleasing unto God he was beloved of Him, and while living among sinners he was translated: he was caught away lest wickedness should change his understanding, or guile deceive his soul. For the bewitching of naughtiness bedimmeth the things which are good, and the giddy whirl of desire perverteth an innocent mind. Being made perfect in a little while he fulfilled long years, for his soul was pleasing unto the Lord.

WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

DEATH

They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies, nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same

divine principle, the root and record of their friendship. If absence be not death, neither is theirs; death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas; they live in one another still. For they must needs be present that love and live in that which is omnipresent. In this divine glass they see face to face, and their converse is free as well as pure. This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are in the best sense ever present because immortal.

WILLIAM PENN (1644–1718).

AT THE GOAL

Almighty and eternal God, there is no number of Thy days or of Thy mercies; Thou hast sent us into this world to serve Thee, and to live according to Thy laws. O dear Lord, look upon us in mercy and pity: let Thy Holy Spirit lead us through this world with safety and peace, with holiness and religion, with spiritual comforts and joy in the Holy Ghost; that when we have served Thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a holy conscience; in the confidence of a certain faith, and the comforts of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, and perfect charity with Thee our God and all the world; that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth nor any other creature, may be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

VIII

HOLY SEASONS, WORSHIP, AND SACRAMENTS

WORSHIP

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbèd song of pure concent
Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportioned sin
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him and sing in endless morn of light.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674).

HOLY SEASONS

All things whatsoever having their time, the works of God have always that time which is seasonablest and fittest for them. His works are some ordinary, some more rare, all worthy of observation, but not all of like necessity to be often remembered; they all have their times, but they all do not add the same estimation and glory to the times wherein they are. For as God by being everywhere yet doth not give unto all places one and the same degree of holiness, so neither one and the same dignity to all places by working in all. For if all either places or times were in respect of God alike, wherefore was it said unto Moses by particular designation, 'This very place whereon thou standest is holy ground'? Why doth the prophet David choose out of all the days of the year but one whereof he speaketh by way of principal admiration, 'This is the day which the Lord hath made'? No doubt as God's extraordinary presence hath hallowed and sanctified certain places, so they are His extraordinary works that have truly and worthily advanced certain times, for which cause they ought to be with all men that honour God more holy than other days.

The wise man therefore compareth herein not unfitly the times of God with the persons of men. If any should ask how it cometh to pass that one day doth excel another, seeing the light of all the days in the year proceedeth from one sun, to this he answereth that 'the knowledge of the Lord hath parted them asunder, He hath by them disposed the times and solemn feasts; some He hath chosen out and sanctified, some

He hath put among the days to number.' Even as Adam and all other men are of one substance, all created of the earth, ' but the Lord hath divided them with great knowledge and made their ways divers; some He hath blessed and exalted, some He hath sanctified and appropriated to Himself, some He hath cursed, humbled, and put them out of their dignity ' (Ecclus. xxxiii. 7–12).

So that the cause being natural and necessary for which there should be a difference in days, the solemn observation whereof declareth religious thankfulness towards Him Whose works of principal reckoning we thereby admire and honour, it cometh next to be considered what kinds of duties and services they are wherewith such times should be kept holy.

The sanctification of days and times is a token of that thankfulness and a part of that public honour which we owe to God for admirable benefits, whereof it doth not suffice that we keep a secret calendar, taking thereby our private occasions as we list ourselves to think how much God hath done for all men, but the days which are chosen out to serve as public memorials of such His mercies ought to be clothed with those outward robes of holiness whereby their difference from other days may be made sensible. . . .

' This is the day which the Lord hath made,' saith the prophet David; ' let us rejoice and be glad in it.' So that generally offices and duties of religious joy are that wherein the hallowing of festival times consisteth. The most natural testimonies of our rejoicing in God are first His praises set forth with cheerful alacrity of mind, secondly our comfort and delight expressed by a charitable largeness of something more than common

bounty, thirdly sequestration from ordinary labours, the toils and cares whereof are not meet to be companions of such gladness. Festival solemnity therefore is nothing but the due mixture as it were of these three elements, Praise and Bounty and Rest.

RICHARD HOOKER (1554–1600).

THE CHURCH

City of God, how broad and far
  Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are
  Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
  One stedfast, high intent;
One working band, one harvest-song,
  One King omnipotent.

How purely hath thy speech come down
  From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
  Of freedom, love and truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
  With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
  To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
  In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
  The eternal City stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1822–1882).

MORNING

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask and ask again,
Ever in its melodious store
Finding a spell unheard before.

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest dreariest walk.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky;

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go:
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866).

MORNING

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight:
Perform like you my Maker's will—
O may I never more do ill!

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply;
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Even heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
O never then from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment without Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN (1637–1711).

EVENING

Behold the sun, that seemed but now
  Enthronèd overhead,
Beginning to decline below
  The globe whereon we tread;
And he, whom yet we look upon
  With comfort and delight,
Will quite depart from hence anon,
  And leave us to the night.

Thus Time unheeded steals away
  The life which Nature gave;
Thus are our bodies every day
  Declining to the grave:
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
  Whereon we set our heart;
And when the night of death draws nigh
  Thus will they all depart.

Lord, though the sun forsake our sight,
  And mortal hopes are vain,
Let still Thine everlasting light
  Within our souls remain.
And in the nights of our distress
  Vouchsafe those rays divine,
Which from the Sun of righteousness
  For ever brightly shine.

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667).

GOOD NIGHT

Close now thine eyes and rest secure;
Thy soul is safe enough, thy body sure;
  He that loves thee, He that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling conscience in a sleeping breast
  Has only peace, has only rest:
  The music and the mirth of kings
Are all but very discords, when she sings.
  Then close thine eyes and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

FRANCIS QUARLES (1592–1644).

SUNDAY

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay;
The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way. . . .

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace archèd lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities:
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King;
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope. . . .

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633).

SUNDAY

Most gracious Lord of life, that on this day
  Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And having harrowed hell didst bring away
  Captivity thence captive, us to win.
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
  And grant that we, for whom Thou diddest die,
Being with Thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
  May live for ever in felicity:
And that Thy love we weighing worthily,
  May likewise love Thee for Thyself again;
And for Thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
  With love may one another entertain;
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

EDMUND SPENSER

ADVENT

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla,
Crucis explicans vexilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
De quo mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae;
Ne me perdas illa die!

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor ne sit cassus.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

THOMAS OF CELANO (Thirteenth Century).

ADVENT

O Wisdom, that camest out of the mouth of the Most High, reaching from one end to another, mightily and sweetly ordering all things; Come to teach us the way of understanding.

O Adonai, and Leader of the house of Israel, who didst appear to Moses in the flame of the burning bush, and gavest the Law on Sinai; Come to deliver us with an outstretched arm.

O Root of Jesse, who standest for an ensign to the people; before whom Kings shall shut their mouths, whom nations shall entreat; Come to deliver us now, tarry not.

O Key of David and Sceptre of the house of Israel, who openest and no man shutteth, and shuttest and no man openeth; Come and bring forth the prisoner out of the prison-house, where he sitteth in darkness and the shadow of death.

O Day-spring, Splendour of the eternal Light, and Sun of righteousness; Come and enlighten those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

O King of the Gentiles, Thou whom they long for, and Corner-stone that maketh both one; Come and save man, whom Thou formedst out of the clay.

O Emmanuel, our King and Law-giver, the Expected One of the Gentiles and their Saviour; Come to save us, O Lord our God.

SARUM BREVIARY.

CHRISTMAS

I sing of a maiden
That is makeless,
King of all kings
To her son she ches.

He came all so still
Where His mother was,
As dew in April
That falleth on the grass.

He came all so still
To His mother's bower,
As dew in April
That falleth on the flower.

He came all so still
Where His mother lay,
As dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Goddes mother be.

(Fifteenth Century.)

CHRISTMAS

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear;
Who scorchèd with excessive heat
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames,
Which with His tears were bred:
'Alas,' quoth He, 'but newly born
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire but I.

My faultless breast the furnace is;
The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke;
The ashes, shames and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defilèd souls:
For which, as now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in my blood.'
With this He vanished out of sight
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561-

CHRISTMAS

O who hath heard what I have heard? O when on earth have been
Such things as I have heard to-night, such sights as I have seen?
It was the very noon of night; the stars above the fold,
More sure than clock or chiming bell, the hours of midnight told:
And on the face of earth below, while night was on her way,
Deep darkness shadowing hill and dale, and deeper silence lay:

Lo, from the heavens above there came a voice, a light serene,
At once, as if the light a voice, the voice a light had been;
With love divine the song began; and forms were seen to shine,
Still brightening as the music rose with light and love divine.

O ne'er could nightingale at dawn salute the rising ray
With sweetness like that bird of song in his immortal lay:
O ne'er were wood-notes heard at eve by banks with poplar shade
So thrilling as the concert sweet by heavenly harpings made:
For love divine was in each chord, and filled each pause between:
O who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrank as from the ray
Of summer lightning; all around so bright the splendour lay.
I know not if my sense and sight were dazzled by the gleam,
Or I myself beheld and heard as in a gladsome dream:
But oh, it mastered sight and sense to see that glory shine,
To hear that minstrel in the clouds, who sang of love divine;

To see that form with bird-like wings, of more than mortal mien:
O who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

When once the rapturous trance had passed, that so my sense could bind,
I left my sheep to Him whose care breathed in the western wind;
I left them; for instead of snow I trod on blade and flower,
And ice dissolved in starry rays at morning's gracious hour,
Revealing where on earth the steps of Love divine had been:
O who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

I hasted to a low-roofed shed, for so the angel bade,
And bowed before the lowly rack where Love divine was laid:
My reason to the rack I bound, my reason and my pride;
No doctor of the Law I sought, with earthly light to guide;
Before me beamed a heavenly light, a light that shone more fair;
A new-born Babe, like tender lamb, with lion's strength was there;
A tender lamb, before whose birth the rugged winter smiled,
For lion's strength, immortal might, was in that new-born Child;

That Love divine in childlike form hath God for ever been:
O who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

EDWARD CHURTON (1800–1874), FROM GONGORA.

CHRISTMAS

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that as we are bathed in the new light of Thine Incarnate Word, that which shines by faith in our minds may blaze out likewise in our actions; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GELASIAN.

THE PASSION

O loving wisdom of the living God, O living everlasting Word and everlasting Power of God the eternal Father—for everlasting is Thy birth,—Who art the everlasting Son of God the everlasting Father, and art God; without Whom is nothing, by Whom are all things, in Whom consisteth whatever is; Who art God above us and Man for our sakes; for Thou hast willed for us to be what we are: grant us what Thou hast promised; give to us, although unworthy, what Thou hast offered to all alike; that is, that Thy Passion may be our deliverance, and Thy Death our life, and Thy Cross our redemption, and Thy Wound our healing; that being crucified with Thee, we may by Thy gift be lifted up on high to Thy Father, with Whom in bliss Thou livest and reignest, one God, world without end. Amen.

GALLICAN SACRAMENTARY.

EASTER

O Almighty God, hear Thy people, who are this day met to glorify the Resurrection of Thy Son our Lord; and guide them on from this festival to eternal gladness, from the exacting joy of this solemnity to joys that have no end. For this is the day of man's resurrection, the birthday of eternal life; in which we have been satisfied with Thy mercy in the morning, in which the Blessed One Who cometh in the name of the Lord, and Who is our God, hath shone upon us.

GOTHIC MISSAL.

ASCENSION

My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing Thee? . . .
' 'Tis good for you that I should go,
You lingering yet awhile below.'
'Tis Thine own gracious promise, Lord;
Thy saints have proved Thy faithful word.
When Heaven's bright boundless avenue
Far opened on their eager view,
And homeward to Thy Father's throne,
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,
Thy shadowy car went soaring on,
They tracked Thee up the abyss of light.

JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866).

ALL SAINTS

One feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no churchman, love to keep;
All Saints, the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep;

The bravely dumb that did their deed,
  And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
  That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
  But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
  Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
  The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
  Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
  An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
  In dying eyes by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
  Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
  And sweetness of the farther shore.

J. R. LOWELL (1819–1891).

THE SAINTS

Almighty God, we do offer unto Thee most high praise and hearty thanks for all Thy wonderful graces and virtues which Thou hast manifested in all Thy saints, and in all other holy persons upon earth, who by their lives and labours have shined forth as lights in the several generations of the world; such as were the holy prophets, apostles, and martyrs, whom we

remember with honour and commemorate with joy; and for whom, as also for all other Thy happy servants, our fathers and brethren, who have departed this life with the seal of faith, we praise and magnify Thy holy name; most humbly desiring that we may still continue in their holy communion, and enjoy the comfort thereof, following with a glad will and mind their holy examples of godly living and steadfastness in Thy faith. Amen.

PRIVATE DEVOTIONS (1560).

NEW YEAR'S EVE

The year departs! A blessing on its head!
We mourn not for it, for it is not dead:
Dead? What is that? A word to joy unknown,
Which love abhors, and faith will never own.
The passing breezes gone as soon as felt,
The flakes of snow that in the soft air melt,
The smile that sinks into a maiden's eye,
They come, they go, they change, they do not die.
So the Old Year—that fond and formal name—
Is with us yet, another yet the same.
And are the thoughts that evermore are fleeing,
The moments that make up our being's being,
The silent workings of unconscious love
Or the dull hate which clings and will not move,
Are these less vital than the wave or wind
Or snow that melts and leaves no trace behind?

S. T. COLERIDGE (1772–1834).

BAPTISM

I stood beside thee in the holy place
And saw the holy sprinkling on thy brow,
And was both bond and witness to the vow
Which owned thy need, confirmed thy claims of grace;
That sacred sign which time shall not efface
Declared thee His to Whom all angels bow,
Who bade the herald saint the rite allow
To the sole sinless of all Adam's race.
That was indeed an awful sight to see;
And oft I fear for what my love hath done,
As voucher of thy sweet communion
In thy sweet Saviour's blessed mystery.
Would I might give thee back, my little one,
But half the good that I have got from thee.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796–1849).

HOLY COMMUNION

The angels' eyes, whom veils cannot deceive,
Might best disclose that best they do discern;
Men must with sound and silent faith receive
More than they can by sense or reason learn;
God's power our proofs, His works our wit exceed,
The doer's might is reason of His deed.

A body is endued with ghostly rights;
And nature's work from nature's law is free;
In heavenly sun lie hid eternal lights,
Lights clear and near, yet them no eye can see;
Dead forms a never-dying life do shroud;
A boundless sea lies in a little cloud.

The God of hosts in slender host doth dwell,
Yea, God and man with all to either due,
That God that rules the heavens and rifled hell,
That Man Whose death did us to life renew.
That God and Man that is the angels' bliss,
In form of bread and wine our nurture is.

Whole may His body be in smallest bread,
Whole in the whole, yea, whole in every crumb;
With which be one or be ten thousand fed,
All to each one, to all but one doth come;
And though each one as much as all receive,
Not one too much, not all too little have.

One soul in man is all in every part;
One face at once in many mirrors shines;
One fearful noise doth make a thousand start,
One eye at once of countless things defines;
If proofs of one in many Nature frame,
God may in stranger sort perform the same.

God present is at once in every place,
Yet God in every place is ever one;
So may there be by gifts of ghostly grace,
One man in many rooms, yet filling none,
Since angels may effects of bodies show,
God angels' gifts on bodies may bestow.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561–1595).

HOLY COMMUNION

When the day of the feast is come, lay aside all cares and impertinences of the world, and remember that this is thy soul's day, a day of traffic and intercourse with heaven. Arise early in the morning—give God

thanks for the approach of so great a blessing;—confess thine own unworthiness to admit so divine a guest; then remember and deplore thy sins, which have made thee so unworthy; then confess God's goodness, and take sanctuary there, and upon Him place thy hopes; and invite Him to thee with renewed acts of love, of holy desire, of hatred of His enemy, sin; and make oblation of thyself wholly to be disposed by Him, to the obedience of Him, to His providence and possession, and pray Him to enter and abide there for ever; and after this, with joy and holy fear and the forwardness of love, address thyself to the receiving of Him to Whom and by Whom and for Whom all faith and all love, in the whole Catholic Church both in heaven and earth is designed. . . .

When the holy man stands at the table of blessing and ministers the rite of consecration, then do as the angels do, who behold and love and wonder that the Son of God should become food to the souls of His servants; that He Who cannot suffer any change or lessening should be broken in pieces, and enter into the body to refresh and nourish the spirit, and yet at the same time remain in heaven while He descends to thee upon earth; that He Who hath essential felicity should become miserable and die for thee, and then give Himself to thee for ever to redeem thee from sin and misery; that by His wounds He should procure health for thee, by His affronts He should entitle thee to glory, by His death He should bring thee to life, and by becoming a man He should make thee partaker of the divine nature. These are such glories that although they are made so obvious that each eye may behold them, yet they are also so deep

that no heart can fathom them; but so it hath pleased Him, to make these mysteries to be sensible, because the excellency and depth of the mercy is not intelligible; that while we are ravished and comprehended within the infiniteness of so vast and mysterious a mercy, yet we may be as sure of it as of that thing we see and feel and smell and taste, but yet is so great that we cannot understand it. . . .

Dispute not concerning the secret of the mystery and the nicety of the manner of Christ's presence; it is sufficient to thee that Christ shall be present to thy soul as an instrument of grace, as a pledge of the resurrection, as the earnest of glory and immortality, and a means of many intermedial blessings, even all such as are necessary for thee and are in order to thy salvation. And to make all this good to thee, there is nothing necessary on thy part but a holy life, and a true belief in all the sayings of Christ; amongst which indefinitely assent to the words of institution, and believe that Christ in the holy sacrament gives thee His body and His blood. He that believes not this is not a Christian; he that believes so much needs not to enquire further, nor to entangle his faith by disbelieving his sense. . . .

After the solemnity is done, let Christ dwell in your hearts by faith and love and obedience and conformity to His life and death: as you have taken Christ into you, so put Christ on you, and conform every faculty of your soul and body to His holy image and perfection. Remember that Christ is now all one with you, and therefore when you are to do an action consider how Christ did or would do the like, and do you imitate His example, and transcribe His copy,

and understand all His commandments, and choose all that He propounded, and desire His promises, and fear His threatenings, and marry His loves and hatreds, and contract His friendships; for then you do every day communicate, especially when Christ thus dwells in you and you in Christ, growing up towards a perfect man in Christ Jesus.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

PRAYER

O most gracious and eternal God, the helper of the helpless, the comforter of the comfortless, the hope of the afflicted, the bread of the hungry, the drink of the thirsty, and the Saviour of all them that wait on Thee; I bless and glorify Thy name, and adore Thy goodness, and delight in Thy love, that Thou hast once more given me the opportunity of receiving the greatest favour which I can receive in this world, even the body and blood of my dearest Saviour. O take from me all affection to sin or vanity; let not my affections dwell below, but soar upwards to the element of love, to the seat of God, to the regions of glory, and the inheritance of Jesus; that I may hunger and thirst for the bread of life, and the wine of elect souls, and may know no loves but the love of God and the most merciful Jesus.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667).

AT HOLY COMMUNION

Almighty and most merciful God, Who hast abundantly manifested Thy love towards us in sending Thy Son to be the propitiation for our sins, and hast

commanded us to be the followers of Thee, as dear children, in being merciful as Thou our heavenly Father art merciful; and to walk in love as Christ also hath loved us and hath given Himself for us: grant me Thy grace, I beseech Thee, that I may seriously lay to heart the indispensable obligations I lie under to the practice of a duty so powerfully recommended, and so strictly enjoined in Thy holy word.

I do now more particularly pray for that most excellent gift of charity, as it is a necessary disposition to my worthily receiving that holy sacrament, which was instituted by our blessed Master and only Saviour Jesus Christ, as well to be a means of engaging all His disciples to love one another, as to be a standing memorial and visible pledge of His love to us.

Grant therefore, O gracious Lord, that I may carefully put away from me all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamour and evil speaking, with all malice; and that I may also put on, as becomes the elect of God, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness and long-suffering; that I may love with a sincere and cordial affection; and be always ready to do good and glad to communicate; and as much as in me lies, promote the present and future happiness of all men, and especially of them that are of the household of faith.

O let the peace of God rule in my heart, and dispose me evermore to follow after the things that make for peace, and things wherewith I may edify others. Lord, give me grace to love even my enemies, to do good to them that hate me, to bless them that curse me, and to pray for them that despitefully use me, that so I may be indeed Thy child, Who art kind to the

unthankful and to the evil, and a true disciple of my blessed Saviour, Who died for His enemies, and prayed for His persecutors, even when He was suffering the most bitter effects of their malice and cruelty. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for the sake of my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

RICHARD HELE (1679–1756).

AT HOLY COMMUNION

O Lord our God, the Bread of Heaven, the life of the world, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am not worthy to partake of Thine immaculate mysteries: but in Thy divine tenderness do Thou vouchsafe me by Thy grace to partake of Thy holy body and precious blood, without condemnation, unto remission of sins and eternal life. Amen.

LITURGY OF ST. JAMES.

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Printed in England at The Ballantyne Press
Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co. Ltd.
Colchester, London & Eton